

ENGLAND's  
REFORMATION,

FROM THE TIME OF  
KING HENRY the EIGHTH,  
TO THE END OF  
OATES's PLOT.

A .  
P O E M

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY THOMAS WARD.

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THE SIXTH EDITION.

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With NOTES to justify the Facts related :

AS ALSO,

The AUTHOR's LIFE,

With several Alterations and Additions, faithfully extracted from the AUTHOR's MANUSCRIPTS, which were never Printed in any of the former Editions.

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REPORT

KING HENRY



THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

AND

THE

NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL

MUSEUM

AND

THE

NATIONAL

ARCHAEOLOGICAL

MUSEUM

*Lieut. Will. Ferguson  
To John Oliver Junr.*

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THE  
P U B L I S H E R  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

*THE Author of these CANTO's had no other Motive for the Offering you the History of the Reformation in a Burlesque Stile, (tho' an History full of Melancholy Incidents, which have distracted the Nation, even beyond the Hope of Recovery, after so much Blood drawn from all its Veins, and from its Head) but that which he met with in Sir Robert Lestranger's Preface to the Second Part of his Cit and Bumpkin, exprest in these Words: Tho' this Way of Fooling is not my Talent, nor Inclination; yet I have great Authorities for the taking up of this Humour, in Regard not only of the Subject, but of the Age we live in, which runs so much upon the Droll, that hardly any thing else will down with it. He hoped it might prove useful, by undeceiving many well-minded Readers; it being all Matter of Fact, supported by Notes of sufficient Authority, not only from Statutes, Injuncti-*

## *The Publisher to the Reader.*

ons, Articles, Canons, Liturgies, Homilies, &c. But likewise from the most approved Historians, as Holinhead, Stow, Camden, Speed, Baker, Burnet, Heylin, Clarendon, &c. with other Passages not common, out of both Protestant and Presbyterian Authors, or (to use the more Modern Expression now in Fashion) of the High and Low-Church. The Designs and Principles of the first Authors of these different Reformations at several Times, are clearly laid open in these Verses; and the Methods which have been made use of to carry them on, together with the unhappy Effects, that ever attended them, may easily open the Eyes of all such as are not wilfully blind, and reconcile them to Peace and Truth. As this was the whole Design of the Author. so it is that of the Publisher.

T H E



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T H E  
L I F E   A N D   C H A R A C T E R  
O F

M r . T H O M A S   W A R D , & c .

**T**O gratify the Publick who desire to have some Account of an Author who has so agreeably entertained them with his comick Vein of Burlesque Poetry, I have taken the following One from an intimate Friend of his, who was thoroughly acquainted with the most material Passages of his Life.

*Mr. Thomas Ward* was born the 13th of *April* 1652 in the Moors of *Yorkshire* at *Danby Castle*, which his Parents then farmed; who by their good Management not only lived plentifully themselves, but likewise maintained an Orphan as one of their own Children, furnishing him with the same Conveniences for the Body, and the same Education to cultivate his Mind.

Our Author the eldest Son advanced so fast in his Studies, that he soon distanced his Brothers, and the rest of his School-fellows; and therefore was, at fourteen Years old, removed from his former to *Pickering* School: Where, in two Years time he learned to have a true Taste of the best Classic Authors, to be pretty well versed in Arithmetic, and to get over the first Rudiments of Geometry and Astronomy. His Father, extremely pleased at his early Genius, desired

sired he would take to some State of Life where his Learning might be serviceable to him, and accordingly offered him his Choice of being a Parson, a Physician, or a Lawyer: But he declined all these Offers; he observed the Professors of the Law were but too often tainted with Sophisms and Chicanery, and was afraid the Infection might lay hold, and gain upon him to injure People in their Estates, for the sake of worldly Lucre! that as a Physician he ran a Risque of killing, instead of curing their Bodies, and as a Parson, of ruining, instead of saving Souls.

In this Juncture he accepted the Invitation of a neighbouring Gentleman to come and live at his House, for the Improvement of his Children, who were much about the same Age: There, having the Opportunity of a fine Library, he read over several Books with an infinite deal of Satisfaction, and meeting with some *Catholick* Controversies and Ancient Fathers of the Church, thought they pointed out to him so clearly the Truth of the *Catholick* Religion, that it would be resisting the Holy Ghost not to embrace it.

This Change highly incensed his Father, and his Marriage afterwards with a *Catholick* young Woman heightened his Resentments; so that, despairing of bringing his beloved Son back to *Protestantism*, he disinherited him, and dying, left his all to his then *Protestant* Wife and Children: But our Author, willing that his Friend, should share with him in the good Things of the next Life, though he had been excluded from

from those which this might afford, brought such convincing Arguments of the Truth of his Belief, that he prevailed with his Mother, Brothers and Sisters to become *Catholicks*.

His own good Life did not a little contribute to this; for his Change of Religion had an Influence on his Manners in general, and his irreproachable Conduct and Sweetness of Temper gave him the Character of being beloved by God and Man. But it was not long before some Sallies of Youth, in which he acted more according to the World's than God's own Heart, made him forfeit at least Part of this Character. For, to please his Acquaintance, who were wonderfully taken with his Conversation, he wasted a great Part of his Time in sitting up at Nights and Drinking with them, and fought two Duels; which, though they cannot be wholly excused, yet carry such Circumstances with them as very much extenuate their Guilt. For, he was provoked to a great Degree, and accepted the Challenges in Heat of Blood, which afterwards when Reason got the Ascendant, he endeavoured to decline, by making them sensible of their Error and desiring a friendly Reconciliation; But finding them deaf to all he could say, and not having Courage enough to be a Coward, as my Lord *Rocheſter* happily expresses it, he met each time at the Place appointed. In the first Duel he disarmed his Adversary, and was wounded himself: In the second he wounded his Adversary, and could have killed him, but when he had him at his Mercy, he drew back his Sword, took him up, embraced him, and from that time forward became his Friend. He



He often repented these Duels though he came off with Success, and by frequent Prayers asked Pardon for what he had done; to Prayers he joined severe Mortifications and rigid Fasts, in-  
 somuch that for many Years he eat no Flesh, drank nothing but Water, and commonly made but one Meal a Day; though after he was Forty, being infirm, he abated something of the Rigor of Fasting, and drank Beer: but recovering his Health, he returned to his old course of drinking Water till about three years before his Death, when his Indisposition of Body obliged him to eat and drink as others did.

He made it his delight as well as duty to husband his Time to the best Advantage: And therefore when at *Rome* in the Pope's Guards, he employed his vacant Hours in visiting the Churches, and frequenting the celebrated Libraries there; by which means he kept his Heart constantly warm towards God, furnished his Understanding with several necessary Observations, and thoroughly examined such Passages as he should have Occasion afterwards to cite, without running that common Hazard of seeing right or wrong by other Mens Eyes. When engaged in the Maritime Service against the *Turk*, he read and prayed, as far as his Circumstances permitted him, that thus he might comport himself in every respect like a Christian Soldier. Returning home at the pressing Instances of his beloved-loving Wife, (who had with much Difficulty consented to his Travels) though taken up with his Family Concerns, and a Multiplicity of Affairs, as Surveying, Managing of Allum and Lead Works for  
 Lord

Lord *Derwentwater*, Lord *Lumney*, Mr. *Thornton*, Colonel *Thomas Radcliffe*, &c. he was not wanting to allot some Hours for Prayer, and others for the Studies of Controversy, of the Histories of the Church, and of his own Nation. He published the *Errata* of the *Protestant Bible*; the *Monomachia*, or a Duel with Dr. *Tennison*; (then Minister of St. *Martin's*, and since Archbishop of *Canterbury*) form'd a Plan of the *Tree of Life*; which being neatly engrav'd, presents at one View to the Spectators an Epitome of Church History, in which he ties himself up to strict Chronolgy, though he professes himself careless of it in his *Cantos*. From the History of *England* he collected Abundance of curious Remarks: Writ the *Controversy of Ordinations truly stated*, a Conference with Mr. *Richlew*, Minister of *Hexham*; and printed Notes on the thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Homilies; which I am apt to think Bishop *Burnet* saw, by some Hints his Lordship gives us in his Exposition of the thirty-fifth Article.

I have not the same Grounds to say he saw our Author's Reflection upon his Exposition of the twenty-second Article; for though it was handed about pretty much, 'twas never printed, and so might possibly have escap'd his Lordship's View: But since he and his Admirers (according to the Editor of the second Edition of these *Cantos*) are desirous that the private Strength the Enemies of the Reformation boast of, should be expos'd in Publick, I shall set down Mr. *Ward's* Words as I find them.

“ Doctor *Burnet* Bishop of *Sarum*, holds this  
 “ (*i. e.* political Contrivance of Religion) and  
 “ will needs have it that Christianity to which the  
 “ old Heathens fourteen hundred Years ago were  
 “ Converted, was adapted and framed by the Em-  
 “ perors and Prelates only, to the liking and In-  
 “ clination of the Heathens, and this with such  
 “ a Compliance as to keep them still in Idolatry,  
 “ though not the same, for in his Exposition on  
 “ the Twenty-second of the Thirty-nine Articles  
 “ he accuses the Catholick Church of Superstiti-  
 “ on and Idolatry; in the Honour and Invocati-  
 “ on of the Saints and Angels, and reverencing  
 “ the Tombs and Monuments of the Holy Mar-  
 “ tyrs, all which he grants to have been the  
 “ Practices of the primitive Ages; introduced  
 “ only for State Policy, and that Temples, Al-  
 “ tars, Priests, and Sacrifices were human and  
 “ political Inventions. *The justest Abatement,*  
 “ says, Doctor Burnet, *that we can offer for this*  
 “ *Corruption, which is too manifest either to be de-*  
 “ *niied or justified is this, They were then engaged*  
 “ *with the Heathens, and were much set in bring-*  
 “ *ing them over to the Christian Religion: In order*  
 “ *to that, it was very natural for them to think of*  
 “ *all methods possible, to accommodate Christianity*  
 “ *to their Taste.—And it is reasonable enough to*  
 “ *think, that the Emperors and other great Men*  
 “ *might in a Political View, Considering the vast*  
 “ *Strength of Heathenism, press the Bishops of*  
 “ *those Times, to use all imaginable Ways to adorn*  
 “ *Christianity with such an exterior Form of Wor-*  
 “ *ship, as might be most acceptable to them, and*  
 “ *might most probably bring them over to it, the*  
 “ *Christians*



“ Christians had long felt the Weight of Persecuti-  
 “ on from them, and were no doubt, much fright-  
 “ ed with the danger of a relapse in Julian’s time.  
 “ It is natural to all Men, to desire to be safe ; and  
 “ to weaken the numbers of their implacable Ene-  
 “ mies, in that State of Things we do plainly see,  
 “ they began to comply in lesser matters. For where-  
 “ as in the first Ages the Christians were often re-  
 “ proached with this, that they had no Temples,  
 “ Altars, Sacrifices, nor Priests, they changed their  
 “ Dialect in all those Points ; so we have reason to  
 “ believe that this was carried Farther.—Of  
 “ all this we see a particular Account in a discourse  
 “ Writ on purpose on this Argument, of curing the  
 “ Affections and Inclinations of the Greeks, by  
 “ Theodoret, who may be justly reckoned among  
 “ the greatest Men of Antiquity ; and in it he insists  
 “ upon this particular, of proposing to them, the  
 “ Saints and Martyrs of their Gods. And there  
 “ is no doubt to be made, but that they found the  
 “ Effects of this Compliance : many Heathens were  
 “ every Day coming over to the Christian Religion.  
 “ And it might then, perhaps be intended to lay  
 “ those aside, when the Heathens were once brought  
 “ over. Thus the Bishop of Sarum ; which in  
 “ short, is to say that the Emperors, great Men,  
 “ and the Bishops of those Times took Abun-  
 “ dance of Pains to convert the Heathens from  
 “ one Idolatry to another ; and after that de-  
 “ sign’d to be at ten times more Trouble to con-  
 “ vert them from this last Idolatry to nobody  
 “ knows what, and perhaps suffer as many Mar-  
 “ tyrdoms by endeavouring to convert them from  
 “ this last Idolatry, as they had done in three

“ hundred Years before : In which he manifestly imposes on *Theodoret*.

That the Reader may judge whether his Lordship or Mr. *Ward* was in the Right, I have translated as much of the eighth Chapter which his Lordship cites, as has any Relation to the Matter in Hand ; and besides this there is not the least Word that even remotely points that Way.

“ On which Account the supreme Judge of  
 “ the Field awarded to and conferred upon them  
 “ the Prize of immortal Glory, and a Memory  
 “ which no Time will end. For though Time  
 “ corrupts all other Things, yet it preserves  
 “ their Glory uncorrupt. And indeed the generous  
 “ Souls of these Triumphers now walk  
 “ in Heaven, and mingle with the Choirs of Angels :  
 “ But their Bodies are not each confined  
 “ to a single Monument : For Towns and Villages,  
 “ dividing them among themselves, call them the Saviours of  
 “ Souls and Physicians of Bodies, and Worship them  
 “ as the Protectors and Guardians of Cities : and having  
 “ them for their Ambassadors to the God of all Things,  
 “ they obtain from him by their Intercession Gifts  
 “ Divine. Their Bodies thus divided, their Grace  
 “ remains intire and undivided ; and these little  
 “ Reliques have an equal Virtue with the intire  
 “ Martyr, not yet dissected and parcelled out. For  
 “ this never-fading Grace distributes Gifts, and  
 “ deals them about with a Liberality proportionable  
 “ to the Faith of the Suppliants. And yet all this  
 “ brings you not to praise their God : But you laugh  
 “ at the Honour which is generally given to these  
 “ martyrs

“ tyrs, and reckon it an Abomination to approach  
 “ their Sepulchres. But though all Mankind  
 “ besides should take Offence at this, yet the  
 “ *Grecians* can have no Reason in the World to  
 “ find Fault, who have their Libations and their  
 “ Expiations, their Heroes, Half-Gods, and  
 “ Men naturalized Gods into the Bargain. Our  
 “ Conquering Martyrs Temples appear light,  
 “ illustrious for Magnitude and various Orna-  
 “ ments, and diffuse abroad the Splendor of  
 “ Beauty. To these we repair not once or twice  
 “ or five Times a Year, but celebrate frequent  
 “ Assemblies, and often sing daily Praises to the  
 “ Lord : They who are well in Health ask the  
 “ Continuance of it, and they who struggle un-  
 “ der any Distemper to be delivered from it.—  
 “ They who set out upon a Journey ask them  
 “ to be their Companions on the Road and their  
 “ Guides in their Travel ; and when they re-  
 “ turn safe home pay them their Thanks, not  
 “ approaching them as Gods, but praying to  
 “ them as Men Divine, and claiming them for  
 “ Intercessors to God. Now that they who ask  
 “ with Faith obtain their Desires, the Presents  
 “ that are Tokens of their Cures openly evi-  
 “ dence : Some hanging up the gold and silver  
 “ Images of Eyes, some of Feet, and others of  
 “ Hands. For the Lord of these Things mea-  
 “ sures these little Presents and of small Value  
 “ by the Capacity of the Giver, and being plac-  
 “ ed there by those who have recovered, are ir-  
 “ refragable Proofs of Sicknss dispelled.”

I have done with his Writings in Prose, and  
 shall now only consider him in his Poetical Ca-  
 pacity,



capacity, in which the Enemies of these Cantos allow him to have succeeded, notwithstanding the Disadvantages they lay under. For *First*, they were printed in a Foreign Country by Persons who knew nothing of the Language; and were but ill acquainted with his Character in Writing, to which we may add, that the Person who corrected the Press, wanted Leisure to perform that Task with due Care and Diligence.—*Secondly*, the Author died too soon to finish his Poem, which was to have taken in the following Times down to the Revolution; and for which he had already begun another Canto. His Intentions too were to review and polish what he had wrote, to add some Things and blot out others. I am informed the Dialogue between King *Henry* the Eighth and Queen *Elizabeth* is of this last kind, though I cannot positively affirm it, because I have only the manuscript of the first Canto entire, and some Fragments only of the other three to consult. *Thirdly*, the Author out of too much Modesty and Deference to a Gentlemen of Sense and Skill in the serious Part of Poetry, (but I am afraid a Stranger to the facetious Turns of Burlesque) suffered him to put in and out; who by foisting grave Words and Expressions in the Place of Ludicrous ones, took off from the Gaiety of the Design, and made it a motley Piece of Work. For Instance he had such a Dread of the Word Sprite, that he always put Spirit in its Place, though it made one Leg of the Rhyme half a Foot longer than its Fellow.

His Piety increased with his Years, and approaching to the End of his Course, he moved  
more

more swiftly towards his Centre and Supreme Good, living up to the Character of a worthy Minister of the Altar, though he never was one; as Bishop *Burnet* says, it was reported of him. For, besides other Dissuatives, he had such an awful Dread of the Dignity of Persons in Orders, that he would take none himself, though after his Wife's Death, in 1696 he lived a Widower to the fourth of March 1708, when God was pleased to Call him to himself at the Age of 55 Years, leaving behind him one Son and three Daughters, whereof two were married, and the third died a Nun at *Brussels*.

His Obsequies were performed in the parish Church of *St. German's* in *France*, whither his Friends accompanied his Corps with a true Sense of such a worthy Person's Loss, who, (as one of these expresses himself) in his earliest Years by the Strength of a bright Genius, had attained to the Knowledge of Things above his Age; and growing up had discharged the Parts of a valiant Soldier, a penetrating Naturalist, an accurate Writer, an agreeable Companion, a faithful Friend, and a charitable Christian.

ENGLAND'S

more swiftly towards his Centre and Supreme Good, living up to the Character of a worthy Minister of the Altar, though he never was once as Bishop Burnet says, it was reported of him. For besides other Distresses, he had such an awful Dread of the Dignity of Pectoris in Orders, that he would take none himself, though after his Wife's Death, in 1696 he lived a Widower to the fourth of March 1708, when God was pleased to Call him to himself at the Age of 55 Years, leaving behind him one Son and three Daughters, whereof two were married, and the third died a Nun at Bawley.

His Obsequies were performed in the parish Church of St. German's in France, whither his Friends accompanied his Corps with a true Sense of such a worthy Person's Loss, who, (as one of these expresses himself) in his earliest Years by the Strength of a bright Genius, had attained to the Knowledge of Things above his Age; and growing up had discharged the Parts of a valiant Soldier, a penetrating Naturalist, an accurate Writer, an agreeable Companion, a faithful Friend, and a charitable Christian.

ENGLAND.



# ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## CANTO I.

### The ARGUMENT.

*I sing the Deeds of great King Harry,  
Of Ned his Son, and Daughter Mary;  
And of a nine-day's Inter-reign,  
Of a Mock Queen, hight Lady Jane.  
The true Religion's Alteration,  
And Church of England's first Foundation;  
And how the King became it's HEAD.  
How Abbies fell: What Blood was shed.  
Whence England's Common-Prayer Book sprung.  
What Canticles in Kirks are sung.  
Of Rapine, Sacrilege, and Theft,  
And of the Protestants that left  
The Land (in Mary's Reign) and fled  
To Frankfort; and the Feuds they bred:  
How Horn and Chambers thence took flight,  
And stole their Brethren's Purse by Night,*

**W**HEN old King Harry youthful grew,  
As Eagles do, or Hawks in Mew,  
And did, in spite of Pope and Fate,  
Behead, Rip, and Repudiate  
Those too too long-liv'd Things his Wives,  
With Axes, Bills, and Midwives Knives:  
C When

When he the Papal Power rejected,  
 And from the Church the Realm dissected,  
 And, in the great St. *PETER*'s stead,  
 Proclaim'd himself the Churches Head.  
 When he his ancient *Queen* forsook,  
 And buxom *Anna Boleyn* took,  
 Then in the *Noddle* of the Nation  
 He bred the Maggot *Reformation*.  
 So *Jove* himself, as Poets tell us,  
 Bred in his *Head* his Daughter *Pallas*,  
 Whom *Vulcan* midwiv'd at a Hole,  
 With Hatchet Nook, clove in his Polt.  
 Some think the *Maggot* which he bred,  
 Should thus have been took from his Head ;  
 But Heralds grave report this odd Piece,  
*That from old Harry's Monstrous Cod-piece*  
*It had it's rise, as they do Trace*  
*It's Pedegree.———A Blessed Race !*  
 Race like it's Parent, whom we find  
 A Man to every Vice inclin'd,  
 Revengeful, (a) Cruel, Bloody, Proud,  
 Unjust, Unmerciful, and Lewd ;  
 For in his Wrath he spared no Man,  
 Nor in his Lust did any (b) Woman.  
 Was never rul'd by any *Law*,  
 Nor *Gospel* valu'd he a straw,

Unless

(a) Sir Walter Rauleigh, says of him, That if all the Patterns of a merciless Prince had been lost in the World, they might have been found in this one King. Apd. Heylin, p. 15.

(b) Dr. Heylin says, he was not able to resist the assaults of love. Heylin says also that he brought Mrs. Blunt, and others, to be the subjects of his lust. p. 258. He tells you further, That he never spared woman in his lust, nor man in his anger. Heylin p. 15.

But Dr. Burnet, above them all, embellishes his character with most splendid epithets, as for instance,

An ill man, a cruel Prince, proud and impatient, a heinous violator of the most sacred rules of justice and Government, inconstant,

Unless when Int'rest spurr'd him on,  
 And then a Zealot,—only then :  
 Counsel he scorn'd, Slave to his Will,  
 Impenitent of any Ill :  
 In short, he was close swaddl'd in  
 The whole Black Catalogue of Sin :  
 In Sin Confirm'd, and Drown'd in Sense,  
 An Impious Sacrilegious Prince ;  
 As by his Actions will appear ;  
 Then listen, Sirs, they follow here.

He had a Virtuous Queen, and Fair,  
 Whose Bed he kept for many a Year ;  
 Unless, by chance, that now and then  
 He stept aside, few heeded when.  
 Nor did the Queen ; for her Endeavour  
 Was to continue in his Favour :

C 2

And

boisterous, impatient, extravagantly vain, conceited of his own learning, one of the most irreconcilable Persons in the world ; ambitious, severe. He never *bated* nor *ruined* any body by halves.

There was no Mercy to be expected by any who denied his being *Supreme Head of the Church*. Burnet calls him the *Postillion of the Reformation*, and says, I do not deny but he is to be numbered among the ill Princes. See Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, in its preface. and many other places.

After all this, Burnet has the blasphemous impudence to tell us, that *If we consider the great things that were done by him. we must acknowledge that there was a signal providence of God, in raising up a King of his temper, for clearing the way to that blessed work that followed ; and that could hardly have been done but by a man of his humour.* See his history.

Note, Burnet's divinity will have some good things *hard* for God to do without first raising up a wicked man to work for him. Yet all men know that God did convert the nations of the world to Christianity, without making use of such damned *Scavengers* as *Harry VIII.* to clear the way to that *truly* blessed work.

\* He began now after seventeen years marriage, says Camden, to grow weary of Queen Catherine his wife, and deeply in love with Anna Boleyn : See his introduction to his history of the life of Queen Eliz. Edit. 3.



And so she did, while Beauty lasted,  
 And Youth stood (Maugre Time) Unblasted;  
 But as her blooming Years decay'd,  
 So did the King's affection fade,  
 Till at the last it turn'd to hate,  
 And he must needs be rid of *Kate*,  
 Under pretence that conscience grim  
 Was every Hour assaulting him:  
 At least when he approach'd the Queen,  
 It would with sharp remorse and keen  
 As *Turkish* Scymiter, or Razor,  
 Torment his Soul beyond all measure,  
 Till even weary of his Life  
 He grew, (Cry-Mercy!) of *his Wife*.

Mov'd thus within, but more without him,  
 He falls at last to look about him,  
 To see if happily he can  
 Find how to still the Inward Man,  
 And those external motions Tame  
 That set his outward Man on Flame;  
 But nought could calm his restless Fancy,  
 But changing Queen for Mistress *Nancy*.  
 Which if you'll know how it came to pass,  
 Read on; for thus it manag'd was.

A (c) Cardinal the King had by him,  
 One, who if Fame do not bely him,

Was

(c) The Cardinal's hatred to the Eemperor was looked upon as one of the secret springs of the King's aversion to his aunt. Thus Burnet in his abridgment, p. 34.

Some thought, says Baker, that it was a plot of Wolsey thereby to make variance between King Harry and the Emperor with whom he was at variance himself, and for spleen to the nephew, he revenged upon the aunt. Chron. p. 249. Edit. 1668,

T. B. in his book entitled *The Life of John Fisher*, Bishop of Rochester, relates that the Cardinal, told the King that there might be

Was Proud, Aspiring, and Ambitious,  
 Witty, Revengeful, and Malicious,  
 And at that time, as pleased Fate,  
 Was the chief Minister of State.  
 This Man grew mighty big with hope  
 That *Charles* the Fifth would make him Pope.  
 (First Butcher's Son that 'ere was known  
 Aspiring to the *Triple-Crown*.)  
 And for a step to't what does he-do,  
 But for the *Miter* of *Toledo*  
 He puts to *Cæsar* up his Suit:  
 But when he finds *Charles* wou'd not do't,  
 He casts about how he might take  
 Revenge on Aunt for Nephew's sake,  
 To turn her off from *Harry's* Bed,  
 For *(d)* *French* King's Sister in her stead,  
 To join both Nations against *Keyser*,  
 By this to teach him to be wiser.  
 By *This* and other deeds this Varlet  
 Basely profan'd the Sacred Scarlet.  
 To this same Man, in hopes of ease,  
 The King reveals his Grievances:

For

a way found out how he might have plenty of issue-male, whereat the King began to thrust his thumbs under his girdle and to cry, *Hob man Hob! Lawfully begotten*, Cardinal, *Lawfully begotten!* Yes, *lawfully begotten*, replied the Cardinal: Whereupon he began to tell him in plain terms that the marriage between him and his wife was not lawful. p. 71.

(*d*) Thomas Wolsey, (says Camden) bearing a grudge to the Emperor Charles V. Queen Catherine's sister's son, for denying him the Archbishoprick of Toledo, and because he had not favoured him in aspiring to the Popedom, and being now out of malice to Charles so devoted to the French King, that he designed King Harry a wife out of France, *he caused a scruple to be put in the King's head*, that his present marriage with Queen Catherine, who had before been his brother's wife, was forbidden by the law of God. Camden in *the Introduction to the life of Queen Elizabeth*.

For you must know King *Harry's* Lust  
Jumpt with the time of his disgust,  
So was the matter easy broke ;  
And thus one may suppose they spoke.

*K.* You know my Lord, I must the Throne  
Leave to a *Girl*, when I am gone,  
Because I have no Issue Male,  
So will the Name of *Tudors* fail,  
And our fam'd line of Kings will be  
Brought to a Period in *Me*.

*Card.* Despair not, Sir, you're not so old  
But may have Sons. *King.* I pray thee hold.  
I cannot have a Son by *Kate*.

*Card.* Well, tho' the Queen be out of date,  
There many younger are than she,  
*King.* I know there are: What's that to Me?

*Card.* Yes, Sir, leave *Kate*, and take a fair  
Young Dame, whose brisk attractive Air,  
Whose Person, Features, Beauty, Mien,  
Proclaim her fit to be a Queen.

*King.* If this could legally be done,  
I might have hopes to have a Son ;  
But while the Queen lives, that can't be,  
And she perhaps may bury *me*,

*Card.* Sir, if you'll follow my Advice,  
You shall be eas'd in a Trice.

*King.* What's that? *Card.* My Liege, your only  
Is to Solicit a Divorce, (Course

From her, by whom you've lain so long ;  
Then may you Wed one brisk and young.

*King.* I have no just pretence of Strife.

*Card.* Yes, Sir, she was your Brother's Wife.

*King.* But *Arthur* never with her laid,  
And dying left her still a Maid,

And



And Marriage sure unfinish'd lies  
Till *Hymen* bind the Nuptial Ties.

*Arthur* was weak and Impotent;  
And by a deadly Sickneſs ſpent,  
And for Maturity you know  
He never fifteen Winters ſaw;

This is not all: For *I am ſure*,  
She came to me a Virgin Pure.

*Card.* But that's not known to any, Sir,  
Save only to yourſelf and her,  
So your own Counſel keep in that,  
Or elſe, by *Jove*, you'll ſpoil the Plot.

*King.* I ſhall be ſecret, and if you  
Can bring't about, I prithee do.

But I would fain know how you mean,  
That we muſt act this wanton Scene?

*Card.* I'll do it thus, Mauger the Right  
Of *Kate*, or *Charles* the fifth's Deſpite.

The firſt thing that you have to do,  
Is to make *Conſcience* plead for you;

*Conſcience* to all men does appear  
So ſtern, impartial, and ſevere,

That e'en her *Whiſperings* are Awful!  
Cry you, ſhe *CRIES*, it is unlawful

To wed the Relict of your Brother,  
Her dreadful Din you cannot ſmother;

And therefore do deſire to be  
From this Remorſe, and *Kate*, ſet free.

*King.* But yet again, I ſay, *A Maid*  
She was when firſt with her I laid,

And *Conſcience* tells me this is true.

*Card.* Conſcience! my Liege, what if it do?  
*Conſcience* and *Truth* are ſilly Things  
To ſhackle up the *Will* of *Kings*,

They

They may Inferior People bind,  
But Kings their Checks must never mind :  
But by the force of Powerful Will,  
Make *Conscience* stoop to any Ill.  
Ill ! nothing's Ill that Princes do,  
'Tis to the People things are so :  
For what the King Forbids or Wills,  
To do the contrary are Ills.  
When Subjects therefore disobey,  
'Tis Sin in them : But Kings, I say,  
Are subject to no Power, whereby  
They are oblig'd in any Tie.

*King.* Yes, God Commands, and Sovereigns must  
Obey in acting what is Just.

*Card.* 'Tis true, but God to Kings has put  
To judge what's just, and what is not ;  
And therefore, Sir, no more but this ;  
Say you it's Just, and Just it is :  
Which said, let *Conscience* not dispute,  
For Kings, like Gods, are absolute.

*King.* Proceed, my Lord, for now I know  
With *Conscience* what I have to do.

*Card.* You may find *Sophists* in the Land  
Who for a Piece of Gold in Hand  
Will sell their Souls, provided that

*Immed'ately* they deliver not ;  
Bribe these, Sir, to maintain your Cause  
Against *Divine* and *Human* Laws ;  
Set them a Preaching up and down,  
Some in the Country, some in Town,  
That for these twenty Years your Life  
You've led, with an unlawful Wife ;  
And therefore 'tis but just you sever,  
'Tis better late repent, than never.

Thus

# C A N T O I.

Thus they the Nation may divide  
 From *Catherine's* Interest to *Your* Side,  
 So that but few will then oppose  
 The matter, saving only those  
 That can discern the depth of things,  
 And value Conscience more than Kings.  
 For One of these, the Cynick may  
 Seek with his lanthorn a whole day,  
 Perhaps a year, and yet complain  
 That he has burnt his lamp in vain.

*King.* In foreign parts, all will be found  
 To my dishonour to redound,  
 And such unworthy wicked things  
 Will scandalize my brother Kings,  
 And will to my eternal shame,  
 Be a foul blot upon my name :

And such disgrace we must prevent,

*Card.* Leave that to me, and rest content.

Here's an (*e*) Ambassador from France,

By whom the Duke of Orleans,

Proposes to your daughter Mary

A marriage. What o'that ? (quoth Harry)

*Card.* To him, let me insinuate

Your marriage null with madam Kate,

And Mary Illigitimate. }

I'll tell him this design is new,

And never yet disclos'd to you,

I'll bid him move it, as if he

Had never heard a word from me,

D

But

(*e*) The Bishop of Tarbe the French Ambassador made a great demur about the Princess Mary's being illigitimate, &c.

How far this was secretly concerted between the Cardinal and the Ambassador is not known. It is surmised that the King or the Cardinal set on the French to make this exception publicly, that so the King might have a better colour to justify his suit of divorce.—  
 Burnet's History li. 1. p. 33.



But that it is his own reflection,  
 In which he would have satisfaction ;  
 And from his prudent doubt be freed,  
 'Ere in the marriage he proceed.  
 'Tis certain that he will not rest  
 'Ere he has brought it to the test.

But you, Sir, in this great affair  
 Must act with cunning when you hear  
 The matter mention'd in this wise,  
 Start ! as amazed with surprize,  
 Stand like a statue without life,  
 Or that salt pillar of Lot's wife ;  
 Cast down your eyes, as in deep thought,  
 Then curl your brows, and bluster out  
 Like Æolus, when he discharges  
 His piper-cheeks on Neptune's barges.  
 Ask him how dares he or his King,  
 To call in question such a thing ?  
 Then with a little milder brow,  
 Encourage him to answer you.  
 Thus may the marriage into doubt  
 By him, and not by you, be brought.  
 Besides, I'll put into his head  
 How this may stand you both in stead.  
*King.* What way can that be ? Tell me first ?  
*Card.* When he the matter has discours'd,  
 And, by the power of dispute,  
 You of your marriage seem to doubt ;

Pll

Burnet adds, that other Princes were already questioning it. Among the rest he *impudently* affirms, *That the Emperor himself.* and his Council imputed illegitimacy to the Lady Mary. This is one of Burnet's fictions, and so unlikely and incredible that nobody can believe it. On the contrary the Emperor always defended the Queen's marriage with the King lawful, and so far asserted the legitimacy of the Lady Mary, that he married his own son Philip of Spain to her.

I'll bid him then propose another,  
Will faster link both crowns together ;  
And closer rivet you to France,  
Than that of Mall and Orleance.

The French King's sister, Sir, you know,  
In birth is little short of you,  
Young, fair, and is as fine a piece  
As Paris mistress Nell a Greece :  
When France and you conclude the bed  
Of Kate unlawful, her you'll wed :  
All which I'll whisper in his ear,  
And sure 'twill please the Gallic peer :  
And as to you, if her you wed,  
When Kate's divorced from your bed  
Then, if the Emperor contend,  
You have a potent King your friend ;  
Thus you secure yourself and state,  
'Gainst all the kin of Madam Kate.

Besides, the French, in policy,  
To your divorce, Sir, will agree :  
And what against it Charles can say,  
They'll strongly bias t'other way.  
*King.* Perhaps the French may side with Kate,  
And such a mad proposal hate.

*Card.* No ! No ! You'll see the Gallic King  
Will readily promote the thing,  
Because the Emperor and he  
Could never in their lives agree,  
But have together by the ears  
Been tugging now this twenty years,  
And against him you've now and then,  
Assisted Cæsar with your men.

No doubt, but therefore that wise nation  
Will readily embrace th'occasion

Of bringing England to their side,  
By marriage of the Gallic bride,  
Where interest moves, 'tis sure the things,  
Will take from beggars unto Kings.

State policy will stick at naught,

*King.* I'm troubl'd with another thought,

The Pope will never yield to this,

*Card.* If represented as it is,

I grant ye, neither he nor Rome

Will e'er allow your parting from

Her whom they judge your lawful Queen,

The marriage has confirmed been

By Julius a former Pope.

*King.* Why then there's no pretence of hope,

*Card.* Despair not, for I do not doubt it,

If we go dexterously about it,

But so to have the matter stated,

As when at Rome it is debated.

'Twill take effect as you desire.

*King.* Then half my realm shall be thy hire.

*Card.* Send to the *(f)* Universities,

And move the School beyond the seas

And

*(f)* In the book intituled, The determinations of the most famous and most excellent universities of Italy and France: Printed in London, Anno 1533. *Cum privilegio*, you will find that the propositions or queries to the universities turn all upon the point of the marriage consummated. For instance, the question to the faculty of decrees of the university of Paris, was whether the Pope might dispence that the brother might marry the wife that his brother had left, if marriage between his brother dead and his wife were once consummate? *Quest.* To the Rector and Doctors in Law canon and civil, of the university of Angewe. Whether it is lawful, by the law of God, and the law of nature, for a man to marry the wife that is left of his brother, and that departed without children, but so that the marriage was consummated. To the faculty of Divinity of the university of Paris. *Query.* Whether to marry her, that our brother dead without children had left, and marriage between her and her former husband consummate, and finished by Cardinal intermed-  
ling



To give their judgment in your case,  
 Whether to keep or to displace,  
 Her who has been your brother's wife;  
 But this keep secret, on your life,  
 And let it never once be said  
 Your brother left his wife a maid,  
 And if it come into debate,  
 The contrary insinuate,  
 And carry it in the negative.  
 Then will your undertaking thrive,  
 And they'll declare without demurring,  
 Your marriage to have a blur in.

*King.* I doubt. *Card.* Not if the case be stated  
 Of Arthur's marriage consummated:

For then each one from Rome to bedding,  
 Will cry out shame on Catherine's wedding.

Next to the gaining of your end,  
 To Rome all their opinions send,  
 And to the Pope your scruples tell.

*King.* I like the project passing well.

*Card.* Let subtil agents be employ'd,  
 Beg he'll declare your marriage void,  
 And license you to wed another,  
 And leave the relict of your brother.

*King.* The Pope is prudent, sage and just;  
 He never takes a thing on trust,

Tho-

ling be prohibited? To the faculty of Divinity of the university of Padua in Italy. *Query.* Whether that to marry the wife of our brother departed without children is forbidden?

The question so proposed and stated to the universities without their knowledge that the first marriage was never consummate, their answers could not be otherwise than they are, whereas had they understood that the marriage had never been consummated, their answer had been quite contrary.

Thoroughly he does understand,  
 And has its circumstances scan'd.  
 He all things to the bottom sifts,  
 Nor can he softened be by gifts;  
 And being in a higher sphere  
 By much, then other mortals are,  
 He looks impartially on things,  
 Nor winks he at the faults of Kings?  
 Doubtless he'll therefore penetrate  
 Into the justice of Queen Kate:  
 And therefore what if he deny  
 With these our wishes to comply?

*Card.* Well, if it happen so, when death  
 (Which will be soon) has stopt his breath,  
 Use all endeavours, foul or fair,  
 To get me seated in his chair:  
 I will to your demands agree,  
 When I am Pope, I promise ye.  
 Or, if the Pope his legate send,  
 Get me in the commission join'd;  
 The Pope will never this deny  
 If you require it. *King.* That shall I.

Thus having laid their whole design,  
 The pious Queen to undermine,  
 To action forthwith they proceed,  
 In form and manner as agreed.  
 King Harry feigns his tender breast  
 With a huge load of conscience prest,  
 Especially if Kate come nigh hand,  
 'Tis Ætna on the paunch of giant.  
 To ease his conscience Kate must part  
 From bed and board, and (cruel heart.)  
 Preachers are brib'd through all the nation  
 To spread the right of separation,

The

The French Ambassador, and schools  
Are hood-winked, and made the tools,  
To move, define and authorise,  
As Wolsey and the King devise.

They try the Pope, but all in vain,  
Their orators return again  
Without effecting what they went for;  
To end it here a legate's sent for,  
Who is (upon the King's petition)  
Conjoin'd with Wolsey in commission:  
Campejus was the legate sent,  
One just who had a good intent.  
Not to be bias'd any way  
From that side where the justice lay.

Whilst Wolsey thus contrives his plot,  
And thinks that he has surely got  
What he design'd, his trusty Trojan,  
Who had for name Sir Francis Bryan,  
Informs him of the intrigue with Nancy,  
And how she was the King's sole fancy:  
Enrag'd at this, Wolsey replies,  
*Card.* It can't, 'tis plain, be otherwise,  
Than only to make her his whore  
The *ne plus ultra* of his score.

*Bry.* No, by your leave he means to wed her.

*Card.* May hell confound them both together,  
Says Wolsey now if this be true,  
And may they both their project rue.

Is this the effect of my endeavour  
In his divorce?—He shall not have her. (g)

*Bry.* My Lord, let's with respect and duty  
Speak of the King: He likes her beauty

Much

(g) We will have none of this Anna Boleyn, says the Cardinal:  
See T. B's life of Jo. Fisher Bishop of Rochester.



Much better than the French King's sister,  
Tho' he give never so much with her.

*Card.* Have I been plodding all this while,  
And tir'd myself with anxious toil,  
To undermine the right of Mary,  
And turn off Spanish Kate from Harry  
And set him and the Emperor  
At deadly feud, and endless war,  
By joining him and France in league:  
Is this the end of my intrigue?

But yet things are not gone so far,  
But I may cross them. *Bry.* Have a care,  
You must not cross the King's design.

*Card.* No! But I will, if he cross mine.

*Bry.* Strive not, my Lord, I know his fancy  
In spite of honour's, fixt on Nancy.

*Card.* A vengeance take her wanton fetches,  
Which thus his Majesty bewitches.

That monster, not of nature's making,  
Has nothing in her that is taking:

Her hair black as the plume of crow,  
Encroaches on each side of brow:

She's colour'd like one in green-sickness  
When free from paint an inch in thickness;

But when a little red is found,  
It stands upon a yellow ground:

Large balls of cheeks, taper to chin,  
From ear to ear she's mouth'd, and in

Her upper gum there sticks a tooth,  
That has not room for't in her mouth:

Nor can she get her lips to hide it,  
Tho' she ten thousand times has tried it,

Above her breast, beneath her chin,  
There grows an ugly sort of wen,

As apple round, large as a walnut,  
 Of dusky brown, like top of small nut,  
 Clad with soft down, and here and there  
 It bristles out a sort of hair,  
 That's seen in three's or four's to stand:  
 She has six fingers on a hand.  
 All this consider'd, can a King  
 Affect so hideous a thing?  
 What sees he in her she's so woo'd for?  
 The murrin on her what's she good for?  
 Sir Francis carry nought away,  
 For ev'ry syllable I say  
 Is the effect of love and duty.  
 Bry. My Lord you have no skill in beauty:  
 What seem to you deformities  
 Are marks of beauty to the wise,  
 Or nat'ral foils, proper enough  
 To set her other beauties off.  
 Consider but those little fwatches,  
 Us'd by the fair sex, called patches,  
 With which they sprinkle here and there  
 The face, to make it seem more fair:  
 If beauty rise from arts black spots,  
 What must it do from nature's blots?  
 How glad we see that pretty soul  
 Who has the blessing of a mole;  
 Upon her cheeks, or chin; what care  
 She takes to nurse the double hair;  
 That from the midst of wart arises;  
 Another, her black eye-brows prizes.  
 If so small warts are of such value,  
 By nat'ral consequence 'twill follow  
 That larger and of deeper sable,  
 Are yet the much more valuable;

E

Provided

Provided when too big for face,  
 They take a more convenient place.  
 So prudent nature saw it best  
 That Nan's shou'd stand above her breast,  
 And as a foil, has fixed it there,  
 To render face above more fair.  
 Thus by good argument 'tis plain,  
 Her beauty's heighten'd by the wen,

As to her teeth, 'tis better far  
 Than want one, to have one to spare.  
 So that odd finger which does stand,  
 In super-number on her hand,  
 Is prince and regent placed o'er  
 The thumb itself, and t'other four :

Hence in her very frame you see  
 The emblem of supremacy.

As to her yellow-hue, behold  
 No colour's like to that of gold ;  
 And gold's a royal metal, so  
 It's colour must be royal too :  
 Thus friendly nature has her blest  
 With what is deign'd not to the rest  
 Of the fair sex : for she's alone

An extraordinary one,

*Card.* Hold ! hold ! Sir Francis, here's enough  
 Of nonsense, and insipid stuff ;

So let us our discourse give o'er

With this conclusion,——she's a whore *(b)* }

The Knight took leave and said no more.

Campegus (as is said) being come,  
 Concerning the divorce from Rome,

The

*(b)* Cum 15 esset annorum Ann. Boleyn, ab eo qui Thoma Boleyn a Poculis, atque etiam ab altero, qui eidem a Sacello fuit Sese Deflorari passa, Mox in Gallia mittitur, ibi tam Impudice Vixit ut vulgo a Gal-  
 lis appellaretur Hacena seu Equa Anglicano. Vid. Sand. lib. de  
 Schism Anglicano. p. 17.



The King commands his carpenter  
 To frame an anphitheater  
 Of oaken-boards in some large room,  
 For all to see that pleased to come ;  
 For he, good King, wou'd have it seen,  
 How just he wou'd be to his Queen.  
 In a religious (a) house that stood  
 On the east side the (b) Stygian flood ;  
 Over against the palace Bridewell,  
 A (c) bench was raised nigh to a side-wall,  
 On which the Legate-judges sat ;  
 And for the King and madam Kate,  
 Without the bar two chairs there stood,  
 Carv'd in old times from solid wood ;  
 Behin'd the chairs for the spectators  
 (As Harry thought of mighty matters)  
 Benches were set half round the house,  
 In five or six ascending rows :  
 The grandees sat on th' lowest benches  
 And on the highest, boys and wenches.  
 The court is formed to which repair  
 The King and Queen ; and at the bar  
 The royal crown'd head ready stands,  
 To hold up one or both his hands ;  
 Or both, I say, for rather than  
 He'd loose his point, he'd hold up ten,  
 Or ten times ten, if he had had 'em,  
 Rather than not be quit of madam.  
 Whoever knew the royal fancy  
 Stoop thus to such a pug as Nancy ?

The cryer, Cerb'rus like, a tripple  
 O-YES, barks out as loud as able,

E 2

And

(a) Black-fryars. (b) Fleet-ditch. (c) There was a  
 Court, says Stow, platted in tables and benches in manner of a con-  
 fistory, fol. 151.

And cries, King Harry now appear :  
The King as loudly answers, **HERE**;

The Queen when call'd, regarded not  
The cryer, or the court a jot ;  
But falling on her bended knees,  
Speaks to the King,—Her words are these. †

Thus the poor injur'd Queen gave o'er  
And ne'er appear'd before them more ;  
But left the King in court alone,  
Who thus breaths out, in pious tone,  
Her virtues, and his grief to leave her,  
If conscience would but let him have her,

She's virtuous and good, quoth he, (i)  
As ever man-a-liye did see,  
And has to me as faithful been  
As chaste Lucrece to Collatin.  
In all her carriage meek and humble,  
You'll never once perceive her grumble,  
As other cursed Queens will do ;  
Beswore my heart if she's a shrew.  
Her look's majestick, and possesses  
What's great and good in Empreßes,  
All which (poor heart !) when I consider,  
I die to think of parting with her ;  
But \* conscience, conscience, who can bide it !  
Few know it Sirs, but I have try'd it :

Conscience

† This Speech of the Queen's you will find at large in Thomas Bailey's life of John Fisher bishop of Rochester. p. 93. Dublin Edition, 1740.

(i) Seeing now the Queen is gone, I will declare before you all, that she has ever been to me a true, obedient, and dutiful wife, having all the virtuous qualities, &c.

And therefore how willing I would, if it were lawful, continue her to be my wife you may all guess.

\* But conscience, conscience is such a thing, who can endure the sting and prick of conscience always stinging and pricking within his

*For the benefit of our Readers, we have given  
Queen Catherine's Speech at large, as delivered be-  
fore her ungrateful Husband, and the rest of her  
cruel Accusers.—which may be placed between  
the 20th and 21st pages by the Binder.*

Sir, I beseech you to do me justice and right, for I  
am a stranger born out of your dominions, and have no  
friend but you, who now being become my adversary,  
alas ! what friendship or assurance of indifferency in  
any council can I hope to find in your subjects ? Why  
will you put me from you in this sort ? I take God to  
my judge I have been a true, humble and faithful wife  
unto you, always comfortable to your will and pleasure.  
Wherein did I ever contradict or gain-say whatever you  
said ? When was I discontented at the thing that pleased  
you ? Whom did I love but those whom you loved,  
whether I had cause or not ? I have been your wife  
these twenty years, you have had divers children by  
me. When you took me first into your bed, I take God to  
be my witness I was a virgin, and whether that be true or  
no I put it to your conscience, now if there be any just  
cause that you can alledge against me, either of dishon-  
esty or the like, I am contented to depart the realm  
and you with shame and infamy ; but if there be no  
such cause, then I pray you let me have justice at your  
hands. The King your father was in his time, of such  
excellent wit, as for his wisdom's sake he was accoun-  
ted a second Soloman. And Ferdinand my father was  
reckoned to be one of the wisest princes that had reign'd  
in Spain for many years before his days : These being  
both so wise princes, it is not to be doubted but they  
had gathered unto them as wise counsellors of both  
realms as they in their wisdoms thought most meet ;  
and as I take it, there were in those days as wise and  
learned



learned men in both Kingdoms as there's now to be  
found in these our times, who thought the marriage be-  
tween you and I to be good and lawful, (then she speaks  
to the Cardinal) But, for this I may thank you my Lord  
Cardinal of York, who have sought to make these dis-  
sentions between my Lord the King and me, because I  
have so often found fault with your pompos vanity,  
and aspiring mind: Yet I do not think that your malice  
proceeds from you meerly in respect to myself, but your  
chief displeasure is against my nephew the Emperor, be-  
cause you could not at his hands attain unto the Bi-  
shoprick of *Toledo* which greedily you desired; And  
after that was by his means put by the chief and high  
Bishoprick of *Rome*, whereunto you most ambitiously  
aspired; whereat being sore offended, and not yet able  
to revenge your quarrel upon him, the heavy burthen  
of your indignation must be laid on a Female weakneis,  
for no other reason but because she is his aunt, and  
these are the manly ways you take to ease your mind:  
But God for give you. (now she speaks to the King)  
Wherefore Sir it seems to me to be no justice that I  
should stand to the order of this court seeing one of my  
judges to be so partial. And if I would agree to stand  
to the judgement of this court, what counsellors have  
I but such as are your own subjects. taken from your  
own council to which they are privy, and perhaps dare  
not go against it: Wherefore I refuse to stand to their  
advice, or plea, or any judgement that is here; and do  
appeal to the See Apostolic, before our holy Father the  
Pope: Humbly beseeching you, by the way of charity,  
to spare me, till I may know what further course my  
friends in Spain will advise me to; and if this may  
not be granted, then your pleasure be fulfilled.

Conscience is such an awful thing,  
 'Twill scare a Turk, or Persian King,  
 'Tis sting all o'er, and when it begins  
 To check a sinner for his sins,  
 'Twill ne'er give o'er till he repent him ;  
 It's one of the greatest troubles sent him  
 Next to the rib that Adam lent him. }

The Queen good woman, has till now  
 My wife been :—(Hence these tears do flow,)  
 And must I leave her who my heart has ?  
 I swear a kingdom shall not part us,  
 If conscience would but let me rest,  
 Free from it's gnawing in my breast ;  
 But to be always pull'd a-pieces,  
 As sheep in brambles have their fleeces,  
 No horie alive would e'er endure it ;  
 Cou'd he but know what way to cure it.

Consider on't, my lords, I pray-ye,  
 If you have any pity in ye,  
 And free me from Queen Kate my wife,  
 Or conscience sure will end my life,  
 † When first this scruple moved within,  
 And that I fear'd it was a sin  
 To live with her, who tho' my Queen,  
 Yet once my brother's wife had been,

his breast, wherefore my lords, &c. See this speech at large in the said life of Fisher, p. 97. *Dubl. Edition, 1740.*

† I moved you, my Lord of Canterbury, says the King, first to have your licence to put this matter in question, as I did to all the rest, which you all have granted under your seals, which I have here to shew. That is true, said the bishop of Canterbury, and I doubt not but my brethren here will acknowledge the same. No my Lord, says the bishop of Rochester, not so, by your favour, for to that instrument you have neither my hand nor seal. This speech of the bishop's you will find at large in T. Bailey's life of Fisher bishop of Rochester,

I got your leave's my lords to state  
And bring the question in debate,  
As very plainly does appear  
Under your hands and seals :—lo here.

That's true my leige, quoth Canterbury,  
True ! marry it is true, quoth Harry.

Nay, hold my leige, quoth Rochester,  
My hand I'm sure came never there,  
Nor did my seal come ever at it.  
Quoth Wharham, yes my lord, you set it  
Amongst the other bishop's hands.  
Look ! look ! cries Harry, where it stands :  
Says Rochester, whatever's there  
Is none of mine, I do declare ;  
My hand and seal I never set to't,  
And my consent you ne'er shall get to't :  
I know you prest me for the same,  
But I deny'd both seal and name.

Says Wharham, yes my Lord, you know,  
That at the last you did allow,  
I thereunto should write your name,  
And set your signet to the same.  
No ! no ! my Lord, says he, the truth  
Comes not at present from your mouth ;  
I utterly deny the thing,  
Well ! well ! no matter, says the King,  
Argue no more, you are but one,  
One swallow makes no summer, John.

Where's conscience now, that was of late  
So tender in the cause of Kate ?

Rochester, Page 101. *Dubl. Edit. 1740.* The rest of the bishops (says my Author) that had been dealt with in like manner, said not a word, so that the first encounter on the Queen's side, was not so well performed for want of seconds, J. F. B. of Rochester sup.



'Tis now by frequent using made  
Blunt as an egg, and dull as lead.  
Tho' hands and seals and counterfeit,  
It never checks them for the cheat.  
Oh powerful will! that has so soon,  
Mauger its sting, conjur'd it down.

Now enter Harry's (*k*) evidences,  
With suppositions and pretences,  
That sickly Arthur might have then  
As potent been as able men.  
But let themselves their stuff rehearse  
For I'll not have it stain my verse;  
And therefore, in the margin read it,  
If so you list, or never heed it.

Against their evidence, in reply  
Comes in the (*l*) bishop Lord of Ely,  
Who the director late had been,  
And confessarius to the Queen;  
The priest she licens'd to declare  
All that he knew in this affair,  
He did so, having her commission;  
Observe, in short, her deposition.

*The*

(*k*) George Earl of Shaftsbury deposed that he believed Prince Arthur knew his wife carnally, and was able so to do, because he himself knew his before he was sixteen.

Thomas Marquis of Dorset supposed him able for the business.

Robert Viscount Fitzwater, said he heard Prince Arthur say, I have been in Spain the last night.

Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, spoke to the same effect; so did also Thomas D. of Norfolk; and added, we believe that the Prince carnally knew her, because himself had performed the like at the same age. Sir Anthony Willoughby said he heard the Prince say, give me a cup of ale for I have been in the midst of Spain the last night.

(*l*) Against these, the bishop of Ely deposed, that he had heard the Queen often say (*sub testimonio conscientiae suae*) That she was never carnally known by Prince Arthur.

*The Queen to me has often said  
 She to the King's bed came a maid,  
 And this upon her conscience tender  
 She did declare, so God defend her.*

You may suppose King Harry knew  
 That which this prelate said was true,  
 Because the matter he deny'd not  
 And to Queen Catherine he reply'd not,  
 When in a very solemn sort,  
 She this affirm'd in publick court,  
 Nor had the confidence to blame  
 Her affirmation of the same,  
 And certainly he would have done it,  
 If for a truth he had not known it,  
 Seeing on this he knew depended,  
 The matter of divorce pretended,  
 And only could by this be ended.

\* The rest of those immodest fancies,  
 Advanc'd by Harry's evidences,  
 Seem'd to the council of the Queen,  
 Foolish conjectures and obscene:  
 They Nullify'd them, and in short,  
 Made them appear to all the court  
 Vain stuff, a frolick, or at best  
 But meer surmises from a jest.

The

Then speaks the bishop of Rochester, All this says he, is no more than what hath formerly been depofed, examined, thoroughly debated by the best and most learned Divines and Lawyers, &c.

• All the allegations (against the marriage) were judged vain and frivolous, whereupon the marriage was concluded, approved and ratified by the Sea Apostolick, and that in such large and ample manner as that I think it a very hard matter now again to call the same before another judge.

• See both this Speech, and that of the bishop of Rochester's at large in T. B's life of John Fisher, B. of Rochester. Page 106-7, Dublin Edit. 1740.

The sage Campejus understanding  
The justice of the cause depending,  
To be on Cath'rine's side, who from  
The Legate's court appeal'd to Rome;  
Resolv'd with Wolsey there to send it,  
That by the Pope it might be ended.

At this the King grew desperate hot,  
And Brandon on the table smote,  
His eyes struck fire, he breathed smoke,  
And a most bloody oath he took,  
That Cardinals did never good  
In England, since the nation stood,  
This struck the courtiers all with fear,  
Till one by one they disappear,  
Not liking such unwelcome sport,  
And so dissolved was the court.

To Rome, in haste, Campejus goes,  
And tells Pope Clement all he knows.  
The King on his side also sent  
His orators, to represent  
The matter in another sort,  
Than what Campejus would report;  
And differently the cause was stated,  
And *pro* and *con* it was debated;  
Which when his holiness had heard,  
And saw on what side right appear'd,  
The King's pretences he denies,  
And with the Queen's suit he complies.

King Harry finding it was so,  
Was at his wits-end what to do,  
And for advice, he runs out straight  
To an old bard, whom Cranmer hight;  
Cranmer could tune his reverend song  
To Harry's fancy, right or wrong,



Swallow huge oaths, and when he swore,  
 Protest his oaths should bind no more  
 Than Sampson's cords: could conscience loose  
 From sacred ties of solemn vows,  
 Could break his faith and plighted troth,  
 And sacrifice, to interest both;  
 Could play the hypocrite, and lie,  
 A sinner of the deepest dye,  
 Stain to his character and coat,  
 Lustful he was as any goat,  
 And every where as authors say,  
 With him he did his Mifs convey,  
 Yet in close manner: for the man  
 Contriv'd for her a strange sedan,  
 Ycelp'd (*m*) a chest, made fit for stowing  
 That precious stuff his German frow in:  
 It was in Dutchland he trapan'd her,  
 And she was niece to Osiander.

Such in his youth were Cranmer's crimes,  
 But he had worse in after times;  
 So that the King had scarce a sin  
 But Cranmer had a share therein,  
 Nor was a sin by th' one invented,  
 But what the other so contended,  
 That readily he would allow it,  
 And frequently add something to it,  
 By which 'twould daily greater grow,  
 As snow-balls do when rowl'd in snow.

With every vice they stockt the region,  
 To fit it for a new religion.

From

(*m*) Mr. Mason in his book of the consecrations of English bishops, says, Cranmer kept his wife secret for fear of the law, and that they reported she was carried up and down in a chest, and that at Gravesend the wrong end of the chest was set upward. p. 73.

From lusts of both, from both their sins,  
The English heresy begins,  
The lewdest, and the grossest one,  
In all the reformation.

The King with this arch-villain meeting,  
After salute and friendly greeting,  
Lays open case of conscience tender,  
As Saul did once th' witch of Endor;  
And from the first, to him relates  
His whole concern and madam Kate's,  
Then his advice demanded; who  
Doubtless inspired from below,  
Does thus advise him what to do.

*Cran.* Sir, if the pope will not comply  
With you, do you his power deny,  
And banish his supremacy.

*King.* Could I the papal power unhinge,  
I durst not take that sweet revenge.

*Cran.* Why so, Sir? follow my direction,  
Affirm he has no jurisdiction  
Over your realm, or any in it

Sir, if you think there's any sin in't.  
Charge that on me; I'll answer for it  
To God, the pope and Roman court.

When this is done, proclaim yourself  
The church's head. *K.* Thou damn'd elf,  
Dost thou suppose me such a Turk  
To make a schism in the Kirk?

*Cran.* But, Sir, to this you must be forc'd  
Before the Queen can be divorc'd.

*King.* Is there no other way but that  
For me to free myself from Kate?  
The cure is worse than the disease.

*Cran.* Vain scruples! vain such thoughts as these

The pope as I can make appear,  
Can claim no jurisdiction here  
By any law, divine or human,  
*K.* I doubt thy doctrine is not true man;  
Yet since it fits our case so well,  
I'll take it for once as oracle:

And hence I'll thy directions follow  
For, thou shalt be my great Apollo.  
*Cran.* As soon as Wharham dies, King Harry,  
Get me install'd in Canterbury,  
Which, as the times are, must be done  
By papal approbation.

*King.* But this you know, we cannot do  
Without the oath, and how can you  
Obedience swear unto the pope,  
And I for church's headship hope?

*Cran.* Yes swear I must but on my troth.  
I swear I'll never keep my oath;  
In oaths of disagreeing kinds,  
The first, and not the second binds.

*King.* Well, when you are in primate's chair,  
Then what's the next? Take you no care.  
I so to pass will matters bring,  
You shall be pope as well as King;  
And then do you, by power supreme,  
Commission me, and I'll proclaim  
Your marriage null, and give a bill  
For Kate's divorce:—Ay that I will.

*King.* And wed to me my darling Nan?

*Cran.* Yes, that I will. *King.* O blessed man!

*King.* But pry'thee Cranmer how can't be  
That thou should'st make a pope of me  
That am a layman? I protest one  
Not fit at all to make a priest on:



I'll ne'er pretend to such a thing.

*Cran.* Great Sir! you are, (*n*) anointed king,  
By virtue of the regal unction  
You may perform the priestly function.

*King.* What? tho' no consecrated priest?

*Cran.* Sir, consecration's but a jest,  
One that's elected needs no more,  
And Kings have patriarchal power;  
They may ordain, and consecrate,  
Absolve and excommunicate.

May teach and preach, and may dispense,  
As well as pope, all (*o*) sacraments,  
And so may any elected lay-man,

*K.* By crown and globe, thou art a gay-man?  
But still I fear this doctrine's new.

*Cran.* No matter so it seems but true,  
And in the bible it is said,  
You are an holy priesthood made,  
Which being spoke to all, 'tis plain  
That all are priests. *King.* Only the men,

I hope you mean not women too?

*Cran.* Not woman? Yes, Sir, but I do;  
They're part o'th' all, as well as we.

*King.* Oh, Tom! if you'll be rul'd by me,

Put

(*n*) The clergy placed the King's supremacy in some extraordinary grace conferred on the King by the anointing in the coronation. Burnet in his abridgement. li. 2. p. 56.

(*o*) Dr. Burnet in his history. In his collection of records, record 21. Entitled, the resolution of several bishops and divines, of some questions concerning the sacraments upon the sacrament of holy orders: Cranmer in answer to the questions says,—All christian Princes have committed unto them immediately of God the whole cure of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political and civil, &c. Barlow agrees with him, both affirming, that the apostles, lacking a christian King among them, made bishops by that necessity; not by authority given by God.

Put not the woman into pulpits,  
 For they'll deride our sex for dull-pates,  
 And every one aspire as high  
 As I do, to supremacy:  
 'They'll murder with eternal din  
 Both one another, and us men.

But to be serious; for 'tis now  
 Time to consider what to do.  
 Our English clergy never will  
 Consent that we the pope expel.  
 Nor would our spiritual Lords allow us,  
 Nor pay their ghostly homage to us.  
*Cran.* Doubt not great Sir! I know a way  
 If you'll proceed in't, how you may  
 Oblige the bishops to proclaim  
 The King the church's head supreme.

*King.* I doubt the task will be as hard,  
 As great Mogul to take by th' beard,

*Cran.* No, Sir, I read a while ago  
 An ancient book of statute law,  
 In which I find a statute extant,  
 (That was recorded in good text hand  
 When Dick the second rul'd the land)  
 Which on our clergy laid command  
 In penalty of premunire,  
 Not to own any legate here

Without

In answer to the tenth question, Cranmer, Barlow, Cox, &c. say, that at the beginning, bishops and priests were all one.

To the eleventh question Cranmer says, princes and governors may make priests. He Barlow and Cox, &c. affirm, that lay-men may make priests by election.

To the 12th question, says Cranmer, in the new testament he that is appointed to be a bishop or a priest, needeth no consecration by the scripture; for election or appointing thereto is sufficient. Barlow says, only appointing with imposition of hands, is sufficient without consecration,

Without commission from the Prince.

*King.* And what can you infer from thence?

*Cran.* Wolsey, you know, has acted here  
From Rome as Legate, many a year

Without your Majesty's consent,

(I mean by public instrument

Under your hand and seal) beside

The bishops too with him comply'd;

For doing which I'll make appear,

They've all incurr'd a premunire,

*King.* Nay hold! for I a while ago

Commission'd (a) Wolsey so to do,

And what was done without consent

Of me, or of our parliament,

Is pardon'd him, as he can shew.

*Cran.* Well! then I'll tell you what we'll do:

I'm acquainted with his man,

As arch a rogue as ever ran,

One who, I know, for gold will sell

His and his master's soul to hell.

Let's bribe with gold the cunning knave,

To get the patent back you gave;

For where the Cardinal did lay it

He knows, and can from thence convey it.

(b) When you have got that buckler from 'em,

Then fall with tooth and nail upon 'em,

Convict them every mother's son

By Richard's statute; when that's done,

Threaten

(a) The author of Church government, part 5. p. 22. The Cardinal pleaded, that it was well known to his Majesty, that he would not presume to execute his power legatine before the King had been pleased to ratify it with his royal assent, given under his seal. See Goodwin's annals, p. 107, and p. 119, he says, it was certain that Wolsey was licensed to exercise his authority legatine.

(b) T. B. in the life of John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, says, that



Threaten to put 'em all in hold,  
 As close as misers stow their gold :  
 E'er they'll endure such walls of stone,  
 (As holy Anchorets have done,)  
 They'll yield to all you can require,  
 And pardon on their knees desire ;  
 But pardon not, till they agree  
 To grant your grace supremacy.

Thus was the subtil project laid,  
 And Wolsey by his man betray'd.  
 His pardon and commission lost ;  
 All are in Premunire cast.

At Harry's mercy now they stand,  
 With bended knee and cap in hand,  
 While over them he falls to hector  
 Like Sultan, or a Noll-protector,  
 And positively tell 'em, they  
 Must every man consent to lay  
 The Pope's supremacy aside,  
 (As he had done his former bride)  
 And churches head acknowledge him ;  
 Or else, by Royal Diadem  
 He swore, they must expect no pardon.  
 To soften this, (for 'twas a hard one)  
 They must, for ransom to the crown,  
 One hundred thousand pounds pay down.

Nor must you grumble at it, Sirs,  
 (Says he,) nor make the least demurs,  
 Deny the Pope, *Proclaim* you me  
*Head of the Church* ; for Head I'll be. I

that the Cardinal procured a confirmation of his legatine authority under the Great Seals as well for that which was past, as that which was to come : which the King remembering, thought the Cardinal too hard for him, but he so deals with a servant then belonging to the Cardinal, and in great trust about him, that by his means he regained the said ratification, under the Great Seal into his Hands : And then to work he went, p. 106.

I swear I will, by good battoon,  
By scepter, globe, by sword and crown;  
Tho' all the powers above resist it,  
And *Christ* and *Holy Church* detest it.

He said: and with an angry brow  
Left them, consulting what to do.

At this schismatical request,  
Wife Rochester spoke to the rest,  
His learn'd oration (*c*) was so clear,  
It satisfy'd all that were there.

This learned and profound oration  
So biaßed the convocation,  
That, *Una Voce*, all deny  
To grant the King supremacy.

At which (*d*) quoth he, my Lords, I pray  
Be not so stiff, mind what I say,  
I solemnly on word of King  
Protest, that if you'll grant the thing,  
I will not in the least abuse it,  
But as coactive only use it;  
Nor will I ever touch the helm  
Of *Peter's* ship, for all my realm;  
Nor order, judge, nor change, nor meddle,  
In spirituals—Oh! that's a riddle  
Quoth Rochester, I'll therefore tell  
My Lords, a certain parable.

G

(*e*) The

(*c*) You will find the Bishop of Rochester's speech at large, in T. B's. life of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, p. 135.

This speech, says my author, so wrought upon the whole convocation, that the King's purpose for that time was clearly frustrated.

(*d*) He protests unto them on the word of a King, that if they would acknowledge and confess him supreme head of the church of England, he would never, by virtue of that grant, assume unto himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them than all other the Kings of England had formerly assumed; neither would he take upon him to promulge, or make any new spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, &c.

(e) The Heart desir'd to be the Head;  
 And to the other members said,  
 Make Me your Head, and I declare  
 I'll neither speak, smell, see, nor hear;  
 Nor act as Heads are wont to do,  
 But play the Heart, as I do now.  
 They all consent. The Heart being made  
 The Head, it forthwith acts the Head:  
 And having got mouth, nose, eyes, ears,  
 It speaks, tastes, smells, and sees, and hears.  
 The members finding this, complain  
 Of breach of promise—but in vain.  
 This parable mov'd all the rest  
 Still to deny the King's request.

The King displeased went his ways,  
 And said no more for several days,  
 But bid Sir Audley go and try,  
 If they but thus far would comply,  
 To give the title that he sought,  
 With this restrictive clause put to't,  
*As far as God's laws will allow.* (f)  
 This they were willing all to do,  
 Not minding that it was a step  
 When granted, for a further leap,  
 Which he design'd at fitter season,  
 Over the bounds of law and reason.

Now grown impatient, in short while  
 He tempts 'em in a rougher stile.  
 What tho', my Lords, you granted me  
 The title of supremacy;

Yet

(e) See T. B's, *Life of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester*; in which you will find this at large, and abundance of excellent speeches as also this parable, p. 126.

(f) *Quantum per Legem Dei licet.* *Life of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester.*



Yet what is added to the same,  
Restrains it to an empty name;  
And therefore take away that clause;  
For I'll not bounded be laws:  
See! that no longer you dispute,  
For head I'll be, and absolute;  
I'll at my pleasure rule at large,  
And steer at will St. Peter's barge.

The Bishops urged this severely,  
Expect no good from further parley,  
Assume a christian courage, and  
By Audley let him understand,  
That he, in short must either want it,  
Or take it as it had been granted.

While this was doing, comes me home  
The King's Ambassadors from Rome,  
And the unwelcome tidings bring  
That Catherine's marriage with the King  
The Pope confirm'd and ratify'd  
By bull, and the divorce deny'd.

His Majesty, now out of hope  
Of being divorced by the Pope,  
And in despair of e'er prevailing  
Upon the Bishops for entailing  
On him and on his diadem,  
Over the church a power supreme;  
Into most desperate madness fell:  
Don, who with wind-mills under sail  
Engag'd in battle, never had  
A brain so furiously mad.  
Groans echoing from his grieved soul,  
About his fiery eye-balls rowl,  
And sparkle from their scalded holes,  
In lustre like two glowing coals;

His brow in rowling tempests furls  
 Itself into ill-boading curls;  
 Out sulph'rous smoak flies, when he speaks,  
 A flaming scarlet stains his cheeks,  
 But sits not long upon his face,  
 E'er dreadful paleness takes its place:  
 All tokens of a desp'rate rage,  
 The church's ruin do presage.

With trembling tongue, his words at thrice  
 He stutters out, his dreadful voice  
 He seems to check, and then to force;  
 'Tis hollow now, now shrill, now hoarse;  
 So that his rage in divers tones,  
 Like Cerb'rus from his tripple sconce,  
 Thus vents he. — Am not I a King?  
 And shall I stoop to any thing?  
 Shall I be rul'd by good or ill,  
 Contrary to my boundless will?  
 Shall I to Prelate cringe, or Priest,  
 To council, Peter, Pope, or Christ,  
 Contrary to my inclinations?  
 No! e'er I'll do't, I'll damn my nations,  
 I'll tear Christ's seamless coat in two;  
 Thou, and Barjona's vicar know!  
 Thy jurisdiction hence I'll chase,  
 And seat myself in th'holy place:  
 And you, my Bishops, I will be  
 Revenged on your prelacy:  
 I'll grind you all as small as dust,  
 For daring thus to cross my lust:  
 The English church without controul  
 Of Pope or Christ I mean to rule,  
 And with my kingdoms, damn my soul.

} Come,

Come, you infernal powers ! and join  
 All your united force with mine;  
 Come, thou black Prince of sulph'rous styx,  
 Come, spirits of eastern schismatics,  
 Come Arius, Nestor, Ebion's Ghost,  
 From Hell as swift as swallows post;  
 Come, Simon, Magus, Judas, come on,  
 All you old hereticks I summon,  
 That do like salamanders roam  
 In fire-eternal ; rise and come !  
 Leave your vulcanian grottos, and  
 Bask your broil'd limbs on cooler land ;  
 New bodies take in this my nation,  
 By pythagorean transmigration ;  
 What heresies you ever knew,  
 Bring in, and broach 'em here anew,  
 Yet whilst my reign last, if you please,  
 Forbear ; because to live at ease  
 Is my desire, and all men know  
 Disturbances attend on you ;  
 As factions, dire debates and jars.  
 Rebellion, treasons, blood and wars ;  
 For Schism only is the thing  
 That I'll be for, whilst I am King :  
 But soon as ever I am gone,  
 And my successor's on the throne ;  
 Flock hither thick and threefold, and  
 Bring all your plagues upon the land ;  
 I in the mean while will prepare  
 All things for your reception here,  
 And by a damned schism will,  
 Make way for all the heresies in hell.  
 And now, behold ! I do begin :  
 He said, and call'd each deadly sin ;

Pride



Pride, wrath, lust, avarice, sloth,  
 And gluttony ; to these he both  
 His states gave up, who in a trice  
 Pregnant became with ev'ry vice,  
 Aed fear and cowardice took place  
 Of christian fortitude and grace.

Thus they prepar'd with vice and fear,  
 Ease, idleness, and little prayer ;  
 He sets upon 'em once again,  
 Unbounded headship to obtain ;  
 Supposing if he closely prest it,  
 They would want courage to resist it.  
 And thus he speaks,—My lords no ill is  
 In my demand, and this my will is,  
 To be *chief Vicar* in Christ's stead,  
 And *church of England's supreme head*.  
 This you, I say, must not dispute,  
 For head I'll be, and absolute.  
 This is the last time I'll demand it ;  
 Whoe'er he be that dares withstand it,  
 Shall in close dungeon be immur'd,  
 'Till by an ax or halter cur'd.  
 This said, the tyrant turns about,  
 And with a haughty pace struts out,  
 To shew that he was resolute.

(g) Thus planet-struck, amaz'd they stood,  
 Like blockheads hewn from logs of wood :  
 Threaten'd without, and check'd within  
 By the approach of deadly sin,  
 Were seized with a pannic terror,  
 Which shock'd their very souls with horror ;  
 'Till Cranmer, who was steel within,  
 And brass against all check of sin, Taught

(g) See what excellent speeches were spoke against it. In *Historical Collections*, p. 17.

Taught all of them how they might be,  
Just like himself, from conscience free.

(b) I tell you, Sirs, says he, 'tis nonsensense  
To talk of such a thing as conscience,  
When Kings command: Unless you'll say  
Conscience forbids to disobey;  
And then indeed the scruple must  
Be held for righteousness and just.  
Do not those consciences of yours  
Bid you submit to higher powers?  
The scripture does I'm sure, and therefore  
If conscience do not, tell me wherefore  
You plead religion? that pretence  
Is vain, when't contradicts the Prince:  
Our faith is only found so far,  
As with the King's it does not jar,  
Nor can it ever be amiss,  
So long as it agrees with his,  
For my part solemnly I swear it,  
Nor care I if a thousand hear it;  
If Harry were a Mahometan,  
I would not be a Christian;  
Nor would I hold the Primate's place,  
But as chief Mufty to his grace.

Nice consciences, my Lord, ye ken  
Belong to women, not to men;  
Ours free as fancy, large as thought,  
And unrestrain'd must stick at naught,

But

(b) When Sir Thomas Moore pleaded before Cranmer, that he could not in conscience take the Oath of Supremacy, Cranmer replied, that seeing he was not certain of his conscience, but that it was certain he must obey his prince, therefore he was to reject that doubtful conscience of his, and stick to the latter, which was undoubted.

Winstanley in his book of the worthies of England, p. 316.

But have the liberty of ranging  
Through all religions, and of changing,  
As often as the King sees cause  
To alter Faith and Churches Laws.

Thus irreligious Cranmer pleaded,  
And laid before 'em all they dreaded;  
And might have talk'd till he were weary,  
Had there not been a Premunire.

(a) After a long debate at last  
This damn'd determination past,  
The King shall have supremacy,  
Tho' we, Pope, Faith and Christ deny,

Good Rochester, with grace endu'd,  
With reason, truth, and fortitude,  
Did openly the thing detest,  
And contradicted all the rest;  
But all he said could not prevail  
With those new worshippers of Baal.

The King perceiving their compliance,  
Sets 'em the further at defiance;  
Rejects with scorn their base submission,  
Until they court him by petition  
To take them to his gracious favour,  
And pardon all their bad behaviour:  
In which (b) petition there was writ  
His new-got title:—This was it,

*Protector and supreme head  
Of the English Church and Clergy.* To

(a) The Lord Fitzherbert records an admirable speech against the Supremacy. It is in *Hist. Collect.* p. 17.

(b) They in their convocation concluded an humble petition in writing, and offered the King 100000*l.* to have their pardon by parliament which after some labour was accepted in which submission the clergy called the King supreme head of the church. *Baker's Hist.* p. 290. See *Heylin's Hist.* p. 19. He says, This instrument bears date the 12th of March, 1530.



To that petition all their names  
 They did subscribe, to all their shames:  
 To shew submission more profound,  
 They pay an hundred thousand pound  
 For ransom to the King, and he  
 Receives 'em into clemency:  
 At which with tears, and thanks, and praise,  
 They kiss his hand, and go their ways.

A Parliament his Highness summons,  
 Pack'd of a crew of servile Commons:  
 Such as he knew would ready be,  
 To fix on him supremacy.

This, in the space of fifteen days,  
 Brought forth a few stout statute laws.

It first votes lawful ev'ry thing,  
 That had been acted by the King;  
 As sending Rochester and Moore,  
 Prisoners (*unjustly*) to the Tower.  
 Next, it enacts the King supreme  
 O'er English church, as well as realm,  
 And gives him power to detect,  
 To censure, judge, damn, and correct,  
 And when he *pleased*, to, neglect  
 All errors, heresies, and what  
 Might hurt the church as well as state,  
 For to the Prince alone it gave  
 Authority to damn, or save.

Nor can the Bishops use the keys,  
 But when and how their lay-head please;  
 The further to corroborate  
 The headship of the magistrate,  
 It makes it treason to deny  
 His spiritual supremacy.

Another (c) act, was also made,  
Which a strict prohibition laid  
On all the Bishops in the nation,  
Never to meet in convocation;  
Till they were summon'd by his writ,  
For thus the church's head thought fit,  
To licence th'body when to sit. }

(d) That statute also, (at their meeting  
And in full convocation sitting,)  
Prohibits taking ought in hand,  
But what the head shall first command;  
Nor canons make, nor sign decrees  
But such as shall the lay-head please,  
Neither promulge nor execute 'em;  
In short, they must do nought without him.  
Since that, those cyphers of the gown,  
Have nought to do but sit 'em down  
In synod house, and there remain,  
Till lay-head sends it down again:  
To make a gay, grave, empty show,  
Is all their head will have them do.

(e) Nor can they multiply their kind,  
Unless their lay-pope have a mind;  
For he must licence each to this,  
In their respective diocess,  
And give them power to ordain,  
And consecrate new clergymen.

Nor

(c) 25 H. 8. 19. The convocation shall be assembled by the King's writ, and shall not enact any constitutions or ordinances without the King's assent. See *Wingate's Abridgment of the Statutes*.

(d) The convocation promised upon the words of Priests never to make any canons without the King's assent. *Burn. Abridg.* p. 112.

(e) The King did empower the Bishops instead, to ordain, give institution, and do all other parts of the episcopal function, which was to last during his pleasure, *Burn. Abridg.* p. 228.

Nor does their sacred mission spring,  
 From other fountain than the King;  
 Unless a woman have the crown,  
 Then from a she-pope it's brought down;  
 And at her hand they must receive it,  
 As kindly as if Peter gave it,  
 And hold themselves beholden to her,  
 As mistress of all ghostly power:  
 As by this strange oath will appear,  
 Which Bess oblig'd them all to swear.

(f) I *A.B.* swear by wounds and blood,  
 By gospel, God and all that's good,  
 That he or she prince is supreme,  
 A child that bears the diadem  
 Is so too, and the head in all  
 Matters ecclesiastical:  
 And whatsoever foreign power,  
 Or jurisdiction heretofore,  
 In English Church, as well as state,  
 By Council, Pope, or Potentate  
 Was had, or held, or exercis'd,  
 I do renounce: as when baptiz'd,

H 2

I

Cranmer held that ecclesiastical offices that were derived from that ordination, was only a ceremony that might be used or laid aside, but that the authority was conveyed to churchmen only by the King's commission. See *Burnet's Abridg.* l. 1.

(f) The oath. I, *A. B.* do utterly testify and declare in my conscience, that the Queen's highness is the only supreme governor of this realm, &c. as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes, as temporal; and that no foreign Prince, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath, or ought to have any jurisdiction, power, superiority, preheminance, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm; and therefore I do utterly renounce and forsake all foreign jurisdictions, powers, superiorities and authorities, &c. See the book entitled, *The Form of Consecrating Bishops, Priests and Deacons.*



I did renounce three fatal evils,  
Pomps of the world, the flesh and Devils ;  
Yet with this difference, I protest,  
'Gainst those in earnest, these in jest.

Thus was the church of England broke  
By schism from its native stock,  
And since has wither'd and decay'd,  
As branches rent from tree do fade ;  
And thus it was our King became  
The church's head, with power supreme,  
A power ecclesiastical  
O'er Bishops, Councils, Popes, and all  
The powers on earth ecclesiastic,  
Whether they're foreign or domestic.

A power so vast, and so egregious,  
As turn'd to laicks vow'd religious :  
Judg'd whom they pleas'd for hereticks,  
Then burned them with faggot sticks :  
The ancient canons it abrogated,  
And points of faith annihilated,  
Alter'd the church's liturgies,  
And did her rituals suppress :  
It fram'd new forms of ordination,  
Such as before were ne'er in fashion ;  
Its holy sacraments abolish'd,  
And consecrated kirks demolish'd,  
Transform'd the choirs into stables,  
And altars into fuddling tables :  
The Mass abolish'd, and the Mass-days,  
Turn'd fasts to feasts, and feasts to fast-days ;  
In place of all which they devise  
New creeds, new pray'rs, new homilies.  
Harry the Eighth set out the first creed ;  
Ned made the second, Be's the worst creed ;

Of common-prayer books Ned made two,  
 And homilies compos'd a few :  
 Bess mends his prayer-books, and made more  
 New homilies, 'above a score.  
 Each Prince thus as he gets the crown,  
 Makes a religion of his own.

By this new power, the new Pope Harry  
 Made Cranmer lord of Canterbury,  
 And gave him by this boundless power,  
 A liberty to wed his whore,  
 And free her from her coffin-bed,  
 In which (poor girl !) so long she laid,  
 And Cranmer who was grateful ever,  
 Requites him with as kind a favour ;  
 To (*g*) Anna Boleyn weds him first,  
 And afterwards Queen Kate divorc'd,  
 And a commission had for this.  
 From supreme high and mightiness.

Should Jove set Vulcan o'er the Gods,  
 To rule them with his nail-string rods,  
 And dictate from his bellows hollow,  
 Sage sentences to wise Apollo,  
 And send away the heel-wing'd post,  
 With his commands to every coast,

To

(*g*) The King's marriage with Anna Boleyn was performed by Dr. Rowland Lee, on the first of November, 1532. None present at the nuptials but Archbishop Carnmer, the Duke of Norfolk, the father, mother, and brother of the new Queen ; but long it could not be concealed, for being with child on Easter-eve, the 12th of April, she shewed herself openly as Queen, and an order issueth from the Parliament, then sitting, that Catherine should no longer be called Queen, but Princess Dowager. Cranmer, the new Archbishop, cites Catherine fifteen days to appear before him, and in default of her appearance, proceeds judicially to sentence of divorce, and caused it to be openly published on Friday the 23d of May, 1533. See *Stow*, *Fol.* 563. and *Heylen*, p. 161.

To charge Lord Phœbus for his ears,  
 Not to distinguish days and years,  
 Or bid him at dark midnight shine,  
 And Bacchus leave off drinking wine,  
 And Æolus to cease from breathing,  
 And Neptune's belly t'leave off heaving,  
 And Mars no more to huff and swagger,  
 But keep in sheath his rusty dagger;  
 And Chronus t'leave his Spanish pace,  
 To trip the twelve in three days space;  
 And Phæbe with full face to run,  
 When in conjunction with the sun;  
 Sure such disorder in the skies,  
 Wou'd argue Jove no longer wise;  
 And to allow such work as this is,  
 Wou'd speak him mad among his Misses,  
 And strike the whole world into wonder,  
 At trusting Vulcan with his thunder.  
 Yet Harry acts as far amiss,  
 His deeds run parallel to this.

No sooner was King Harry made  
 Of English Church the supreme head,  
 But he a (a) blacksmith's son appointed  
 Head in his place; one, who anointed  
 Had never been unless his Dad  
 Had in the fleck-trough wash'd the lad,  
 With an intent that that shou'd do  
 For christ'ning and for Priest-hood too.  
 This Cyclops, as historians tell us,  
 Leaving his anvil, forge and bellows,  
 Listed himself in Burbon's wars,  
 Whence flying for avoiding scars,

Kind

(a) Thomas Cromwell sat in the convocation house amongst the Bishops, as head over them. Baker, p. 303.



Kind fate ordain'd his lot should fall,  
 To serve my Lord the Cardinal;  
 Where he gain'd credit with the King,  
 For dext'rous handling every thing;  
 And at the last was look'd upon,  
 As for his turn a fitting one;  
 And by degrees was by his Grace,  
 Exalted to vice-gerent's place,  
 Made Vicar general in all  
 Affairs ecclesiastical.  
 And now the (b) blacksmith sits at helm,  
 O'er all the Bishops in the realm,  
 Makes them submit to his injunctions,  
 Prescribes them methods for their functions:  
 And sets them bounds how far to go,  
 Both in divine and canon law.  
 Base was his carriage to the rest,  
 The poor and helpless he oppress,  
 Was deaf to orphans cries and prayers,  
 Laught at afflicted widows tears;  
 Lookt on the gentry with disdain,  
 Contemn'd the Peers and noble-men,  
 Insulted o'er the clergy, and  
 Griev'd all the honest in the land.  
 Errors in faith the fool commended,  
 And impious hereticks defended.  
 None worse than he in Pagan times  
 For sacrilege, the worst of crimes.

What

(b) In the convocation house at his coming in, all the Bishops did obeisance to him, as to their vicar general, and he saluted them and sat down in the highest place. *Thomas Mason's Abstract out of Fox's Martyrs, entitled Christ's Victories over Satan's Tyranny.* p. 197. He sent forth injunctions to all Bishops and Curates, thro' the ream, charging them, &c. See *Stow*, p. 574.

What can I add? The impious thief  
 Did never good in all his life;  
 And here it is I mean to tell  
 How the religious houses fell,  
 For 'twas this monster mov'd the crown,  
 To seize their lands, and pull them down.

The King convenes a Parliament,  
 Well chosen for his good intent:  
 The first thing that the house begun with,  
 And what he prest their going on with,  
 Was to examine misdemeanors,  
 And post up Monks and Nuns for sinners,  
 And make the Clergy's lives as black,  
 As were the gowns upon their back;  
 And Cromwell the chief stickler there,  
 Is made the master visitor,  
 Who presently picks up a crew,  
 Of all the greatest rogues he knew,  
 And with commissions sends'em in,  
 To e'ery cell to search for sin,  
 And find out all the least abuses,  
 That might be in religious houses:  
 And these to (c) magnify as far,  
 As Sol in light out-shines a Star.  
 They authorize the mob to bring in  
 Complaints against the Clergy's finning,  
 And lay commands on e'ery brother,  
 To charge with vices one another,  
 And bitter grievances express,  
 With exclamations for redress,

Which

(c) They represented their offences in such multiplying glasses, as made them seem both greater in number, and more horrid in nature, than indeed they were, *Hey.* p. 262.

Which the base scoundrels gladly do,  
 Regardless whether false or true;  
 Nor did the visitors care whether  
 'Twas true (*d*) or false, took all together:  
 For when it chanc'd they found no more  
 Than one or two in twenty score,  
 That they for vice of sin could blame,  
 On the whole house they charg'd the same,  
 And for the failings of a few,  
 Charg'd all with sins, which they ne'er knew;  
 Now all those crimes imaginary,  
 Were sent to Cromwell and King Harry,  
 By a black Not'ry, whom they took  
 To write them in their dooms-day book.  
 And by this scandal made the people,  
 Wish for the downfal of the steeple,  
 And shake their heads at the religious,  
 As criminals the most prodigious.

Thus having declar'd the way to what  
 The King designed to be at;  
 He moves the parliament to grant  
 Relief for past, and present want,  
 Or sell to pay love's debts contracted,  
 Or use as fancy should enact it.  
 And give him cash to pay the score,  
 He had been at to gain his *whore*.  
 The way that he would have it done,  
 Was by a dissolution

Numb. 3.

I

Of

(*d*) The commissioners threatned the canons of Leicester, that they would charge them with adultery and buggery, unless they would submit to give up their house. *See Hist. collect from 36 to 52.*

Burnet owns, that there were great complaints made of the violences and briberies of the visitors, and perhaps (says he) not without reason, Abrid. p. 182.

It was complain'd (says Burnet) that Dr. London had corrupted many Nuns, *Supr.*



Of such small Abbeys, as were found  
 In annual rents two hundred pounds,  
 Or under: And t'join as his own,  
 Their lands and livings to the crown.  
 But (e) Rochester dislik'd the thing,  
 And vigorously oppos'd the King,  
 Fore-telling such a grant would soon,  
 Bring all their greater Abbeys down;  
 And in a very little while,  
 Not leave one standing in the isle;  
 Which after came to pass: But now  
 All his endeavours would not do;  
 Cromwell prevails: The parliament  
 To please the King, give their consent,  
 And down the lesser houses went;  
 Which were in number in this fall,  
 Three hundred seventy-six in all:  
 Their yearly rent was that day found,  
 Upward of thirty thousand pound  
 In ancient rents, which would be more,  
 Than that at this day ten times o'er.  
 He seiz'd their jewels took their gold,  
 And at half price their goods were sold:  
 Sent the (f) religious up and down,  
 With forty shillings and a gown.  
 Thus the small houses:—now the great  
 Come next, and share the self same fate.

Abbeys

(e) See *Rochester's Speech in Hist. Collect.*

(f) Ten thousand of the religious were sent to seek their livings, with forty shillings and a gown a man, their goods and plate were estimated at 100,000*l.* and the valued rents of their houses at 32,000*l.* but was really above ten times so much. It was thought strange to see the King devour, what his ancestors had dedicated to the honour of God and his Saints. See *Burnet's Abridgement*. Baker tells us that the number of Monasteries suppress'd were 645, besides 90 Colleges, 100 Hospitals, and of Chantries and free Chapels 2,374. P. 305.

Abbeyes six hundred forty five,  
 (If we may history believe,)  
 They levell'd to foundations, and  
 Unjustly seized all their lands  
 Chanteries and chapels they threw o'er  
 Twenty three hundred sev'nty four.  
 Good hospitals one hundred ten,  
 Which long had kept poor pious men,  
 They seiz'd into their impious hands,  
 And turn'd poor saints to vagabonds,  
 And colleges almost one hundred  
 Into their ancient chaos turned.  
 Scarce stone on stone, or brick on brick,  
 They left but rubbish, where was fabrick.  
 Save here and there a bit of wall,  
 To shew a glorious Abbey's fall,  
 And the old foot-steps yet of stones,  
 To meet the ground it covered once.

(g) The revenues of Abbey-lands,  
 Seiz'd by the King and Noble's hands,  
 Were then in yearly value found  
 One hundred sixty thousand pound  
 In good old rent, such as might be  
 At this day trebl'd three times three  
 The treasure seiz'd on by the Prince,  
 In gold and jewels was immense.

I 2

Pride,

(g) The acts and statutes made by Parliament concerning the reformation, are more fit to compose a volume, than for a margent, as those relating first to the divorce of Queen Catherine, Anna Boleyn, to Cranmer, to the division from Rome, to the death of Sir Thomas More, and the holy Bishop of Rochester; with many others, to the supremacy, the fall of Abbeyes, with many other acts relating to those affairs; I therefore refer the kind reader to the statute books and records themselves, the books are more public among Attornies and Pettyfoggers, than bibles among Parsons.

Pride, gluttony and drunkenness,  
 Rebellion, lust, and all excess.  
 Is now maintain'd by that, which then  
 Was the support of holy men,  
 And dedicated to God's honour,  
 By the intention of the donor.

Where once the lark on fluttering wing,  
 Call'd drowsy brothers up to sing,  
*Lauds, Mattins*, thanks to God above,  
 Now not a tongue is heard to move,  
 Unless of owls and birds of night,  
 Or dismal shrieks of haunting sprite.  
 Those sacred cells, where vot'ries were  
 In peaceful contemplative prayer,  
 Are lurking dens of wild beasts made,  
 And foxes howl where hermits pray'd.

Oh! lofty towers, and sacred piles,  
 That once adorn'd our happy isles,  
 Who can record your overturning  
 But in deep sighs and bitter mourning?  
 Besides the lines my papers bear,  
 Let injur'd justice take her share,  
 And sigh through all the liquid air; }  
 'Till the whole world perceives the noise,  
 And falls to listen to the voice;  
 Then let it form such words, that all  
 May understand, and weep your fall,  
 And the sad fate of all your saints,  
 And innocent inhabitants,  
 Who were so violently hurl'd  
 From blest abodes, to cursed world.

This thunder-clap now scarce was o'er,  
 When in his brow a bloody show'r  
 Contracts itself, and hence a flood:  
 Is poured down of Martyr's blood:

The



The deluge flow'd o'er all the land,  
 Swept all away that durst withstand  
 His late usurped supreme power ;  
 Of which were Rochester and More,  
 Two martyrs, pious, wise, and learn'd  
 As any age has since discern'd.

Fam'd (a) Avalonia, where 'tis said  
 Aramathea's bones are laid,  
 Was moisten'd with a purple stream,  
 That from its martyr'd Abbot came ;  
 The greedy earth drunk up the flood,  
 And gave free passage to the blood,  
 Which sunk, as if it gladly fought  
 To honour that which Joseph brought.

This holy Abbot's head they nail'd  
 Upon his gate, his limbs impail'd  
 In cities four, adjoining near,  
 Bath, Well's, Bridgewater, Ilchester.

The learned abbot Farrington,  
 And commissary Peterson,  
 John Beck, Abbot of Colchester,  
 And \* Jennison, renown'd in war  
 Were put to death ; and Richardson,  
 Powell, Owen, and Fetherston,  
 Rug, Abel, Bolhelm, and the Prior  
 Of Doncaster ; in short there were,  
 Two Cardinals condemn'd to death,  
 And thirteen Abbots lost their breath ;  
 Archdeacons, Canons seventy-four ;  
 Priests, Friars, Monks five hundred more ;

And

(a) Glastenbury where St. Joseph of Aramathea's body lies, and the two vials that he brought with him, fill'd with the water and blood ; that he wash'd from the sacred wounds and body of our Saviour, after he took him down from the cross. *See the records of Glastenbury and Capgrave.*

\* Knight of Malta.

And fifty learned Doctors dy'd,  
Dukes, Marqueesses, and Earls were try'd,  
Of which a dozen suffered,  
To satiate this bloody *Head*:

Twenty-nine Knights and Barons fell,  
Sad victims to his Headship's will;  
Of gentlemen were eighteen score,  
Townsmen one hundred thirty four,  
And ladies full an hundred more.

The weak sex here no mercy found,  
More than the hare before the hound.

In all, King Harry sent to heaven  
About twelve hundred eighty seven;  
And more, if more had still deny'd  
His power supreme, had surely dy'd;  
For ne'er was heathen prince before,  
More prodigal of christian gore.

And here was laid the deep foundation  
For Ned and Bess's reformation:  
As on this basis up they rear'd,  
Their church of England, they besmear'd  
It still with blood: with blood and stone  
Cemented was, as 'twas laid on;  
And blood her builders to this day  
Make use of, for their lime and clay.

Astrea, as wise poets say,  
Left earth and took the milky-way,  
To the blest palace of the Gods,  
Where resting, in secure abodes,  
On mortals sometimes from on high  
Looks down, with an all-seeing eye,  
That all their darkest secrets heeds,  
She winkt not long at those black deeds;  
But pour'd on each reformer's skull  
Revenging wrath whole vials full.

First

First on that (a) girl, who caus'd the strife  
 Between King Harry and his wife,  
 Anne Boleyn; she, so dear of late,  
 Is now the object of his hate,  
 And has her veins by him quite drain'd  
 Of the black blood which he had stain'd,  
 Stern fate, in prime of blooming years,  
 Turn'd all her laughter into tears,  
 And when she thought herself secure,  
 Sent her from Greenwich to the Tower;  
 In which for incest she was cast,  
 Condemn'd divorc'd, and her head lost.  
 Rochford, her brother, lost his head,  
 For his acquaintance with her Bed. (b)  
 Weston and Brereton grim death  
 Pack't hence, to wait on her beneath;  
 And Smeeton too, another rival,  
 These were her lovers when alive all.  
 And therefore Harry kindly sent her  
 All four, lest three should not content her.

**This**

(a) England sat sighing and groaning (says Camden) to see her wealth exhausted, her money emballed and mingled with copper: Abbies demolished, which were the monuments of ancient piety: the blood of her Nobility, Prelates, Papists and Protestants promiscuously spilt, and the land embroiled in a war with Scotland *Hist. Eliz. Introduc. Edit. 3.* Anne Boleyn try'd by her Peers and found guilty, and had judgment pronounced by the Duke of Norfolk. Baker: Immediately the Lord Rochford, her brother, was condemn'd; who, together with Henry Norris, Mark Smeeton, William Brereton, and Francis Weston, about matters touching the Queen were beheaded. Queen Anne herself was beheaded within the Tower.

(b) The crimes for which she died were adultery and incest. See Baker. This author and some others are inclined to believe her innocent, nor do I judge her. But I say, if she was innocent, what was the King and her Judges? If the King scrupled not to shed her innocent blood, can we believe it was a scruple of conscience that forced him to divorce Catherine? The very day after Queen Ann's death, the King married Mrs Jane Seymour. See Heylin, p. 5.



This was the wicked wenches fate;  
 Aftrea thus reveng'd poor injur'd Kate.  
 She dead, for wanton tricks and whoring,  
 The reformation put on mourning.

Now hereticks, as Fox, confesses,  
 Lost chief of their patronesses: (c)  
 For while she liv'd, the King conniv'd  
 At Lutherans, and Zuinglians thriv'd,  
 And strange religions prospered;  
 For she was head o'er churches head.

Here Cranmer's death cannot come in;  
 'Till he his measure fills with sin,  
 But vengeance still the rogue pursues,  
 'Till Mary paid him all his dues.

That impious minister of state,  
 The wicked (d) Cromwell had the fate  
 First of an unexpected prison,  
 And then to lose his head for treason;  
 Not suffer'd for his innocence  
 To plead, or make the least defence;  
 But by a law condemn'd unheard,  
 That he himself had just prepar'd;  
 A law the villain did invent,  
 For murdering the innocent;  
 But was himself the first was try'd by't,  
 And as just Heav'n would have it dy'd by't;  
 Like wicked Hammon on his gallows,  
 Or in his burning-bull Perillus.

Next

(c) For her religion, says Baker, she was an earnest professor, and one of the first countenancers of the gospel, Supr.

(d) Lord Cromwell sitting in the council chamber was suddenly apprehended and committed to the Tower, was attainted by Parliament; and never came to his answer, by a law, as some reported, he himself had caused to be made. He was beheaded for heresy and treason. See Baker,

Next to the Zuinglian crew we hear on,  
 Was old Hob, Barns, Gerrard, and Hieron,  
 Three rogues about reforming busy,  
 And with strange faiths made all uneasy;  
 And would have folk esteem 'em, when,  
 They preach'd, for apostolic men;  
 But faith and mission being wanting,  
 And Harry liking not their canting,  
 At last with fire and Smithfield faggots,  
 He burn'd all three to roast their maggots.

Tyndal, another of the gang,  
 That Harry meant to burn or hang,  
 By help of heels escap'd his hand,  
 Yet dy'd by fire in foreign land.

Some Anabaptists hither came  
 From Dutchland, each one with his dream,  
 And between every two a woman,  
 For all but faith they held in common.  
 They preach'd and pray'd by inward light,  
 Not caring when wrong, or when right;  
 Nor did King Harry value whether,  
 But broil'd 'em all by threes together;  
 And that because the sex is frail,  
 On each side of 'em plac'd a male.

But at the last the sprite of preaching  
 Inspires the King (*b*) and he'll be teaching,  
 And boldly falls to act th' Apostles,  
 And in converting stoutly bustles.

K

In

(*b*) Another time he, as head of the Church, preached a sermon to his Parliament, set down by *Stow* at large. He acknowledged their love to himself, but found fault with their want of love to one another: For, says he, What love where there is not concord; What concord, where one calleth another Heretick and Anabaptist, he again calleth him Papist and Hypocrite? And this not only amongst the temporality, but the clergy themselves preach one against another

In hall of Westminster the sage  
 And grave King-preacher mounts a stage,  
 That all about might see and hear him,  
 That ever pleased to come near him,  
 And see the stock he did inherit  
 Of Peter's Apostolic spirit,  
 As being fit all men should know  
 That with the keys he had the virtues too,  
 He calls one (c) Lambert to appear  
 And to his gospel to give good ear,  
 That Harry might before their parting,  
 Obtain the honour of converting  
 A *Zuinglian* as Lambert was;  
 But things came otherwise to pass:  
 For after that he falls to prate,  
 Lambert becomes more obstinate,  
 And where he seem'd to have before  
 But one false point, has now a score.  
 The apostle disappointed thus,  
 From temper calm, turns furious,  
 And breaths out fire and faggot-stick  
 If he persist an Heretick;  
 But Lambert laughs at all his threats,  
 And Harry misses of doing feats,  
 But over to *Jack Catch* he turns him,  
 Who quickly goes away and burns him:  
 John Frith and Hewart were also fry'd,

In

ther without charity or discretion: Some be so stiff in their old *Mumpsimus*, and others so curious in their new *Sumpsimus*, that few or none preacheth truly and sincerely the word of God: Now therefore let this be amended, fear and serve God, be in charity amongst yourselves, to the which I, your supreme Head and Sovereign Lord exhort and require you. *Baker p. 312.*

(c) One Nicholson, alias Lambert, being accused for denying the real presence in the sacrament, appealed to the King who was

content



In the same fire, where Lambert dy'd.

Thus schismatics agreed together,

And Hereticks burn'd one another.

Nor escap'd the King, kirk's supreme head,  
Just punishment for what he did.

For after he his Queen divorc'd,

And from the chair St. Peter forc'd,

His issue, life, and death were curs'd.

He had, in twice six years, six wives;

Four he divorc'd, from three their lives

He took; the last, design'd for death,

Had luck to see him out of breath.

Good authors also further tell ye,

He ript up poor Jane Seymour's belly.

Anne Cleve, the fourth wife whom he wedded,

He soon got quit of, tho' she was bedded,

And only under this pretence,

Because *she pleas'd not any sense*.

The lady Howard in her stead,

He wedded, but soon cut off her head.

And Cath'rine Parr, the last of six,

Because she favour'd Hereticks,

He to the Tower had confin'd,

But that the mittimus which he sign'd,

She chanc'd to find before its date,

Commenc'd for her intended fate.

K 2

At

content to hear him; whereupon a throne was set up in the King's Palace at Westminster for the King to sit: And when the Bishops had urged their arguments, and could not prevail, then the King took him in hand; hoping, perhaps, to have the honour of converting an Heretick, when the Bishops could not do it; and withal, promised him pardon if he would recant. But all would not do, Lambert remain'd obstinate, the King mist his honour, the delinquent his pardon, and shortly after was drawn to Smithfield, and there burnt. *Baker, Chron. p. 105.*

At which by humble sweet behaviour,  
 She got again into his favour :  
 In fine, this lewd adult'rous Prince  
 Had thrice, two wedded wives at once.

Curst in his issue little Ned  
 At six years reign was poisoned.  
 Mary the Queen, his lawful daughter,  
 Expir'd of grief but five years after :  
 Queen Bess, sprung from incestuous blood,  
 Dy'd mad——Thus ended Harry's brood.

His life was curst : Since the divorce  
 It seems but one continued curse ;  
 Whate'er he undertook or did,  
 Set sin aside, naught prospered ;  
 Unhappy was he in his pleasures,  
 And maugre all his ill got treasures (a)  
 Involv'd in debt, by lust and pride,  
 At last a wretched beggar dy'd.

But e're his soul from carcass fled,  
 And left its huge unweildy bed,  
 He sent for Cranmer that arch-knave,  
 Who told him only faith would save ;  
 But neither bad him love, nor hope,  
 Nor reconcil'd be to the Pope.

Now drawing near his cursed end,  
 Black sacrilege, blood spilt, blood stain'd,  
 And schism brought into his nation,  
 Stern conscience, and black desperation,  
 Affrighted his expiring ghost,  
 And his last words were, *all is lost !*

(a) The treasure of the crown was exhausted (says Heylin) by prodigal gifts, and his late chargeable expedition against the French, &c. The money of the realm so debased and mixed, that it could not pass for current among foreign nations, to the great dishonour to the kingdom, and the loss of the merchants.

A fearful *Exit*. — *Exit* dad,  
And enter now the puny Lad.

Edward, that from his Mother's womb  
Came not the way that others come,  
But as is said of Vipers, he  
Broke out the navel of the she;  
For when he could no longer stay,  
The Midwives gully hack'd his way.

Ill Omen 'twas, and did portend,  
Mischievous life, and wretched end.  
And so it happ'n'd. I sigh to sing  
The cursed reign of this *Boy-King*.

At nine years old he took the crown,  
And at fifteen he laid it down;  
Was of his age not short, nor tall,  
Nor very thick, nor very small,  
But had for brains, the devil and all.

All arts and sciences he knew,  
As skill'd in tongues as wand'ring Jew;  
In subtil lore deep learn'd as Cardan,  
Could solve a riddle tho' an hard one,  
And by a sympathetic play,  
Heal venom of *Tarrantula*:  
For manners, some think, who have seen him,  
He had no vice, nor virtues in him,  
Unless his zeal: For he'd pretend  
The faith and church of Christ to mend,

The first work that this little Thing,  
Took under hand when crowned King,  
Was to reform (poor Child!) the kirk,  
Whom Cranmer taught then how to work.  
Seymour and Dudley lik'd the sport,  
And so did all his greedy court.  
They long'd to practice sacred theft  
Upon what things old Harry left.

Those



Those acts his grandsires Kings had made  
 'Gainst Hereticks, aside he laid,  
 And heresy does now begin,  
 To be no longer counted sin.  
 Conscience and law no longer tie,  
 But faiths increase and multiply,  
 And those who please may all deny.

The tares that choak the better seed,  
 Began o'er all the land to spread,  
 And in a very little while,  
 Was every corner of the isle  
 With strange opinions overspread,  
 And by new doctrines pestered.  
 (g) Commissioners the Babe prepares,  
 To look into all Church affairs,  
 To whom he fitting Preachers joins,  
 To cry down images and shrines,  
 Mass, altar, crucifix, and prayers said  
 To saints above, and for the dead,  
 Now these he sends through all the nation,  
 To propagate the reformation,  
 And well they manag'd, without doubt,  
 The great affair they went about,  
 For images in every town,  
 And altars too were broken down;

Upon

(g) Injunctions were prepar'd, and commissioners sent down with them into all parts of the kingdom. They were accompanied with certain learned Preachers to instruct the people. They were to leave some homilies with the Parish Priests, which Cranmer composed. The Preachers were instructed particularly to persuade People from praying to Saints, from making Prayers for the dead, from adoring Images, Beads, Mass, &c. See this at large in *Heylen's Hist.* p. 33 34.

The Injunctions are entitled, *Injunctions by the most excellent Prince Edward the Sixth, &c.* To all and singular his loving subjects as well

Upon which spoil and chantry lands,  
 His courtiers laid rapacious hands;  
 Vestments, and copes of cloth of gold  
 Adorn'd with pearl, rich to behold,  
 And richer antependums sold:  
 Plate candlesticks, and silver flaggons  
 Were turn'd to brass and pewter noggins,  
 And silver chalices to tin;  
 Nor did they look upon't as sin,  
 When pleas'd to take their merry-sups,  
 To turn them into fuddling cups:  
 On beds the antependiums laid,  
 Of sacred vestments cushions made;  
 And albs, or husband's wives convert,  
 To smock of wife, and Parson's shirt.  
 'Twas noted for a Papist-house  
 Where nought appear'd for prophane use:  
 The very bodies of the dead,  
 That many hundred years had laid  
 Lapt up in drowfy sheets of lead  
 Naked as they were born they left,  
 And of their leaden shirts bereft:  
 Whoever saw a town in plund'ring?  
 What ruffling, tugging, tearing, thund'ring,  
 Among rude soldiers is till they,  
 Are each one glutted with his prey;  
 Such work or worse, if worse could be,  
 In English churches might you see:

Their

well of the clergy, as of the laity (*a fine young Pope to pretend so per-  
 emptorily to enjoin such hard rules to his laity and clergy.*) First they  
 are injoin'd to observe and keep all laws and statutes, made for the  
 abolishing the power and jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, as  
 also for the establishment and confirmation of the King's authority,  
 jurisdictions and supremacy. They are also to open four times in  
 the year against the Pope's power, and for the Kings supremacy.

Their sacriledge was without measure;  
Till they got temple clear of treasure;  
For 'twas it's riches rais'd the storm  
And set those heathens to reform.

This done they fall by cunning tricks,  
T' expose church lands and Bishopricks.  
To the rapacity and rage  
Of the court harpies of that age,  
And thus it was they fell to work,  
In kicking Bishop out of kirk.  
The first step was to undermine  
The Bishop's claim to right divine,  
And thus 'twas done; an act was sign'd,  
In which the little lad ordain'd,

(i) *That Bishops shall be* (so it said)

*By the King's letters-patents made:*

And in his name their holinesses  
Must make their warrants and processe,  
And not their own seals set, but his,  
And write their names as witnesses;  
And Dean and Chapter shou'd no more  
Exist; but give their office o'er.  
Nor might the Bishops orders give,  
Till (k) licence, and especial leave

The

(i) It was ordain'd (says Helyn) that Bishops should be made by the King's letters patent's and not by election of the Deans and Chapters; that all their processe and writings should be made in the King's name, only with the Bishop's *Teste* added to it, and seal'd with no other but the King's.

The intent of the contrivers of this act (says Heylen) was by degrees to weaken the episcopal order, by forcing them from their strong hold of divine institution, and making them no other than the King's ministers only, his ecclesiastical sheriffs to execute his will and disperse his mandates.

(k) Of this act such use was made, that the Bishops of those times were not in a capacity of conferring orders, but as they were thereunto



The post or paritor should bring,  
Seal'd and subscribed by the King,  
T'impower to confer the same  
By virtue of his power supreme.

Besides the sacred character  
With which the clergy stamped are  
When they're ordained and consecrated,  
Was by a statute abrogated.  
That is, the form by which they're made;  
Was by an act abolished.

'Twas made the third year of his reign;  
And in the sixth, (but not till then)  
New forms were by twelve men devis'd  
Six laiks, six canoniz'd;  
I do not mean for saints: for then  
I'd wrong 'em: They were clergy-men,  
Such as their reformation brought forth,  
Fall'n Priests, whom all men for nought worth.

For then, sway'd by the Zuinglian faction,  
King Edward's clergy held election  
Sufficient for 'em, therefore sought  
No form, or one that's next to nought;  
To wit a form, which they affected,  
To shew them solemnly elected;

Not to give Priestly character,  
Or grace episcopal confer:  
For then a Bishop or a Priest,  
Were held for limbs of Antichrist.

L And  
thereunto impowered by special licence: The tenure whereof was  
in these words following.

The King to such a Bishop greeting, whereas all and all manner  
of jurisdiction, as well ecclesiastical as civil, flows from the King's,  
as from the supreme head of all the body, &c. We therefore give  
and grant to thee full power and license to continue our good plea-  
sure, for holding ordination within thy diocese of N. and for pro-  
moting fit persons unto holy orders, even to that of Priesthood, See  
*Heylen*, p. 51. 52.

And it was then they thought it best  
 T'obliterate the name of Priest  
 And Bishop, and not once to name  
 In either of their *forms* the same,  
 As may be seen, for thus they run :  
 If't please, read 'em, then go on.

**The Form of Ordaining Priests**

Devised (*For this is the word*) by K. Edward 6th.

Receive the Holy-Ghost, whose sins thou dost  
 forgive, they are forgiven : And whose thou dost  
 retain, they are retained. And be thou a faith-  
 ful dispenser of the word of God, and of his  
 holy Sacraments : In the name of the Father, and  
 of the Son, and of the Holy-Ghost ; *Amen.*

**The Form of Consecrating Bishops**

Devised by K. Edward 6th.

Take the Holy-Ghost, and remember that  
 thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee  
 by the imposition of Hands : For God hath not  
 given Us the spirit of fear, but of power, and  
 love, and soberness.

The first form, is that by which their sect,  
 Their preaching elders did elect :  
 And this the second form they used,  
 When they superintendants chused.

From these blank *forms*, 'tis evident  
 Ned's church of England never meant,

To have a Priest or Bishop in't

The Bishops from *Jure Divino* (do?)

Thus brought, (what cannot Kings and Queens  
 Are now become no other thing,  
 Than simple vassals to the King ;  
 And as such, he from sees ejects,  
 As often as he finds defects

That

That he's not willing to endure  
And all this do's by Pope-like power.

And now the game begins at court,  
And bishopricks make noble sport:  
The stake put down, each courtier plays  
With all the cunning that he has:  
But Seymour and Northumberland,  
Were always on the winning hand.  
Good Bishop Tonstal, Lord of Durham  
They set upon as if they'd worry him,  
And got his Bishoprick by act  
On purpose made, dissolv'd and wrackt;  
And all his revenues and lands  
Were taken into th'Princes hands;  
Which Dudley would have hindered  
From being parcell'd out by Ned:  
He aiming, you must understand,  
To join 'em to Northumberland;  
So that his Dukedom might by these,  
Extend itself from Tweed to Tees.

The Bishopricks of Winchester,  
York, (*m*) Westminster, and Rochester  
Scap'd not the fury of the storm:  
A Godly method to reform!  
They tore from Coventry and Lichfield  
Whole limbs: Lincoln lost many a rich-field:  
For in the months that it lay vacant,  
So many hands there were to take from't  
That when the next new Bishop came,  
Of all his manors in the same,  
But only one the thieves had left:  
'Twas Budgen call'd that scap'd their theft.

L 2

And

(*m*) The Bishoprick of Westminster was dissolved by the King's letters patents. *Heynes*.



And now comes in great Somerset,  
 With whom *all's fish that comes to net* ;  
 Uncle to Edward, infant King,  
 The scum of all his mam's offspring ;  
 One drunken with his brother's blood,  
 An impious Atheist, own'd no God ;  
 Yet chief reformer of his days,  
 Wicked as Nero's were his ways,  
 Most sacrilegious and prophane,  
 Proud, and extravagantly vain.  
 Blood-thirsty, cruel, and unjust,  
 A traitor to his King and trust :  
 Ambitious, avaritious, and  
 A plaugy griper after land :  
 Greedy of gain, as mouth of hell's :  
 A wolf that eat up Bath and Wells :  
 Which by what slight he seiz'd upon,  
 We'll tell you here ; and then go on  
 From this discourse of Bishopricks,  
 To other of his impious tricks.

He with one Barlow scrapes acquaintance,  
 A hungry dog that wanted maint'nance,  
 And ready now to eat his nails,  
 Starv'd by a Bishoprick in Wales,  
 Which old King (*n*) Harry gave his Worship  
 To serve a turn with, tho' no Bishop ;  
 And there he liv'd as long as't lasted,  
 But left it then, when all was wasted,

This Barlow (*o*) was a Zuinglian,  
 For Seymour's turn the fitter man,

That

(*n*) Master Dugdale in his antiquities of Warwickshire, p. 107. says  
 That King Harry to strengthen himself against the Pope, &c. Pro-  
 cured Cranmer's advancement to the see of Canterbury, and more  
 of the Protestant clergy to other Bishopricks and high places.

(*o*) Now we may not without reason suppose, that this Barlow  
 was one of those Protestant clergy so promoted, because tho' King  
 Harry

That he from twenty score could pick,  
 With whom to share a Bishoprick.  
 To him he sends and in short space  
 Barlow appears before his Grace;  
 Where after he had made a bow,  
 And roughly scrap'd a leg or two;  
 Without much farther complement,  
 Demands the reason why he sent?  
 To whom the Duke in friendly wise,  
 Bids him sit down, and thus replies.

Come Master Barlow, you I, hear,  
 Wou'd gladly have a Bishop's chair,  
 If you'll be grateful to the giver,  
 I'll either fit you now, or never.

Grateful my Lord, yes marry will I,  
 Quoth Barlow; for my Lord, I tell ye  
 If you'll do this, I will not stand  
 To give you two thirds of its land.  
 You shall my help have, quoth the Duke,  
 For like an honest man you look;  
 Here's Bath and Wells lies vacant now,  
 I'll bid King Edward give 'em you,  
 And make you Lord of the diocess;  
 Provided when you this possess.  
 You'll me remember as the actor,  
 And well reward your benefactor.

Doubt not says Barlow: for my lord,  
 I'm always better than my word;

As

Harry put him into a Bishoprick in Wales, yet it cannot be found either in the records of that place, or any where else in the world, that ever he was consecrated Bishop. 'Tis very probable that the King promoted him a Zuinglian Protestant, for the said ends would never require him to be consecrated. Consecration being against the Zuinglian Protestants in generall, and Barlow in particular, as is shewn above.

I

As for reward, you need not crave it,  
 Hint what you'll have, and you shall have it;  
 Provided that you leave behind,  
 As much as will this carcass find,  
 (Clapping his hand upon his belly,  
 And pointed to his wife;) I tell ye  
 I would not want support of life,  
 Not what is fitting for my wife  
 And pretty babes; for we have five,  
 That must you know be kept alive;  
 Pish! pish! quoth Seymour in a huff,  
 Doubt not but I shall leave ye enough:  
 Turn me but nineteen manors o'er  
 ('Tis strange he made 'em not a score)  
 And on my soul I'll ask no more:  
 Yes that I will, my Lord, quoth Barlow,  
 So both are pleas'd, and end the parley.  
 Thus Barlow got a diocess,  
 And Somerset but little less:  
 For both perform'd what was agreed on,  
 The next thing that we are to read on.  
 Is a large palace which the peer  
 Fitting his greatness meant to rear  
 From falling temples sacred stone;  
 And Westminster is pitch'd upon:  
 The minster-close he also chuses,  
 In which to build his lofty houses.

Abbot-Dean Benson (*p*) hearing tell,  
 That Seymour lik'd his kirk so well;  
 And dreading he would quickly seize on't,  
 Steps to his (*q*) brother with a present:

Begging

I note this, because this Barlow was the pretended consecrator of Dr. Matthew Parker, Queen Elizabeth's first Bishop, yet was no Bishop himself.

(*p*) Benson was the last Abbot and first Dean of Westminster.

(*q*) Sir Thomas Seymour the Duke's brother, Lord Admiral.



Begging of him to keep the peace  
 Between St. Peter and his Grace;  
 And he to gratify his honour,  
 Would add unto his Sudley manor,  
 Seventeen sufficient tenements  
 And manor-houses with their rents.  
 By lease of nine and ninety years;  
 This sounded well in Seymour's ears;  
 And seventeen more for the same reason,  
 He does present to (r) Sir John Mason  
 For his great master's use: But's Grace  
 Unwilling was to take the lease;  
 'Till he had Islip's join'd to these,  
 For yet an hundred years to come  
 Save one; and for their annual sum  
 Or rent, was tax'd one corn of pepper,  
 Thus in a storm the prudent schipper,  
 Tho' richly laden, thinks it best  
 To heave out part, to save the rest.

The builder thus prevailed upon  
 To let St. Peter's church alone;  
 It was not long before his Grace,  
 Bethinks him on another place.

About the middle of the Strand †  
 Did three old Bishops houses stand;  
 And a large church was by them seated,  
 To our blessed Lady dedicated,  
 Which four great fabricks he pull'd down,  
 And built his house with Holland stone.  
 But not sufficient were they all,  
 So he makes bold with good St. Paul:

And

(r) The Duke's great favourite and minister.

† Litchfield, Landaff, and Worcester.

And by your leave was scarcely said,  
When level with the ground he laid  
The cloister joining to the kirk,  
Encompassed with curious work;  
Two chapels he demolish'd, and  
The charnel house fell by his hand;  
Which to the Strand were all convey'd,  
And into Finsbury field the dead.  
For thither all their bones were sent,  
That in the Charnel house were pent.

St. John's church of Jerusalem,  
Unwilling was to go with him,  
'Till by a blast of powder laid  
Flat with the ground, it then obey'd;  
And Smithfield left its ancient stand,  
To wait upon him in the Strand.

Besides, there follow'd other four,  
As Barkin's chapel by the Tower,  
St. Ewen's, St. Martin le grand,  
St. Nicholas. All to the Strand  
Were led away for Seymour's use,  
In building of his sumptuous house.

In short, the Theban stones ne'er flew  
So fast, when old Amphion blew  
His bagpipes, or his lyre strung,  
As did those kirks when Seymour fung:  
For all, I say, at his command,  
Fled their foundations to the Strand.  
Thus from the hallowed stones of those  
Old churches, this new palace rose.

Scarce was this fabrick finished.  
When Edward sent without his head

The

The (*s*) Duke to lodge among the dead,  
 In a dark vault, in bed of lead :  
 As with his (*t*) brother he had dealt,  
 Whose blood not long before he'd spilt :  
 Mov'd by their disagreeing wives,  
 The churches land fav'd not their lives :  
 Nor was for them in holy ground,  
 From death a sanctuary found ;  
 Where let us leave them and prepare  
 To entertain the *Common-Prayer*.

As Prodrumus to its intrusion ;  
 A Babylonian confusion,  
 Under pretence of reformation,  
 Invades all churches in the nation.  
 At Windsor, Ned and Somerset,  
 With Latimer, and Cranmer met ;  
 Where into deep consult they fell,  
 How to amend things that were well,  
 On purpose that it might be said,  
 They had a reformation made ;  
 At least, that now they had begun  
 What they design'd to carry on,  
 And perfect after, at their pleasure,  
 As time allow'd 'em better leisure,  
 And bring't at least to such a pass,  
 As to be void of faith and mass.  
 Now with the mass they first begin,  
 Turn inside out, and outside in ;  
 Leave part in Latin, th'other part  
 They into English do convert,  
 And a new form fall on inventing,  
 To celebrate the sacrament in ;

M

Which

(*s*) The Duke of Somerset beheaded for felony.

(*t*) He had cut off his brother's head (Sir Thomas Seymour's)  
 a while before for treason,



Which being done, they set it out  
To all the churches round about,  
Or else you know't had serv'd for nought. }

By this their new form of communion,  
Breaking the ties of ancient union,  
The stream that kept before in one,  
Now into hundred channels run.  
Some would not leave the ancient way,  
Others would by the new form pray,  
Some were for both, and some for neither,  
Some half the one, and half the other.  
Some would in English mutter o'er  
Psalms, lessons, and confiteor;  
Some others would in English read  
Th'epistle, gospel, and the creed,  
But keep th' canon of the mass  
In Latin, as before it was;  
And in the Latin tongue go on,  
'Till at the Benediction,  
Which they pronounc'd in mother-tongue,  
Making a medley all along:  
And some who would not imitate  
The church, refus'd to consecrate  
In words divine, which Christ had taught,  
But at the institution laught;  
They of their own new forms invent,  
To consecrate their sacrament;  
More strange and uncouth, (Lord bless all!)  
Than all the ministers of Baal  
Could have devised in their cries,  
For fire to roast their sacrifice.  
Some, that they might not miss the true one,  
Wou'd to the old form join a new one;  
As country housewives does their spinning,  
When woolen yarn they mix with linen. (Some

Some wou'd their wine with water mingle,  
 And some took wine, some water fingle.  
 Some, yet preciser, would, for fear  
 Of superstition, bless strong beer.  
 So not long since a Welsh divine  
 Blest Welby ale, instead of wine.  
 Some would not use unleaven'd bread,  
 But lumps of leaven in its stead;  
 And doctor (a) Horneck at this day  
 Affirms, where there's no bread, you may  
 Make use of any other meat  
 That in the place of bread you eat;  
 Yea, tho' 'tis made of roots or trees,  
 Or, if you tak't for bread, of cheese;  
 For milk and millet he'll allow,  
 And cheese is made of milk you know;  
 But if you think it is not bread,  
 Cast in a little millet-seed  
 Among the curd when first 'tis made,  
 So have you milk and millet bread;  
 And this, he does assure you, may  
 Be us'd when other bread's away.  
 Yet this fam'd doctor cannot grant,  
 That you may use, when bread you want,  
 Turnips and carrots, or potatoes;  
 Tho' seamen say that in Barbadoes,  
 The last of these was all the bread  
 That the first English planters made.  
 Apples and pears he'll not allow,  
 Nor cocoa, tho' the Indians know  
 No other bread but of cocoa.  
 The reason he admits not these,  
 Is, 'cause they are the fruits of trees;

M 2

But

(v) See Horneck's book, entituled, *The crucified Jesus*. Printed 1686. p. 112.

But why he shou'd reject the fruit,  
 None knows, when he admits the root?  
 Unless it be the fool's so wise,  
 T'expose his damn'd absurdities;  
 But leave we Horneck, and again  
 Return to blessed Edward's reign.

Some would admit the elevation;  
 When such as us'd right consecration,  
 Held up the host to be adored:  
 Some would not bend their knee before it,  
 And others turn'd their heads awry;  
 And some would leave their kirk and cry  
 Idolatry! Idolatry!

Thus at that time the giddy rabble,  
 Run like the builders of old Babel,  
 And more distracted were they then,  
 Than Nimrod's tongue divided men;  
 During the two first years of Ned,  
 No other form the chaos had,  
 But indigested, rude, confus'd  
 Were all religious rites they us'd;  
 'Till't pleas'd the Almighty Lord protector,  
 (That spring of motion and director,)  
 T'inspire with zeal Cranmer and Ridley  
 And Latimer to patch a medley  
 Of sentences pluckt here and there  
 From Roman-missal, and Breviar;  
 Which soon, as 'twas in shape of book,  
 For title, COMMON PRAYER it took:  
 Which name 't has holden ever since,  
 Tho' often alter'd by the Prince.

When news was to Geneva brought,  
 (For fame will fly as fast as thought)  
 That English sophy's were about  
 A liturgy; grave Calvin thought

'Twas



'Twas meet he shou'd his service offer  
To Cranmer (tho' he slights his proffer)  
To help him in composing prayer ;  
John itch'd to be a doing there :  
But Cranmer scorn'd it shou'd be said,  
That England's Common Prayer was made  
By foreign workmen ; and therefore  
Ridley and he, and Latimer,  
Their cunning sculls together laid,  
And by themselves their Prayer-Book made.

Tho' by the King and parliament  
'Twas authoriz'd, approv'd and sent  
To all the churches that were there,  
As code of universal prayer ;  
Yet scarce three years it did remain,  
Before 'twas called-in again.  
For catholicks, none could abide it ;  
The Zuinglians did all deride it ;  
Nor did the Lutherans care for it ;  
And Calvinists did all abhor it :  
So that King Edward's church was then,  
Like none o'th' kirks of other men ;  
For at this day, if you'll but mind it,  
A monster of a kirk you'll find it.

Those who this liturgy compil'd,  
Affirmed, (but they were beguil'd)  
That when they saw the Holy Ghost  
Close at their elbows take his post,  
And heard him help them to extract  
From Antichrist, an holy tract ;  
Which if 'twas true, who help'd 'em when  
'Twas three years after made again ?  
But Bucer, as his books relate,  
Believ'd it no divine dictate.

This

This Bucer was at first a monk,  
 But left his order for a punk ;  
 A lewd, inconstant hypocrite,  
 Who did teach heresy in spite ;  
 When he at Zuinglian's was offended,  
 Then Luther's errors he commended ;  
 And so *e contra*, when again  
 At Luther vex'd, he chang'd his strain ;  
 Till four times, ere the man had done,  
 He chang'd his judgment off and on.  
 Yet this blasphemous doctrine he  
 Held always most tenaciously,  
 To wit, " That God has ever been  
 " The author of all sorts of sin.

This Bucer, and one Peter Martyr,  
 At that time kept an heavy quarter  
 About inventing new religions ;  
 With which to fit those giddy widgions,  
 That had a mind to preach and pray  
 Themselves to heaven some other way,  
 Than that which Christ himself had brought 'em,  
 And by his holy church had taught 'em.  
 Those two, and one call'd Bernard Ochin,  
 A busy fellow always botching  
 His faith, it seems with an intention  
 It should appear his own invention :  
 For nothing was with him less taking,  
 Than what was of another's making.  
 Ochin, than whom Calvin himself  
 Was not a more blasphemous elf.  
 Deny'd the blessed trinity,  
 Impugned Christ's divinity ;  
 Taught it for lawful to have two  
 Wives at a time, he dy'd a Jew.

Those

Those three, I say, and sev'ral more  
Were by Duke Seymour sent for o'er,  
To help him in his reformation,  
And fit religions for the nation;  
But Bucer, 'mongst all that were there,  
Was busiest with the Common-Prayer,  
Which Cranmer had so very late  
With all his skill been hamm'ring at;  
And which, as Bucer thought, from hand  
He'd sent ill polish'd o'er the land.  
Hooper and Rogers also storm,  
Two that came over to reform,  
With Peter Martyr and Ochinus,  
Zealots as eager, and as keen as  
Bucer for Pray'r-Books reformation;  
But each would hav't in his own fashion;  
For all were perfect in religion,  
As was Mahomet's ass and pidgeon.

John Calvin and his agents fought  
To stop his Pray'r-Book's coming out,  
Till they had lick'd very near  
To th'ugly shape of Calvin's bear.  
But Cranmer scorn'd to submit  
To them; and therefore publish'd it,  
Nor wou'd the Duke have time delay'd  
In getting new corrections made;  
But needs must have it, good or bad,  
To hinder people's running mad,  
And uniform the multitude  
In Prayer, and join the jarring crowd:  
For now the mob had all begun,  
As mad as hares in March to run:  
For scarce a private man was known,  
But had a strange Pray'r of his own:

So



Quite different from his neighbour's pray'r:  
But, when in church, that all might hear,  
They wou'd in disagreeing tone  
Bawl out their pray'rs, each man his own:  
So that the hideous din of Babel,  
Was less confus'd than that of rabble.

The book being publish'd, as is said,  
A horrid bustle Bucer made;  
For growing lavish of his sweat,  
And mov'd with reformation heat  
And furious zeal, and more with drink,  
Sits down and calls for pen and ink;  
You must suppose, for paper too,  
For ink without it would not do.  
Pen, ink, and paper having got:  
He drinks a draught of spritely pot,  
Which wise reformers take delight in,  
When preaching, arguing, or writing:  
For as their greatest prophets think,  
The truest spirit's in the drink.  
Then he with peevish pen begins  
To censure all the Pray'r-Book's sins.

He held it for a sinful matter  
In baptism to bless the water.  
The holy oil and exorcism,  
He took for antichristianism.  
'Gainst Pray'rs to saints, and for the dead,  
A doleful racket Martin made,  
And not a little fault be found  
With sacramental bread's being round:  
For yet they us'd communion bread,  
In form as formerly 'twas made;  
Yet thicker, and thereon no prints.  
He quarrel's with Priests ornaments;

And

As albs, copes, vestments; wishing they  
Wou'd throw canonick gowns away :  
That long gown, says he, I'll not trouble it,  
Go German like in four-lapt doublet;  
And for your breeches, let them be,  
As Calvin wears 'em, bound at knee,  
And wide like the Geneva cut:  
Or if that fashion you like not,  
Use German shape your mid-leg reaching,  
With knees unbound, like those I preach in,  
And use short cloak, for th'de'el a bit  
Of superstition's in that habit.  
And pray ye never shame to wear  
That ornament of beard and hair :  
For look not I a deal more grave,  
Than those that ne'er a whisker have?  
Now tho' he was thus mad at small things,  
Yet what vex't him the worst of all things,  
Was pray'rs that at the consecration  
Imply'd a transubstantiation :  
For in the book did still remain  
Pray'rs that the missal did contain,  
And most o'th'time that Edward reign'd,  
The real presence they retain'd,  
And still reserv'd the sacred host,  
While that first Pray'r-Book kept its post;  
And to sick people they thought fit,  
With rev'rence great, to carry it.  
Water with wine in the oblation  
They mixed, for the consecration :  
These customs Bucer rudely handles,  
Nor will allow of lighted candles;  
Their use, says he, for ornament  
On God's board, may be innocent ;

N

But

But do not light 'em, as on stages,  
So may two candles last for ages;  
Yet better 'twere you used none,  
For shunning superstition:  
The Godly must with Satan fight,  
By inward, not by outward light.  
Thus, in his censure, 'gainst all these  
Fell Bucer bitterly inveighs;  
Hooper and Rogers also blam'd  
This first Pray'r-Book: being thus defam'd,  
They sent it on foot to John Calvin,  
Who curst it, even beyond absolving,  
And sends it back again to Ned,  
To have it utterly forbid.

This made the huge wise little King,  
Take cognizance of ev'ry thing;  
Calling old Cranmer fool and ass,  
For having made his book half mass,  
And charging him by strict mandatum,  
To call in's Prayer-Books: For I hate 'em,  
Says he, and am resolv'd that you  
Shall model Common-Pray'r anew,  
And publish such a book, as shall  
Not have one word of mass at all.

Nay soft, my liege, quoth Cranmer's grace,  
Some bits of mass may keep their place,  
Epistles, gospels, bits of prayer,  
We yet may use as they stand there;  
But what may seem in any wise  
To favour daily sacrifice,  
As such we'll take a care to pull out,  
And for our book contraries cull out.  
Odslife, my liege, and now I think on't,  
Here is a gulph, we're just at brink on't;

So



So that if we Scylla shun,  
 Charibdis has us sure's a gun.  
 You and the parliament, and we  
 Who first compos'd this liturgy,  
 Have told the world, that Heav'n did aid  
 Our synod when the same was made;  
 The Holy Ghost we say was there,  
 And help'd to frame this Common-Prayer;  
 Mark you this well: for I fear truly,  
 We shall come off, Sir, here but bluely.  
 For if 'twas true, the Holy Ghost  
 Was present, as we boldly boast;  
 Then God and Man will us condemn,  
 For changing what was done by him;  
 But chiefly, if we go about  
 To make one quite contrary to't.  
 But if he was not present, when  
 We made this Book; 'tis certain then  
 That's but a human work at most,  
 And falsly charg'd on th'Holy Ghost;  
 And all the land has cause to cry,  
 That we abus'd them with a lie:  
 But if then absent pray ye, how  
 Can folk believe, he helps us now?  
 Nor can hereafter any tell,  
 That either book is framed well,  
 Besides, says he, (and fell a storming)  
 We shall, till dooms-day, be reforming.

Well! well! quoth Edward, this I know  
 Without your telling, that I do,  
 And must confess 'tis very true, Sir,  
 But yet this busy-body Bucer,  
 By Calvin put it seems upon't,  
 Makes all the land so eager on't,

That I had better fairly yield,  
Than be constrain'd to quit the field;  
Our nearest friends are for it; and  
Who dares oppose Northumberland?  
And I must tell ye none more keen  
Than he, this pretty while has been:  
Yea, all our court says (fie upon 'em!)  
We palm the mass in English on 'em  
'Till I am deaf'ned with their clamours,  
That beat my brain-pan worse than hammers.  
But that's not all, some reason hear,  
Which most convincing does appear,  
And moves me more than all the rest;  
They say, if this book be suppress;  
'Twill open easy ways to bring,  
Vast heaps of treasure to the King,  
Which is well known we stand in need on,  
My dad left but small stock to breed on;  
He being forc'd to coyn his boot-tops:  
And ride in black-jack-legs without tops:  
His sending out of coyned leather,  
Shews, gold and silver he left neither,  
To his poor son; and what a pox is  
A coin worth, made of hides of oxes?  
Or what avails our coffers full  
Of patches, stamp't from pelt of bull?  
I therefore say if putting down  
This Prayer-Book will enrich the crown,  
It is but fitting that we do it;  
And therefore Cranmer buckle to it;  
Call Ridley to ye and prepare  
Another sort of Common-Prayer:  
With Calvin too, do you advise,  
And see that neither sacrifice,

Nor

Nor real presence, nor a prayer  
For souls that hence departed are,  
Nor any saint be named there.  
For those put out we may with ease,  
The riches of the altars seize;  
And golden shrines, and chantry lands  
Will fall by course into our hands:  
So that whiptitch, you will behold  
Your leathern Prince, a King of gold.

Nay then quoth Cranmer, if't be so,  
You shall have my vote for it too:  
For when the state may gain by it,  
'Tis reason that the church submit;  
And so it shall, I promise ye,  
While I hold England's primacy;  
Nor shou'd I scruple't as a sin,  
To bring old Paganism in,  
Provided that the King desire it,  
Or private interest require it.

He thus consenting all went well,  
And to reform again they fell;  
Yet never after durst pretend  
The Holy Ghost his aid did send.  
Now Cranmer, Ridley, and King Ned,  
And Latimer, who had a head  
As full of brain, as a bag-pudding  
Took out of boiling-pot it stood in.  
Falling to work with pen and ink,  
With little wit and store of drink,  
In twinkling of an eye they made  
(For things were done, as soon as said,)  
Their second Common-Prayer-Book, and  
Gave to the first a countermand;  
Yet tho' they did abolish it,

(Oh



(Oh ! wonderful reformer's wit !)  
 They did declare the same to be  
 " A very Godly liturgy,  
 " And with the word of God agreeing.  
 The act itself is worth your seeing,  
 'Tis in the (a) Margin here : Oh strange !  
 How they extol the thing they change !  
 They own't a very Godly order,  
 " Agreeing with God's word ; nay further  
 " Fitted to the ancient churches fashion,  
 " And profitable for the nation,  
 " And comfortable to all that use it,  
 " And hell to all that doth refuse it,  
 Yet, for all this, even they reject it,  
 And as erroneous detect it,  
 And use another quite contrary ;  
 And thus in points of faith they vary.  
 Let no man take this for a fiction,  
 But know, eternal contradiction  
 Was the first ground for a foundation,  
 On which to settle this reformation.

The

(a) The act of Parliament for establishing the second Common-Prayer Book entituled, *An act for the uniformity of service*. See in Stat. 5 and 6 Ed. 6. Whereas there hath been a very Godly order, set forth by the authority of parliament for Common Prayer and Administration of sacraments, &c. Agreeable to the word of God and the primitive church, very comfortable to all good people desiring to live in christian conversation, and most profitable to the estate of the realm, upon which the mercy, favour and blessing of Almighty God is in none so readily and plentifully poured, as by Common-Prayers, due use of the sacraments, &c. And yet this notwithstanding a great number of people do wilfully and damnably before Almighty God abstain and refuse to come to their parish churches, where Common-Prayers, &c. is used upon Sundays, &c. And therefore the King's most excellent Majesty, with the assent of the Lords and Commons in this present parliament assembled and by the authority of the same, hath caused the aforesaid order of Common Service, entituled the Book of Common-Prayer, to be faithfully, and Godlily perused, explained, and made fully perfect, &c,

The real presence now, which they  
 Had held till then, they cast away.  
 Placing a rubrick at the door,  
 That Christ may never enter more:  
 Nor adoration e'er be given  
 To him on earth, 'cause he's in heaven;  
 For this they made the reason why,  
 They did his presence here deny.

This second Book in other rubricks,  
 Had also many pretty new-tricks:  
 As turning altar into table,  
 And setting minister to gabble  
 At the north-side, and on the south  
 Communicants with open mouth,  
 To take in lumps of leavn'n bread,  
 On trencher in square gobbets laid;  
 And none being stinted to their parts,  
 Drink hearty draughts of wine in quarts,  
 And what escapes their greedy throates,  
 The drunken Parson puts in bottles;  
 What blest communion bread remains,  
 It falls to th'Sexton for his pains,  
 Where waiting for't, the hungry gull  
 Crams both his leathern pockets full:  
 Water with wine they do not now  
 Mix, as before they wont to do,  
 Nor do they sacrament reserve;  
 The sick for ghostly food may starve;  
 Some kneeling take communion, which  
 Another sort receive on breech.  
 Vestments and copes they cast away,  
 And hoods and crosses, when they pray:  
 Only the surplice is put on,  
 That men may know, who is Sir John.

Commemoration

Commemoration of the saints,  
And extream-unction this Book wants :  
Unction of infants in baptism ;  
Blessing the font, and exorcism,  
And prayers for dead are given o'er,  
And purgatory is no more.  
In fine, all these old customs were  
Retain'd i'th'first, but wanting here.  
Whatever Bucer deem'd amiss  
In that first book, was chang'd in this :  
As far as they could well imagine,  
They did abolish all religion.

But reader, prithee lend thine ear  
To Hopkins psalms, that follow here.  
Jigs by those Godly fiddlers made,  
As sung to Ned the sixth ; and play'd  
On bag-pipe, sac-but, violin,  
And when inspired, made a din  
On hautboy, gelders-horn, and shalm,  
And living voice in meeter-psalm ;  
As charming as that piper play'd  
Who all the Hammel rats betray'd  
To dance moriscoe to his sound,  
Without regarding feet or ground,  
Till they were in the Weaser drown'd :  
Then six score Hammel children led  
Into a hill that opened,  
To dance unto his pipe below ;  
What tune or where, no mortals know  
What kind of canticles they were :  
By two or three inserted here,  
Guess at the rest ; like him who drew  
Whole Hercules from print of shoe.

MEETER



*MEETER Psalm 16, v 9, 10.*

Wherefore my heart and tongue also  
Do both rejoice together ;  
My flesh and body rest in hope,  
When I this thing consider,  
Thou wilt not leave my soul in grave,  
For Lord thou lovest me, &c.

*Prose, as in the protestant translation.*

Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth, my flesh also shall rest in hope, for thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, &c.

### R E F L E C T I O N.

As into rhyme he turns the story,  
That is a tongue, which prose calls glory,  
And for the want of one poor foot,  
On which the third verse ought to strut,  
He thrusts whole body in for prop ;  
“ My flesh and body rest in hope.”  
And to shun *limbus*, thus the knave  
For hell in prose, in rhyme writes grave :  
But this is nonsense of the noddy,  
Unless he bury's soul with body.

*Psal. 119. v. 130*

When men first enter into thy word,  
They find a light most clear,  
And very ideots understand,  
When they it read or hear.

*Prose* The entrance of thy word giveth light,  
it giveth understanding unto the simple.

### R E F L E C T I O N.

By paraphrasing thus they mean,  
To make the simple people keen  
Of bibles ; as if every clown,  
Or whistling cobbler in the town,

O

Young

Young girls, old wives of eighty year,  
 When they the scripture read or hear,  
 Can every one the sense on't tell,  
 And every text expound as well  
 As Austin, Hierom, or Aquine;  
 Thus every fool must turn divine,  
 And judge of all the scripture saith,  
 And pick from thence what they call faith.

*Psalm 120. v. 5.*

Alas! too long I slack  
 Within these tents so black,  
 Which Keders are by name;  
 By whom the flock elect,  
 And all of Isaac's sect,  
 Are put to open shame.

*Prose.* Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech,  
 that I dwell in the tents of Kedar,

### R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis for the sake of this word slack,  
 He's forc'd to make his tents so black;  
 Whereas, for ought he knew they might  
 Be of some other die, or white.  
 And for a word to rhyme to name,  
 Three lines he adds, to bring in shame;  
 And Isaac's offspring for a sect  
 Must pass in Hopkins' dialect.  
 As if the holy Isaac were  
 An heretic, or sect-master;  
 John wanted one to authorise  
 His sect, and therefore boldly flies  
 To Isaac to supply the want;  
 So brings him in a protestant:  
 Thus he psalm-fingers does abuse  
 And rob of patriarchs, the Jews:

Likewe

Likewise in this that follows next,  
 Two lines are added to the text,  
 To justify their breaking from  
 The Doctrine, and the laws of Rome;  
 Which they about that time forsook,  
 That they compos'd this Meeter-book.

*Psalm 2. v. 3.*

Shall we be bound to them, say they?  
 Let all their bonds be broke,  
 And of their doctrine and their law  
 Let us reject the yoke.

*Prose.* Let us break their bonds asunder, and  
 cast their cords from us.

### R E F L E C T I O N.

The ignorant for gospel take,  
 That David bids 'em here forsake  
 Rome's yoke, her doctrines and her law,  
 And off her jurisdiction throw.  
 Whereas in prose th' inspired King  
 Is treating of another thing;  
 To wit, how captive Jews might free  
 Themselves from their captivity.

*Psalm 129. v. 5, 6, 7, 8.*

They that hate me shall be ashamed  
 And turned back also,  
 And made as grafs upon the house  
 Which withereth e'er it grow.  
 Whereof the mower cannot find  
 Enough to fill his hand,  
 Nor can he fill his lap, that goeth  
 To glean upon the land.

*Prose.* Let them be as grafs upon the house-  
 top, which withereth afore it groweth up, where-



with the mower fileth not his hand, nor he that gleaneth sheaves his bosom.

### R E F L E C T I O N.

Deep intellects they had that knew,  
How grafs could wither e'er it grew;  
Or how can one an handful mow  
Of wither'd grafs, before it grow.  
But easy 'tis to understand,  
That he who glean'd upon the land,  
Is never like to fill his lap  
With grafs ungrown on houses-top.

*Psalms. 22. v. 2.*

I am perswaded this to say  
To him with pure pretence  
O Lord thou art my guide and stay,  
My rock and sure defence.

*Prose.* I will say unto God my rock, why hast thou forgotten me?

### R E F L E C T I O N.

In God they have small confidence,  
For when they call him their defence,  
'Tis but, you see, a pure pretence.

*Psalms. 51. v. 5.*

It is too manifest, alas!  
That first I was conceiv'd in sin,  
And of my mother so born was,  
And yet vile wretch remain therein.

*Prose.* Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.

### R E F L E C T I O N.

The sin that into th' world he brought,  
It seems the Poet carried out:  
An argument he has devis'd,  
To shew he never was baptiz'd.

But

But as by birth the child of wrath,  
 Void of hope, charity, and faith;  
 So he remain'd without e'er mending:  
 Which shews he made a hopeful ending;  
 And that he was a blessed man,  
 To make a church-reformer on.

Well! Sirs, if yet you are not weary  
 With singing psalms, nor mad, nor merry,  
 Go on; for you shall have enough,  
 Of Sternhold's precious meeter stuff.

*Psalm 74. v. 12.*

Why dost thou draw thy hand aback,  
 And hide it in thy lap?  
 O pluck it out, and be not slack  
 To give thy foes a rap.

*Psalm 18. v. 57.*

So I suppress and wound my foes,  
 That they can rise no more;  
 For at my feet they fell down flat,  
 I strike them all so fore.

*Psalm 99. v. 1.*

The man is blest, whose wickedness  
 The Lord hath clean remitted;  
 And he, whose sin and wickedness  
 Is hid, and also covered.

*Psalm 58. v. 6.*

O God break thou their teeth at once,  
 Within their jaws throughout:  
 Their tusks that in their great jaw-bones,  
 Like Lion's whelps hang out.

And now, Sirs, 'twill not be amiss,  
 If here we give you more and less,  
 With a *for-ever-and-for-ay*  
 With a *for-ever-and-a-day*.

Nor

Nor let it grieve ye, if we come  
 To *least-and-most*, and *all-and-some*.  
 And to the *great-and-eke-the-small*,  
 And also to, *also withal*,  
*Evermore-daily, ever-still*.  
 We'll come to; And at last we will  
 Shew, what good use the Psalmist made,  
 Especially of the word *Trade*.

*Psalm 37. v. 9.*

For every wicked man will God  
 Destroy both *more and less*.

*Psalm 148. v. 11.*

All Kings both *more and less*,  
 With all their pompous train.  
 The Children of Israel,  
 Each one both *more and less*.

*Psalm 29. v. 9.*

The Lord was set above the floods,  
 Ruling the raging sea :  
 So shall he reign as Lord and King,  
*For ever and for aye.*

*Psalm 77. v. 1.*

What ? is his goodness clean decay'd,  
*For ever and a day ?*

*Psalm 33. v. 8.*

All men on earth both least and most,  
 Fear God and keep his law.

*Psalm 81. v. 17.*

But of his folk the time and age  
 Should flourish ever still.

*Psalm 82. v. 6.*

And likewise laws both all and some,  
 For gain are sold and bought.



*Psalms 115. v. 13.*

Them that be fearers of the Lord,  
The Lord will bleſs them all,  
Even will bleſs them every one;  
The great and eke the ſmall.

*Pſalm 78. v. 13.*

For why? they did not keep with God  
The covenant that was made,  
Nor yet would walk or lead their lives  
According to his trade.

*Pſalm 81.*

For why their hearts were nothing bent  
To him nor to his trade.

*Pſalm 89. v. 72.*

And ſet all my commandments light,  
And will not keep my trade.

For this is unto Iſrael *Pſalm 81. v. 4.*  
A ſtatute and a trade.

To them he made *Pſalm*  
A law and trade.

To theſe another pſalm we'll add,  
By Robin, not by David made,  
One time when Wiſdom was afraid }  
That Turk and Pope ſhould have undone him,  
And Antichriſt have over-run him.

ROBIN WISDOM'S *Pſalm.*

(a) Preſerve us Lord by thy dear word,  
From Turk and Pope defend us Lord,  
Which both would thruſt out of his throne  
Our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, thy dear ſon,

(b) When Doctor Corbet had the parts,  
The pains, the zeal, and the deſerts

(a) In the back end of their meeter pſalms.

(b) Dr. Corbet, Biſhop of Norwich, his addreſs to the ghhoſt of  
Robin Wiſdom, the pſalm-poet.

Of

Of this Bob Wisdom seen, tho' 'twere  
 After his death an hundred year ;  
 He could not chuse but thus accost.  
 In modest terms, his naked ghost.

“ Thou, once a body, now but air,  
 “ Arch-botcher of a psalm or prayer,

From (c) Carfax come,

“ And patch us up a zealous lay,

“ With an old ever-and-for-aye,

Or all and some ;

“ Or such a spirit lend me,

“ As may an (d) hymn down send me,

To purge my brain :

“ Then Robin look behind thee,

“ Least Turk or Pope do find thee,

And go to bed again.”

Thus common-prayer-book made complete,  
 And psalms in meeter bound up with't ;  
 The next work that they went about,  
 Was turning churches in-side-out,  
 Thereby to make room for the same,  
 Against it from the printer came.

Had you in being that day been,  
 You would have blest ye to have seen,  
 How every one about 'em laid,  
 O horrible! what work they made !  
 There might you see an impious clown,  
 Breaking our Saviour's image down ;

(c) The place where he was buried in Oxford.

(d) He means a hymn that's downward sent,  
 From wind in Hypochondria pent.

Or, an hymn composed of half-farthings. Measure the word far-thing, and by the time you come to the middle you'll find the value of a half-farthing, and its fitness to purge the brain.

And there you might behold another,  
 Tearing the picture of Christ's mother:  
 Here might you see another stand,  
 Hacking with ax in cruel hand  
 The infant in our lady's lap;  
 Others as busy clambering up,  
 To break down all the painted glass,  
 That in the churches windows was.  
 And others trampling in the street,  
 The twelve apostles under feet.  
 The peaceful tombs, in which were laid  
 The secret ashes of the dead,  
 Might now be seen in pieces broke,  
 And thence the holy bodies took,  
 Blest martyrs now you might behold,  
 Who dy'd for Christ in days of old,  
 Torn from their tombs and made to come,  
 T' endure a second martyrdom.  
 If here and there a church remain'd,  
 Which yet the sacred mass retain'd;  
 Strait thither would the rabble hurry,  
 And ruin all things in their fury.

The sacred ornaments they tore,  
 Tramp'd Christ's body on the floor,  
 Rent corporals, and missals burn'd,  
 And chalices to bullion turn'd!  
 Here altar-clothes lay scatter'd—and  
 There does a broken altar stand:  
 Some steal away the crucifix,  
 And some the silver candlesticks:  
 Rich vestments also some convey,  
 And antependiums bear away;  
 And what they thought not fit to steal,  
 They burn'd, as an effect of zeal:



Some of the rabble might you meet,  
In vestments stalking thro' the street,  
Who bitter execrations vent  
Against the holy sacrament,  
And wickedly blaspheme the same,  
And trample under feet ; (O shame !)  
In short, to us could't now be known  
What execrable acts were done ;  
Our eyes would in salt streams be drown'd,  
And ears shut out the wicked sound.

The holy altar of our Lord  
They'll not call altar, but God's board :  
Nor must it now stand any more  
In east of quire, as heretofore ;  
But from the east must move to west,  
To south, to north, and never rest ;  
But to what quarter e'er it went,  
They still found superstition in't :  
Nor could learn'd authors solve the case,  
For parson's, or for table's place ;  
But one for east extends his mouth,  
For west another, third for south,  
A fourth would have its site to vary,  
And skip from place to place like fairy ;  
A fifth concluded, being smarter  
To have it round like that of Arthur :  
Before which some should kneel some sit  
And some should stand to shew their wit,  
With their backs turn'd like beaux in pit.

As altar, so they priesthood scorn,  
And name of priest to elder turn ;  
Which uncooth name they did devise,  
T'extinguish thoughts of sacrifice,

For while to antient names remain'd,  
 People the memory retain'd  
 Of what they signify'd before;  
 So mass, priest, altar are no more.

Kirks thus prepar'd for common-prayer,  
 In new erected closets there  
 They sit 'em down; I mean in pews,  
 As close as hawks are pen'd in mews;  
 And the young Elder takes his way  
 Into his desk, and falls to pray,  
 Or read his common-prayer-book o'er;  
 A form ne'er read in kirks before.  
 Prayer done and Elder growing calm,  
 Out sexton sets a meeter-psalm,  
 Well tim'd to make those in pews merry,  
 That are with th'elders praying weary;  
 Or from the drowsy nap to free 'em,  
 That haunts the pews where none can see 'em.  
 The psalm set out from stretched throat  
 By hem, well tun'd as stags at rut;  
 They of all sexes, sizes, ages,  
 Warble from pews like birds from cages,  
 The rhymes that dreaming Sternhold gave 'em,  
 And Robin Wisdom deign'd to leave 'em:  
 Chaunting their notes in artful turnings  
 Like those of rooks in April mornings:  
 'Till deafned with each others din,  
 They cease, that th'elder may begin:  
 Who is by this time from his desk  
 To pulpit got: Where taking text,  
 Be the words of it what they will,  
 He falls a damning, deep as hell,  
 The church and faith of former times,  
 And cites his text to prove its crimes;

Crying to list'ning auditory,  
Beloved, I shall lay before ye,  
From scripture writ in reign of Saul,  
How antichristian Rome did fall;  
And bring from Exodus a score  
Pat texts, that she's the scarlet whore.  
This railing nonsense thus he cants,  
Large stock of which he never wants,  
'Till dinner glass is empty run,  
And then his Sunday's sermon's done.  
For belly, glass, and elders head,  
All at a time are emptied;  
Which must, ye know, be fill'd again,  
The glass with sand, the head with brain.  
And belly with a good bag-pudding,  
Else any of 'em there's no good in.  
The sermon done, he prays for king,  
As fit he shou'd, and then they sing  
Bob Wisdom's psalm, 'gainst pope and Turk,  
Then congregation leaves the kirk.

'Twas thus king Edward carried on  
His hodge-podge reformation:  
But death in season did appear,  
And stopt him in his full career;  
For from the moment that we breath,  
That ugly, ghastly, goblin death,  
That thin'd fac'd, bare-bon'd skeleton,  
That fatal enemy to man,  
Attends us with unwinking eye,  
'Till catching opportunity,  
Snatches us one by one away,  
Or mows us down as we do hay:  
And when he has a mind to kill,  
Can use what instruments he will:

So



So poison was, 'tis said the tool,  
Which drove out little Edward's soul,  
Hid in a venom'd new-years rose,  
Into his blood it pass'd thro' nose.  
Some authors say it enter'd in  
(f) By poison'd shirt, thro' pores of skin;  
For washing it as story tells,  
Depriv'd his laundress of her nails.  
In short he dwindl'd fast away,  
After the Dudleys near him lay;  
The just effect of reformation,  
And dying left his crown and nation;  
To Suffolk's daughter, called Jane,  
By will: Mark now her nine days reign;  
But in the first place I shall tell,  
What mov'd the king to make his will.

Ned having cut his (g) uncles weasons  
For their ill management and treasons,  
And after them had pent a train  
Of traitors; Arundel and Vane,  
And Stanhope and Miles Partridge fell.  
This last was hang'd (in rope of bell  
Perhaps) for he, as Heylin tells,  
Cast dice with old king Hall for bells,  
And by the sacrilegious fling,  
When jesus bells, the finest ring  
That ever England had before;  
The dev'lish throw no sooner o'er,  
But Partridge goes and melts 'em down,  
And sells the mettle as his own.

Ned

(f) See Bakers history, page 110. &c.

(g) The Lord Protector Seymour and his brother Sir Thomas Seymour Lord Admiral.

The king's two uncles gone, I say,  
 And their best friends thus sent away,  
 Ned fell of course into the hand  
 Of Dudley of Northumberland,  
 A zealous bigot protestant,  
 Who cunningly in godly cant  
 Cloak'd his designs, and past for saint; }  
 Seeking his end in scripture phrase,  
 After the manner of those days,  
 When texts of bibles were brought in  
 To authorise all sorts of sin.

We read quoth he in sacred writ,  
 How holy David thought it fit,  
 (b) To make successor to his throne }  
 The wise religious Solomon,  
 And not the hair-brain'd Absalon.  
 Now his design, as we may guess,  
 Was to secure the church by this :  
 I therefore take upon me now,  
 O pious king to counsel you  
 To imitate the good king David,  
 That th' congregation may be saved,  
 My bowels in my belly bleed,  
 To think that Mary should succeed ;  
 She'll spoil the vineyard you ha'been  
 These five long years a toiling in :  
 Our kirk I mean, (heav'n blefs the founder,)  
 Must fall as flat as any flounder ;  
 Our common-prayer-book's neatly bound up,  
 With meeter-psalms by Hopkins woun'd up,  
 Must be laid by, to take their rest  
 In some old musty fusty chest :

Tho'

(b) See Bakers history, page 311.

Tho Mall's your sister, and the heir  
Of crown, yet (godly king) take care  
Of this our blessed reformation,  
And rivet gospel in our nation  
So thoroughly, that after ages  
Shall not remov't with maul and wedges.  
But this cannot be done ye know,  
If Mall the throne mount after you :  
Consider't therefore, and contrive it  
For gospels good, while you'r alive yet,  
So 'twill in after times be said,  
You left secure the faith you made :  
Which mighty deed in godly rhimes,  
Upon record for future times,  
Shall be engross'd by zealous poet ;  
Hopkins and Sternhold they shall do it,  
And Robert Wisdom the best of these,  
Shall put it in your elegies ;  
And with our singing psalms we'll bind 'em,  
That folk in after times may find 'em,  
For great and small, and all and some,  
To sing your praise till day of doom ;  
And tell how you our faith invented,  
And safe to future ages sent it,  
By leaving crown secure from papist,  
And church of England void of a-priest.

This likes me well, quoth little Ned,  
And were I up, as I'm in bed,  
I'd go and fight, as sick as I am,  
My sister Mall, like son of Priam,  
And kill her outright, for I mean,  
That she shall never come to reign.

Nay, quoth Sir Dudley, if you please  
Things may be done with greater ease ;

This



This is a better way I think,  
Call Cecil in with pen and ink.  
To draw your will he'll quickly write it,  
And you b'ing sick, Sir, I'll indite it,  
The Lard he knows, there is no way,  
But t'give your crown to Lady Gray :  
The King consented, Will was made,  
And Edward turn'd about and pray'd  
For holy flock and future reign  
Of queen elect, the Lady Jane.  
Nor was he heedless of religion,  
Less than the pious famed trojan,  
Who carry'd 'thro' the flames a pack  
Of wooden gods upon his back.  
He pray'd that it, as authors say,  
Might last for-ever-and-a-day,  
Just as he left it at his ending,  
Except that when it wanted mending,  
That then some godly men would clout it,  
Or some convention fit about it,  
Having concluded thus his prayer,  
His soul departed, god knows where.  
The crown is offered to poor Jane,  
Who very faintly falls to reign.

Queen they proclaim her and for honour  
They put the royal robes upon her,  
Scepter and globe she takes in hand,  
As regal badges of command :  
And humbly they kneel down before her,  
And in the usual way adore her,  
Invoking her and then the Lord,  
And sit 'em down at Council-board,  
And fall a pumping each his brain  
For sage advice but pump in vain,

How

How to support Queen Jenny's station,  
Against Queen Mary's indignation.  
Scarce was this senate set together,  
When Mary's letters was brought thither,  
In which she claims the crown by right  
To her belonging, this they flight,  
And having got their reason penn'd  
In black and white, to her they send  
Their letter, sign'd by all their hands,  
With wholesome council and commands  
To cease her claim and hast amain  
To make submission to Queen Jane.  
Cranmer first did set his hand to't,  
And bloodily did swear to stand to't,  
Contrary to the oath he swdore  
To Harry, but six years before  
The perjur'd villain never minding  
That vows are sacred, oaths are binding.

Soon after this comes news of forces  
By Mary rais'd of men and horses,  
As is she was resolv'd to fight,  
And by her sword to try her right,  
This put 'em in a plagy pickle,  
Made Cranmer, stir and Ridley stickle :  
The rest while deep amazement lasted,  
Sat as if planet-struck, or blasted.  
'Till Cranmer's words begun to sally  
Out of the wicket of his belly.

What mean you sirs, quoth he to fit  
Like wooden blockheads void of wit ;  
And not endeavour to prevent,  
What threatens thus our government ?  
How can you suffer poor Queen Jane,  
To loose the crown any Mary reign ?

Q

When

When you are certain, if't fall out so :  
That she will rattle us about so,  
That not a man nor mothers son,  
But will be utterly undone,  
And our religion go to pot,  
By which our riches we have got,  
And articles and common-prayer,  
And three times fifty psalms, that are  
Than honey comb or sugar sweeter,  
Since Hopkins turn'd 'em into meeter  
Must be put down, and which is worse,  
What from the kirk we took by force,  
We must restore. and this ye know  
Will leave us nak'd as Æsop's crow,  
Bestir ye therefore gentle-men,  
Defend yourselves and good queen Jane :  
You who are sword-men, to your sword,  
We who are word-men, we'll to th'word.  
Get up and fight in blood to knee,  
We'll preach and pray for victory  
Rouse ye great Dudley our protector,  
And lay about ye like Troy's Hector  
Duke Suffolk, and your kinsman Gray  
Call all to arms 'tween Thames and Tay,  
Fight like old Goths or Moscow's Czars  
Zerobabells or Schezbunezars ;  
'Till all your foes lie dead before ye  
Thus you'll triumph, and we'll adore ye :  
This said, they bid Northumberland  
Of the army take chief command,  
And lead to battle ; soft, quoth John,  
There's something else must first be done :  
I ought to have before I go,  
Commission for what I do ;

That



That what I undertake may be  
By Jane's, and your authority:  
That's true quoth Cranmer, and I'll draw  
A full commission without flaw,  
Which I and all the rest will sign,  
And the great seal we'll to it join;  
So that for all the blood you spill  
You're authoriz'd by hand and seal;  
Go therefore boldly to the wars,  
And shield ye heav'n from wounds and scars.  
And now the tall giantick John  
Puts back and breast, and head-piece on,  
And trusty blade and basket hilt,  
Which foes in former fights had felt,  
Put into pocket his commission,  
Then piously makes his petition,  
That Cranmer would draw from the skies  
A blessing on his enterprize:  
And tho' in armour stiffly buckl'd,  
On knees he down to Cranmer truckl'd:  
At which Baal's high priest takes upon him  
To call down Astral blessings on him,  
Laying both hands upon his crown  
To keep him on his knees while down,  
Turns up the whites of both his eyes,  
And blesses thus in canting wise:

May you, Sir, prosper where you go,  
And may your look affright your foe,  
May killing rays dart from your eyes,  
Mortal as those of cock-a-trice.  
May one man of your army chace  
A thousand and may ten displace  
Ten thousand, when they come to fight,  
Scare as with goblins in the night:

May

May all your men be fierce as lions,  
 As mastiffs fell, and stout as giants;  
 And when engag'd, for ever fight on,  
 Till all are kill'd that e'er you light on:  
 And may you, when you come again,  
 Bring back as many heads of men,  
 That by your own hands have been slain  
 As may for every day you march,  
 Build up a large triumphal arch;  
 Take now your sword, and gird it to ye,  
 Gang on, ye have my blessing with ye.  
 Thus ends he what he had to say;  
 Dudley gets up and goes his way.  
 While things at court were acted thus,  
 (f) Ridley was canting at Paul's cross:  
 This Ridley was, as most agree,  
 The picture of a pharisee,  
 In Calvinism most deeply learn'd,  
 His living by his preaching earn'd;  
 Could hold forth, when the spirit prest him,  
 From morn 'till night, and never rest him:  
 A fawning, flattering hypocrite,  
 That canted gospel out of spite,  
 Had at command his tears, and could  
 His face into strange figures mould,  
 And in his eyes could make appear  
 Love, hatred, joy, grief, zeal, and fear,  
 Successively, one after t'other,  
 And when he pleas'd shew all together,

(f) Dr. Ridley, bishop of London, (says Baker) on the 16th of July, at St. Paul's cross, preached a sermon, wherein he invited the people to stand firm to queen Jane, whose cause he affirm'd to be most just. Baker's hist. p. 215.

This

Or any one, or all dissemble,  
And had a tongue as glib and nimble  
As tail of eel, and for his treason  
Pretended Scripture still and reason.

This wicked canting counterfeit,  
Gets him into his pulpit seat,  
With all the rabble gaping round it,  
To swallow that which he expounded;  
Where having three times of his eyes  
Turned the white to blue of skies,  
The enthusiastic spirit moves him  
To utter what he thinks behoves him:  
Mary's a papist, O beloved!  
You know, and so I need not prove it;  
I've told ye thousand times e'er this,  
What frightful thing a papist is,  
And have to you explain'd the word,  
As revealed to me by the Lord,  
From Genesis to Revelations,  
Against the papist faith and fashions;  
By which I've shewn that Rome's a beast  
With six or seven heads at least,  
And every head has half a score  
Large horns upon it, if not more!  
What therefore now I must hold forth is,  
That papist Mall, for all her birth, is  
No lawful heir to the crown; because  
Her faith's repugnant to the laws,  
Which blessed Edward made of late,  
While he reign'd head of church and state,  
He to prevent a papist reign,  
By patent gave his crown to Jane:  
And made us swear to see her crown'd,  
As soon as he was laid in ground;

So



So that her highness being thus,  
By will of king and oath of us,  
Own'd for our queen, 'tis plain the crown  
Is indisputably her own ;  
Besides, she does inherit it  
As heir of old Plantaginet:  
It follows then, that Mall the princess  
To heirship can have no pretences :  
Besides, if e'er she gets the crown,  
Then woe's my heart for this poor town :  
She'll banish protestants from London,  
And new-religion will be undone ;  
Hang us apostles by the necks,  
For rebels and for heretics :  
But good queen Jane (pray Heaven save her ;)   
And let us praise the Lord we have her ;  
'Tis she that must defend us from  
The seven-head-ten-horn'd beast of Rome.  
Then does he set her virtues forth,  
Her piety and passing worth,  
Her hatred great 'gainst popery,  
And zeal for gospel-liberty :  
Then from her birth he does declare,  
That to the crown she is right heir.  
This, brethern, is unquestionable,  
Assist her therefore, godly rabble :  
Arm ! arm ! brave boys, and to the field ;  
Make Mary and her forces yield ;  
Let every man gird on his sword,  
And fight the battle of the Lord :  
The Lord of Host before will go,  
And lead you on against the foe  
As he did Gideon, and his bands,  
That carry'd pitchers in their hands ;

Smite

Smite hip and thigh, with edge of sword,  
 Of all that do resist the Lord ;  
 And as of old, so now the sun,  
 Will stand stock still, till you have done ;  
 Thus he went on, but let us leave  
 The prophane, hypocritic knave,  
 And back return to former stand,  
 Where late we left Northumberland.

The manner of his marching forth,  
 Some authors tell us, and his worth,  
 His stature, courage, strength and, age,  
 His armor, and his equipage,  
 His warlike fates in former days,  
 Perform'd in Scotch and Gallic frays ;  
 His battles won, and great atchievements,  
 Wounds, bruises, bangs and other grievements,  
 Which happen'd oft to be his fate,  
 For no man's always fortunate :  
 All which I leave to ancient story ;  
 Now see the end of all his glory.

Arm'd with commission sword, and folly,  
 With all his might 'gainst popish Molly,  
 Takes leave of fortune and his friends,  
 And to the head of army tends ;  
 Where being come, his men he musters,  
 And officers together clusters,  
 Gives out the word, which when exprest,  
 He of queen Mary goes in quest.

Scarce had he led his army down,  
 Thrice three days marches from the town,  
 When news he gets, that Mary queen,  
 (b) In London had proclaimed been, By

(b) The lords fell from their side, who assembled at Baynard's  
 castle, first the earl of Arundel, then the earl of Pembroke fell to  
 invectives

By order of the council, who  
Commission'd him a while ago :  
To save themselves, they now betray  
Their knights, and leave the lady Gray.

Surpris'd at this, John's courage fails him,  
No need of pulse to tell what ails him :  
His army's daunted, and forsakes him ;  
Thus left, he to his wits betakes him.

Standing a while, casting his eyes,  
Down to the ground, in musing wise,  
He summons politics together,  
Which now are stray'd, he knows not whither ;  
And musters up his store of thought,  
Yet all (poor John !) avail'd you nought :  
Faint thoughts puts him in mind of flying,  
And desperate thoughts in mind of dying,  
On point of sword set to his breast,  
But wiser thoughts did those detest,  
And thoughts more manly bid him fight,  
Tho' now alone, like errand knight :  
But prudence charg'd him not to warrant,  
Himself on courage of knight errant ;  
Nor trust himself on his own force,  
Now that he wanted foot and horse.  
But finding 'twas not safe to fight,  
Resolves to play the hypocrite,  
And this his wisest resolution  
Was quickly put in execution.

To Cambridge he returns, and there  
Calls out the aldermen and mayor,

investives against the duke of Northumberland. And then, all the  
lords joining in opinion with them, they call for the mayor, and in  
London, proclaimed the lady Mary queen. See Baker's hist.

Then



Then to the market-cross repairs,  
 And his feign'd loyalty declares ;  
 Of which to evidence the truth,  
 From ear to ear he rives his mouth,  
 Proclaims queen Mary ; letting fly  
 His feather'd cap against the sky :  
 To wash his grief with liquor down,  
 Taps all the barrels in the town ;  
 To Mary's health sends glassees round,  
 And swore by Jove he wisht her crown'd.  
 Bonfires he makes to warm his zeal,  
 And with his pistols rings a peal,  
 And thunders from these little guns.  
 Jane Gray's confusion and his son's ;  
 As if he valu'd not a filbert  
 His late queen Jane, and (b) son king Gilford :  
 But all this not a whit avail'd him,  
 Both friends and his dissembling fail'd him ;  
 For the next morn as day did peep,  
 To call him up, who scarce could sleep,  
 Earl Arundel, so late his friend,  
 Enters his chamber with a band  
 Of frightful, ill-look'd musqueteers,  
 Hung round with sword and bandileers ;  
 And on the shoulder claps the man  
 With, " Here I do arrest you John.  
 My warrant's in queen Mary's name ;"  
 And I, quoth John, obey the same :  
 Then on his knees, for now his legs  
 Could scarcely bear him, falls and begs

(b) The duke of Northumberland's fourth son. Gilford Dudley, married the lady Jane Gray, daughter to Harry Gray, duke of Suffolk.

For mercy, owning all his treason;  
 But prayers and tears were out of season,  
 You should have thought of this before,  
 Says Arundel, so pray give o'er:  
 Secure him, captain of the guard,  
 Till further orders are prepar'd.  
 He's now in durance, who of late,  
 Presum'd he had a power o'er fate.  
 And could at pleasure rule the state.  
 But Dudley long remain'd not there,  
 E'er he was sent for to the bar,  
 Where holding up his traitor's fist,  
 He pleaded guilty to th' inquest;  
 So was condemn'd, and soon his head  
 For his rebellion ransom paid.  
 Thus like a dream, the nine days reign,  
 And projects ended of poor Jane,  
 Ended as if they ne'er had been;  
 (i) Then royal Mary was crown'd queen.  
 And now the land that groaning lay,  
 Under a dire anathema,  
 Is reconcil'd to God and Rome,  
 And banish'd faith invited home:  
 Those impious acts by Harry made,  
 And statutes hatch'd in days of Ned,  
 Were quite annull'd by Mary's power,  
 As if they'd never been before;  
 And she abandons now the claim  
 Over the church, of power supreme.

(i) Camden gives queen Mary's character thus. A princess never sufficient to be commended of all men, for pious and religious demeanor: her commiseration towards the poor, and her munificence and liberality towards the nobility and church-men. In his introduction to his hist. of the life of queen Elizabeth, p. 10.

Now

Now protestants, with mighty care,  
Pack up their psalms and common-prayer;  
And from the realm begin to scud,  
Where they had never acted good:  
Some make for Frankfort while they may,  
Some for Geneva; others stay,  
Still to infest the peaceful land,  
By acting treasons under hand;  
As making Edward, lately dead,  
To rise again and shew his head,  
And voices from old walls to break out,  
And stones, or something else, to speak out;  
You'll understand me from the cheat,  
Of Bessy Crofts, of Alder's-gate,  
A thing suppos'd to be, by most,  
A speaking stone, or talking post,  
That preach'd from thence in croaking tone,  
Like Gray's old toad in lintell-stone.  
But to be plainer, thus it was;  
In an old wall they hid a lass,  
Where through a whistle that she had  
On purpose for the imposture made,  
She rais'd a hideous kind of noise,  
That drew together all the boys,  
And old folks too, for who came near it,  
Surpriz'd with wonder stood to hear it;  
'Till by degrees, to list'ning rabble,  
Her words would grow intelligible.  
And at the last her lesson tell,  
As plain as heathen oracle.  
Against religion she would rail,  
Worse than a frantic priest of Baal:  
Mass, saints, confession, sacrifice,  
She would abuse with hundred lies;



And then would praise the common-prayer,  
And articles full twenty pair,  
Or twenty-one; for you must know  
They then were number'd forty-two.  
She psalms wou'd often sing in meeter,  
Like Hopkins, but a great deal sweeter :  
And in conclusion of her speech,  
Would with a hollow accent preach,  
That angry heaven did resent  
Queen Mary's popish government :  
And therefore she was sent from skies,  
The holy flock to authorise.  
To cut her off: But her commission  
The manner left to their discretion.  
This for a while was held by all  
To be a spirit in the wall :  
But was, in breaking down the mound,  
A protestant imposture found,  
Set on the mob t'infatuate  
And raise rebellion in the state.  
This scarce was o'er, when on the stage  
They bring a youth of Edward's age,  
And like him too, with a pretence  
That Ned was living, this the prince ;  
And that all ought to join in one,  
Their wronged king to re-inthrone,  
Designing by this piece of cunning,  
To set the rabble mad a running,  
To see new king, so lately dead,  
Now risen from his marble bed ;  
And guard him by the force of arms,  
From Mall and all impending harms ;  
And drive her highness from the throne,  
And seize the treasure of the crown :

For

For in th'exchequer, they were told,  
Lay fifty thousand pounds in gold.  
But fate forbad their going on  
With this their feign'd king Fetherston :  
For that was the impostor's name ;  
Yet he was pardon'd for the same ;  
'Till once again he fell to kinging,  
And then he got a rope to swing in :  
For 'twas but just that then his neck  
Shou'd pay for th'double faucy trick.

The duke of Suffolk, who had been  
So lately pardon'd by the Queen,  
Could not be pleas'd to end his days  
In peace ; but arms with all his Grays ;  
The Carews arm'd ; to weapon went  
The Cornish ; and the men of Kent.  
Sir Thomas Wyat was their head,  
To whom false Brett five hundred led ;  
Thus stickled the rebellious nation,  
A credit for that reformation  
That spread such venom o'er the region  
'Gainst god, prince, priests, and true religion.  
But at the last this restless crew,  
Reciv'd the hire to rebels due :  
Suffolk, his son, the lady Jane,  
Wyat, and fifty of his train,  
And Brett, and twenty two beside,  
Of his, as open rebels dy'd.  
And now to Cranmer's end we come,  
Behold ! as soon as subtil Tom  
Perceiv'd his life approach the date,  
He casts about to cheat the fate,  
Which he conjectures must be done  
By way of recantation :

And

And therefore sets him to recant  
His heresies, and play the saint;  
His recantation writes and signs  
With his own hand, and to it joins,  
A formal oath, that this his deed  
Meerly from conscience did proceed,  
And of his own free-will, without  
The least sinister motive to't.  
But as a witch in hand of justice,  
Finds in her imps no longer trust is;  
So Cranmer's tricks no whit avail him,  
And all his guardian devils fail him:  
For set aside his heresy,  
He's now for treason doom'd to die:  
At which he makes a second turn,  
And backward swears what he had sworn:  
His recantation he recants,  
Begs pardon of his protestants,  
And leads the van of Fox his saints;  
In flames his curst soul did expire,  
And into Hell dropt from the fire.  
So Ridley dy'd and Hooper too,  
And other villains not a few;  
Whom Pluto tumbl'd into Styx,  
For traitors and damn'd hereticks.  
The other Brethren having seen,  
There was no jesting with the queen;  
Pack up their awls, and hasten o'er  
To Germany, twice twenty score,  
With articles and common-prayer,  
As heeding no religion there,  
But what they carry'd of their own,  
As to the Germans yet unknown:

For



For you must know they hated following  
 (k) Of Luther, Calvin, Knipper, Dolling,  
 Or Jon o' Leyden, Carlstadius,  
 Zuenkfield, or Oecolampadius.  
 But slighting those, the haughty elves,  
 Would needs be leaders of themselves;  
 Not one alone to lead the rest,  
 But each led all as he thought best:  
 For scarce a man of all the crew,  
 But claim'd the pastorship his due.

Old Whittingham, and doctor Cox,  
 Goodman and Scory, Wood and Knox.  
 Fox, Jewel, Williams, Horn, and Ghest,  
 Sands, Bentham, Grindall, and the rest  
 Agreed about the common-prayer,  
 Like hudibras with fiddle and bear.

Wood, Williams, Whittingham and Sutton;  
 Valu'd the prayer-book not a button;  
 The litany they grudg'd to say,  
 And threw the surplice quite away,  
 Alter'd confession, chang'd the hymns,  
 For old Jack Hopkin's pithy rhimes.  
 Their Zurick brethren could not brook,  
 Such mangling of the English book:  
 Embden did bitterly complain,  
 And Strasburg took't in great disdain:  
 For you must know, in all of these  
 They planted had their colonies.  
 Frankfort, too-weak to hold dispute,  
 Sends me for Knox to help 'em out,  
 With promise if he'd bide the shock,  
 He shou'd be pastor of the flock.

(k) See the hist. of Frankfort, ann. dom. 1555.

This tickl'd mainly Knox's fancy ;  
As glad he was as e'er did man-see,  
That congregation pitch'd upon him,  
To take the past'ral office on him,  
He runs about the town like mad,  
To take leave of those friends he had:  
Sets his immov'ables to sale,  
And crams the rest into his mail :  
Leaps on the back of lofty beast,  
And from Geneva posts in haste ;  
As fast as e'er his horse could ride,  
Bang'd with a heel on either side ;  
The horse his four mov'd not so fast,  
As Knox play'd two feet at his waist.  
Tho' authors write palphry had dy'd  
With spurs, if Pallas on each side,  
Had not stuck in the necks of spur  
So fast that neither steel could stir.  
But be't as 'twill, both horse and he,  
To Frankfort got, as all agree ;  
And into kirk he enters, e'er  
They could suppose him half way there :  
Where Whittingham, without restriction,  
Gives him the keys of jurisdiction ;  
Expecting he would let things stand,  
As they were fitted to his hand ;  
But busy Knox, now grown expert,  
As Calvin could be for his heart,  
Would undertake to make a platform  
Of kirk, not like at all to that form,  
That Whittingham had late invented ;  
The congregation discontented,  
Oppos'd it all the ways they could do ;  
But John was resolute, and would do

What

What he thought fit and fell a storming,  
When any crost him in reforming,  
Nor would he let 'em move a lip,  
In what concern'd his pastordship.

The Strasburg brethren hearing how  
Matters (alas) were like to go;  
And that Sir Whittingham and Knox  
Would go by th'ears, or fall to box,  
Or one another's eyes out scratch,  
Or from their heads pull all the thatch;  
Send Chambers all in hast away,  
And Grindal to appease the fray;  
Who being come, and Knox saluting,  
Fell presently to hot disputing;  
By Knox oppos'd, not Knox alone,  
But eke by congregation:  
And that because they meant to try,  
'The settling Edward's liturgy.  
For congregation lik'd not this,  
And Knox dislik'd 'em both, they hiss,  
Being thus divided, as the calves-  
Head was by teague, into three halves,  
With book in hand up steps Sir Lever,  
Thinking it is now time, or never  
To get a form that he had made,  
And always used when he pray'd,  
To pass by general consent,  
Since none o'th'rest could give content:  
But Lever's discipline and prayer,  
Except himself, pleas'd no man there.  
John Fox, a man of no small action,  
Head of the fagg-end of the faction;  
For every faction that was there,  
Had several heads, at least a pair:

S

Some



Some like the snake in Lerna's fen,  
And some in shape of Amphisben,  
Which such as do inspect things well,  
A second head allot to's tail.  
This Fox was he, that since did those  
Vast acts and monuments compose :  
Thus speaks he, for it was but fit  
That he should speak as well as sit :  
For my part, I can make ye know,  
A discipline as well as you ;  
And frame a godly form of prayer,  
Soul-moving as the best that's there :  
(Pointing to theirs, for he had spy'd 'em  
Laid in the window close beside 'em :)  
But this preferring of inventions,  
I find, brings nothing but contentions ;  
And will as sure as bard in Greece is,  
Ding congregation all to pieces :  
For certainly they stick at root on't,  
And it has neither shoe nor boot on't :  
Therefore these stripes harder than stones,  
Must break at least its ankle-bones ;  
And then, the dullest of us all,  
Knows that it cannot stand but fall.  
I speak to you that know, learn'd sirs,  
The meaning of dark metaphors.  
Pray strive no more about your prayers,  
Nor about discipline, go by th' ears ;  
But leave your form, and do not grieve  
To follow Calvin's of Geneve.  
For tho' 'tis scarcely right in all things,  
Yet let us wisely wink at small things ;  
And for the sake of unity,  
To that sole discipline agree.

Quoth

Quoth (*m*) Whittingham, my vote I gi-ye,  
 For Calvin, and much good may't do-ye.  
 And I advise the rest, good John,  
 To give their votes as we have done.  
 Quoth Haddon, I am not inclin'd,  
 To be by Calvin disciplin'd:  
 'T may suit the backs of brawny Swisses;  
 But not a skin so fine as this is;  
 King Edward's form is good, says Haddon;  
 Ye lye, quoth Knox, it is a bad one:  
 I had the rather of the two  
 Have Calvin's pass, than join with you.  
 Up Goodman starts, when hearing this,  
 As four as a provoked Swiss;  
 And told John Knox he did defy  
 All that condemn'd Ned's liturgy;  
 And would defend it by the dint  
 Of dagger, sword, or argument.  
 With him joins Alcockson and Saul,  
 And Sands affirm'd it best of all;  
 Pedder was of his mind, and Lakin;  
 But Williams thought them all mistaken;

(*m*) When Whittingham and divers others of a more violent humour, (says the author of the survey of the pretended holy discipline) came first to Frankfort, they fell presently into a very special liking of the Geneva discipline, as finding it to contain such rules and practices as did greatly concur with their own disposition, viz. That if bishops and princes refused to admit of the gospel, they might be used by their subjects as the bishop of Geneva was used, that is, deposed. And that every particular minister with assistants, according to the plat-form of that discipline, was himself a bishop, and had as great authority within his own parish, as any bishop in the world might lawfully challenge, even to the excommunication of the best, as well princes as peasants, &c. Howbeit, many there were, as Dr. Cox, Dr. Horn, Mr. Jewel, with sundry others, who perceiving the tricks of that discipline did utterly dislike it. page 45, 46.

And swore by all his blood within,  
It was not worth a headless pin.  
Old Hollingham, and Wood, and Keath,  
Rail'd at it till quite out of breath.  
Kent swore it was, and so did Bale,  
Not worth the paring of his nail ;  
Whitnall abus'd it, and grim Samford,  
Swore ne'er to use it, were he damn'd for't.  
Thus they, to any body's sight,  
Run all horn-mad, and fit to fight ;  
Till in good time, up starts one Gill,  
Who all this while had sitten still ;  
As not agreeing with his reason,  
To plead for't in so hot a season ;  
And beck'ning to them to be quiet,  
(For they were blustering high yet),  
Advises to Glauber they would go,  
And unto him their prayer-book shew ;  
With other German's of renown,  
And deem'd the godliest in the town ;  
And if such judges like it well,  
Then let us use it quoth sir Gill,  
This pleas'd all parties, and next day,  
T' expose their book they trot away,  
And to the Germans here and there,  
Each party shews his common-prayer.  
To one to gain it better fame,  
T' other to ridicule the same :  
But Whittingham's and Knox's aim,  
Was to have Calvin see the same ;  
As very wisely understanding,  
Nothing would pass he had no hand in.  
Knox therefore into latin put it,  
And us'd such means that Calvin got it ;

But



But soon as Calvin cast his eye on't,  
 He falls a huffing, and cries fye-on't.  
 Declaring in an angry fleer,  
 (n) ' There's many a foolish trifle here ;  
 ' That may be born with, not defended ;  
 ' But it were better 'twere amended :  
 ' And e'er you set it right, it must  
 ' Be polished from popish rust.'  
 When Calvin gave it such a touch,  
 It lost its credit very much,  
 And such as were before so fond on't  
 Now scarcely deign to lay a hand on't,  
 Unless sometimes a leaf or so  
 They pluck out when to stool they go.  
 But now, the mischief on't, their cause  
 Is worse by far than e'er it was ;  
 For having cast their book away,  
 They want a form by which to pray ;  
 For those men were not gifted then,  
 To pray extemporary like Pen :  
 Nor had they yet to prompt their brain,  
 The secret of their magick cane ;  
 Such as the whig-saint, major Wear,  
 Lean'd always on, when at his pray'r.  
 At last they call'd a convocation,  
 Not such a one as now's in fashion :  
 For there they set all down together,  
 The humbler clergy with the other ;  
 Nor knew they any man his seat,  
 But each the first took he came at ;

(n) See the hist. of the troubles at Frankfort, and the survey of the pretended holy discipline, printed at London, ann. dom. 1593, page 44.

That

That is, if none were sitting on't,  
For else't had been a base affront.  
After some turnings of discourse,  
And talking much had made 'em hoarse,  
They came at last to resolution  
Of putting things in execution.  
And thus it was : No one to chuse,  
Nor either of the forms refuse ;  
But so to mingle both together,  
As no man might discover either,  
And yet be both, in being there  
John Calvin's, and king Edward's prayer,  
Thus mixt, the next thing to be done,  
(Having the lump to work upon,)  
Was to extract from both a new one,  
Which, for a while, must be a true one.  
A while, I say, for they intended,  
At better leisure to amend it.  
Well, all was pleas'd, and matters were  
In quiet state for half a year ;  
Till Cox's crew to Frankfort came,  
And jumbled all things out of frame.  
First thing they do, they beg for union,  
Knox and the rest join in communion ;  
Not doubting but they wou'd comply  
With the new form of liturgy.  
On Sunday following not a man,  
But had his best apparel on :  
His dublet-lap, cut into quarters,  
That scarce reach'd half-way to his garters ;  
His breeches strait, long, ope' at knee,  
As boors do use in Germany ;  
His beard was cut in form of spade,  
As Hudibras's since was made ;

His

His locks scarce hid his ears, he had 'em  
 As folks in ballads picture Adam :  
 His hat shap'd almost like a cone,  
 Taper at top, the wide end down ;  
 With narrow rim scarce wide enough  
 To save from rain the staring ruff,  
 That round his neck stood with no less  
 Of poking holes, than tripple chefs ;  
 That stiff as buckram stood with starch,  
 And thus equipt, to kirk they march.

But when in kirk this godly crew  
 Was set, and parson in his pew,  
 Began his prayer, Cox with his boys,  
 Roars out an unexpected noise,  
 Of responds, as the parson read-on,  
 Which (a) Knox and's party thought no need-on,  
 But touch'd in conscience, fell a grumbling,  
 And drown'd the parson's voice with mumbling  
 Till many of the younger sort,  
 Burst out with laughter at the sport :  
 So that one might, like that of hounds,  
 Have heard variety of sounds.  
 Knox hides his wrath, lets them go on,  
 But when the afternoon came, John  
 Into the pulpit gets, and there  
 Falls foul of Cox, and Edward's prayer,

With

(a) The history of the troubles at Frankfort, concerning Knox's sermon, says : Knox having past so far in Genesis, that he was come to Noah as he lay open in his tent, spake those words following.—As divers things ought to be kept secret, even so, such things as tend to the dishonour of God and disquieting of his church ought to be disclosed and openly reprov'd. And thereupon (says the history) he shewed, how that after long trouble and contention among them, a godly agreement was made, and how the same that day, was ungodlily broken. Which thing became not the proudest of them all to have



With all the rhetorick he had ;  
 The substance of the thing he said,  
 Here in the margin you may see ;  
 Writ from their Frankfort history.

Cox bloodily at this being vex'd,  
 Resolves revenge on Sunday next ;  
 Gets into kirk by break of day,  
 While Knox's party was away,  
 And makes a parson of his own  
 Possess the pulpit till 'twas noon.  
 With orders soon as Knox came in,  
 With Edward's pray'r-book to begin,  
 From end to end to read it o'er,  
 And all to answer as before.  
 Knox furious grew at this, and ire  
 Set head and face and all on fire,  
 And made him ban, and backwards pray,  
 Like mistress Loveit in the play.  
 But Cox, tho' of a calmer face,  
 Resolves to bate him not an ace ;  
 It would have pleas'd ye to have seen 'em,  
 What counter-suffles fell between 'em ;  
 How one shov'd t'other from the pulpit,  
 Who left it not while he could help it ;  
 Till Cox and Lever overcame  
 Both pastor Knox and Whittingham.

They

have done : Alledging furthermore, that like as by the word of God we must seek our warrant for the establishing of religion ; & without that to thrust nothing into any christian congregation : So, for as much as in the English book were things superstitious, unpure, and unperfect, which he offered to prove before all men, he would not consent that of that church it should be received. That in case men would go about to burthen that free congregation therewith, so oft as he should come in that place (the text offering occasion) he would not fail to speak against it. He farther affirmed, that among many things

They pickt a hole in Knox's coat,  
 (Else't had been whether, for a groat)  
 Having found out in proper season,  
 That Knox 'gainst Cæsar had writ treason;  
 (b) Of which they good advantage took;  
 And brought for evidence his book,  
 Which closely to his charge they laid;  
 See in the margin what he said.

No sooner did they this relate,  
 To Glauber, who was magistrate,  
 But he commanded Knox to fly,  
 And 'scape deserved destiny:  
 Tho' Cox and Lever were in hope,  
 Glauber would have employ'd the rope.  
 Some of his party did embroil  
 The congregation for a while;  
 But Whitehead now being made the pastor,  
 Joins force with Cox, and gets the master,

things which provoked God's anger against England, slackness to reform religion was one; and therefore it became them to be circumspect how they laid their foundation. And where some men were not ashamed to say, that there was no let or stop in England, (meaning in king Edward's time) but that religion might be, and is already brought to perfection; he proved the contrary by the want of discipline; also by the troubles which Mr. Hooper sustained for the rebet, and such like in the book commanded and allowed. And for that one man was permitted to have 3, 4, or 5 benefices, to the great scandal of the gospel, and defrauding of the flock of Christ of their livelyhood and sustenance. These were the chief notes of his sermon, which was so stomach'd of some, especially of such as had many livings in England, that he was very sharply charged and reproved for the same, as soon as he came out of the pulpit. Thus the hist. pag. 38.

(b) Knox's admonition to christians, as cited by the hist. of the troubles at Frankfort, p. 44, 45. England! England! if thou wilt obstinately return into Egypt, that is, if thou contract marriage, confederacy, or league with such princes as do maintain and advance idolatry, such as the emperor, who is no less an enemy to Christ

O'er all the rebels he could find,  
 That busy Knox had left behind;  
 And force old (c) Whittingham and Fox,  
 With all their clan, to follow Knox:  
 They do so, and by break o'day,  
 Pack up things fitting for the way;  
 As bread, cheese, butter, and roast beef;  
 (For travellers must have relief:)  
 And to Genev' away they pack,  
 With each his knap-sack on his back:  
 For Fox advis'd 'em not to ride,  
 Save on a stick, for shunning pride:  
 But e'er 'twas long, himself grew sick,  
 With riding on a faggot stick;  
 And therefore took up inn at Basil,  
 And warm'd him with his horse of hazel.  
 The rest recruiting empty wallets,  
 That had been rob'd by hungry pallats,  
 Resolve to march on the next day,  
 And so took Zurick in their way;  
 And wou'd have gladly winter'd there,  
 But that the fox, old Bullinger,

Lik'd

Christ than was Nero; if for the pleasure and friendship (I say) of such princes, thou return to thine old abominations before used under papistry; then, assuredly, O England, thou shalt be plagued and brought to desolation, by the means of those whose favour thou seekest, and by whom thou art procured to fall from Christ, and serve Antichrist. There were eight other places (says the history) but this was most noted, in that it touched the Emperor. His treason was also against Philip the Emperor's son, and queen Mary of England.

(c) John Knox thus forced to fly, several of his party, not willing to conform, resolved to depart also; upon this, the next day (says the history) the pastor, Dr. Cox, Thos. Drury, and Mr. Ashley, sent for Whittingham, Thos. Cole, John Fox, Wm. Keath, Roger Hart, John Hilton, with several others; demanding of them what should be the cause of their departure? Whittingham answered:—

First,



Lik'd not that such a pack of drones,  
 Shou'd come to suck his honey-combs.  
 For he was pastor in the town,  
 And had a flock there of his own ;  
 And had the best part of his living,  
 From charities of burghers giving ;  
 And therefore grumbled, Frankfort's truants,  
 Should come to eat up his allowance.  
 But seeing they were got to town,  
 He bad 'em (coldly) sit 'em down ;  
 At least to rest an hour or so,  
 And take a snack before they go.  
 Then out he brings a wooden dish,  
 With bits of beef, and pork, and fish,  
 That had from dinner 'scap'd away :—  
 When they had lick'd the greasy tray,  
 He brings an equa-vita bottle,  
 That had a lid screw'd on for stopple ;  
 And gives them ev'ry one a sup  
 Out of the little stopple cup ;  
 Then points their way, and gives his blessing,  
 To make amends for such dismissing.  
 At last they got to journey's end,  
 And there we'll leave 'em with their friend.  
 John Calvin.

First, their breach of promise, established with invocation of God's name : Secondly, their orderless thrusting themselves into the church : Thirdly, taking away the order of discipline established before their coming, and placing no other : Fourthly, the accusation of Mr. Knox, their godly minister, of treason, and seeking their blood : Fifthly, their overthrowing of the common order taken and commanded by the magistrates : Sixthly, the bringing in of papistical superstitions and unprofitable ceremonies, which were burthens, yokes, and clogs. When he and some of the rest had rendered their reasons for their departure to this effect, certain warm words passed to and fro, from the one to the other, and so in some heat parted. History, page 59.

Frankfort thus empty'd of a pack, such  
 As Noll himself ne'er saw more factious;  
 When every one ran mad to fight  
 With next he met, for inward-light:  
 You may perhaps expect to find,  
 The congregation left behind  
 At quiet, free from further grudging  
 Concerning matters of religion;  
 And in their faith and kirk-communion,  
 Linkt all together in close union.  
 But this you must not look for, where  
 Of protestants you find a pair:  
 Nay, if but one alone you'll see,  
 He cannot with himself agree;  
 But be for this, that, t'other way  
 Perhaps an hundred times a day.

At Frankfort then new feuds arose,  
 About the name and stile of those,  
 Who were as chiefs to be elected,  
 For kirk, you know, must be protected.  
 Some were for Bishop; but the rest  
 Detested this, and the word priest,  
 As titles sprung from antichrist.

Superintendant some were for;  
 But others did that name abhor,  
 'Cause super was join'd to intendant,  
 Whereas each man was Independant.  
 Intendant they could well away with;  
 But it was super they said nay with;  
 Because it argu'd him superior,  
 And consequently them inferior:  
 Whereas the meanest of the people,  
 By gospel freedom was his equal.

At

At last they all agreed to name him: should not  
 Pastor; and Pastor they proclaim him: longer.  
 Because, say they, it signifies, They made an act  
 Only to feed, not tyrannize, nor to be degraded once  
 Nor govern, nor command, nor rule  
 Over the rest without controul:  
 For none lik'd to be governed,  
 But all were willing to be fed:  
 Yet some thought feeding had extent  
 To th' odious name of government first invented  
 For he (say they) that feeds the sheep, And how  
 Will also claim a pow'r to keep, Gave up to Knox  
 The flock from ranging here and there, And how  
 In search of more abundant fare: supplied was  
 As when by chance one strays too far, Who yet  
 A snarling cur, ere it's aware, Is sent to pinch it by the lug,  
 'Twill find no mercy in the dog. And Whitchurch  
 As for its fleece, Pastor will take it, The archer  
 And leave the sheep, as Adam, naked. I then  
 If government o'er congregation, From with  
 Be exercised in this fashion; Rats'd in him from  
 Pray will not this, Sirs, think ye, be Behaves  
 O'er us a perfect tyranny; A little Ned  
 They all conclude, it must be so; Or has  
 And therefore to consult they go, I then  
 How to prevent the sad disasters He tells his flock  
 That might befall 'em from such Pastors. (The  
 In fine, the cautious multitude, Conform  
 For the preventing this; conclude To what  
 That, tho' they lik'd well Pastor's care, Or else  
 Yet none should hold the Past'ral chair But to  
 Longer, than by the congregation, Thus  
 He's deemed fit for such a station. The



Nor should the elder's office hold  
Longer, than congregation would.  
They made an act, that elders were  
To be degraded once a year;  
And new ones put into their places;  
Or, if perchance some of their graces  
Chance to be reinthron'd again,  
'T must be from rank of private men.

You heard before how Whittingham  
Invented first the Pastor's name;  
And how that he a simple novice,  
Gave up to Knox his Past'ral office:  
And how that stubborn traitor Knox,  
Supplanted was by crafty Cox;  
Who yet remain'd not long in place,  
E'er he gave way to Whitehead's grace:  
And Whitehead turn'd it o'er to Horn,  
The archest Pastor e'er was born;  
A rogue that play'd them more false pranks,  
Than gypsies cou'd, or mountebanks.

Horn with a proud insulting air,  
Rais'd in him from conceit of chair,  
Behaves himself as if he'd been,  
A little Ned, or maiden queen;  
Or has supremacy much more,  
Than Harry e'er assum'd before.  
He tells his flock they must obey,  
(Tho' how, they never knew the way)  
Conform they must each mother's son,  
To whatsoever h'ell have done;  
Or else in Frankfort must not stay,  
But to Geneva pack away.  
Thus by the mighty force of tongue,  
He aw'd awhile the factious throng;

Till

Till Ashley, an esquire of fashion,  
And great in eye of congregation,  
Bolder than others were, and quicker  
When warm'd with zeal and Rhenish liquor;  
Hotly with pastor Horn debated.  
'Bout matters that to church related;  
Demanding whether power supreme  
Was in the people or in him?  
With other things that by Sir Horn,  
Could not be with patience born;  
As fearing he would undermine  
His government and discipline:  
For Horn b'ing of a lofty soul,  
Thought much that any should controul,  
Or question him about his office,—  
A layman too! a saucy novice,  
Who, as to Hebrew, Greek, or Latin,  
Could with a school-boy scarce hold chating;  
And in divinity as dull,  
As he who baited the pope's bull.  
Horn was besides, of temper hot,  
And hotter when he took his pot;  
For 'twas at supper they fell out,  
When brimmers briskly flew about:  
And therefore could not brook the strange rage,  
Of Ashley's carriage and his language:  
But having first boasted his worth,  
And faculty of holding forth,  
His knowledge in old history,  
And present church's mystery,  
His skill profound in reformation,  
And privilege of pastoral station;  
All which, he pleads, must qualify him,  
For supreme guide of all men nigh him;

This

This said, the rest of his discourse,  
 At Ashley levels with much force;  
 I question not, sir, but you know,  
 I am your pastor, and dare you,  
 Now scarce yourself, with wrath and wine,  
 Pretend to change our discipline,  
 Or take upon you to correct  
 My actions, or my deeds in respect  
 If I this fauciness in you,  
 Shou'd seem to wink at, or allow;  
 It would destroy our kirk at Frankfort,  
 And who the devil can ye thank for it now?  
 However, since you speak in drink,  
 As most do, whatsoe'er they think,  
 Tho' without reason or discretion,  
 Yet if when sober, a submission  
 You'll make, I shall be pleas'd to pardon,  
 For peace's sake, tho' 'tis a hard one,  
 Not to make further satisfaction,  
 For so rebellious an action,  
 And setting congregation up  
 For judges of our pastorship.

Well, when you're sober, if I hear,  
 Words so schismatical, I swear  
 I sha'n't be able to dispence, sir,  
 Therewith, but use the past'ral censure,  
 Know, I anathemas can breath,  
 Who have the keys of hell and death,  
 Softly, good pastor, for I know,  
 Quoth Ashley, no such power in you;  
 I do defy your curse alone,  
 To send to hell the meanest one  
 The keys of hell, death, and damnation,  
 Are in the hands of congregation;

For



For 'tis the full assembly can  
Damn at their pleasure any man.  
The congregation hearing this,  
Cry'd *una voce*, so it is.

I wonder that you should upbraid me  
With drinking, for, by him that made me,  
I am as sober as your reverence,  
Who glass for glass has pledg'd me ever-since,  
We sat us down at board to supper;  
If I be drunk, then you're not sober:  
Yet, sir, I'm not so full of drink,  
But know both what I say and think.

Some of the elders that sat by,  
Perceiving choler work so high;  
And dreading that the issue might  
End in a counter-suffle fight,  
Did what they could to moderate  
Horn's fury, and pale Ashley's hate;  
Persuading each to make amends,  
By shaking hands, and drinking friends.  
O wonderful effect of wine!

To peace it does again incline,  
And twists what late it did untwine.  
For as in it begun their strife,  
So to their friendship it gave life;  
And both becoming merry-hearted,  
Drank themselves friends, and so they parted.  
But ties of liquor are not strong,  
Nor lasted drunken friendship long;  
For three days after, when they met,  
A large dose did the knot unknit,  
Which never after could be ty'd,  
Tho' Cox, and Kelk, and Kockroft try'd;

U

And

And Bentham, Falkoner, and Carroll  
Strove what they could to end the quarrel ;  
So Railton, Warcoppe, Bartney, Sands,  
To part 'em put their helping hands.  
Those undertook to settle matters,  
Under the name of arbitrators :  
But more they strove, more out of reach  
The quarrel grew, wider the breach ;  
Till watchful magistrates stept in,  
T'appease by force the zealous din,  
And keep th'incensed from together,  
That one side might not kill the other.  
Yet could they not prevent their lungs  
From pouring out by spiteful tongues,  
The venom that their inward men  
Had skilfully compos'd within,  
To poison one another's fame,  
And to contaminate good name.  
Horn and his elders blew aloud  
The vices of the factious croud,  
And congregation, in requital,  
Return'd 'em blast for blast as spiteful ;  
And ev'ry way to sense as grievous,  
And to their honours as mischievous :  
Thus to their shame, their light within,  
Expos'd to view their inward men.

The constables and magistrates,  
Who bustled to allay their heats,  
And quench the flaming conflagration  
That rag'd thus in reformation ;  
Made use of fair words, foul words too  
They us'd, when good words would not do,  
Yet neither by their pow'r nor skill,  
Could they their malice reconcile :

Nor

Nor valu'd they one single straw,  
 The force of God's or Frankfort's law.  
 Only some few, to make amends,  
 Shook hands together, and were friends;  
 That is, as to the outward shew,  
 For inwardly they were not so.  
 But Horn and Ashley, and the rest,  
 Their malice publicly profest,  
 Which to this day has never ceas'd;  
 But makes them murder, now and then,  
 The one the other's outward men,  
 And damn their inward men and light,  
 To flames of everlasting night;  
 Witness the books that both sides write:  
 Witness the wars that were begun  
 In sixteen hundred forty-one,  
 'Tween protestants and presbyters,  
 And ended not of eighteen years;  
 Of which I'll tell ye more hereafter,—  
 Let's on with Horn, the theme of laughter.  
 The strife begun, as has been said,  
 And nought of reconcilment made;  
 One Hales, who't seems in peace delighted,  
 Resolves that he'll see all things righted;  
 And to that purpose letters sends,  
 To this effect, to all his friends:  
 Alas! dear brothers, quoth Sir Hales,  
 Shall we stand picking of our nails,  
 While one claw's out another's eyen  
 About our pray'r and discipline,  
 And not endeavour all we can  
 To settle peace 'tween man and man?  
 How kirk can stand, in troth I see not,  
 If reconciliation be not;



Or be supported while the pastor  
And people thus together bluster :  
Since all the burgers of renown,  
Are scandaliz'd throughout the town ;  
So that they will not give a penny,  
Nor bread, nor beef, allow to any ;  
As judging us that are so sturdy,  
Of alms and charities unworthy.  
Chambers, that keeps our public purse,  
One single stiver won't disburse;  
Unless the pastor bids him do it ;  
Which while this feud's on foot, you know it,  
He'll not allow, altho' the people  
For hunger shou'd devour the steeple  
And eat his elders for relief,  
And powder him instead of beef.  
So rats, a sort of giant mouse,  
Once eat a pastor and his house.  
'Tis therefore fit we find a remedy,  
Before things come to that extremity,  
Let's therefore meet a dozen of us,  
And manage things as do behove us,  
In Horn and Ashley's hot contest :  
This wholesome council pleas'd the rest,  
Who next day met betimes i' th' morn,  
And send ambassadors to Horn.  
Horn coming to the council board,  
With look as big as any lord,  
Not moving of his hat, nor bending,  
Demands the reason of their sending :  
To which in friendly sort they answer,  
You are at variance with a man, sir,  
About some things that 'scap'd his lip,  
Relating to your pastor-ship ;

Which

Which we desire, being fairly stated,  
 Before the church may be debated  
 And by us twelve be arbitrated;  
 Who representing congregation,  
 Have taken on us th' arbitration.  
 For tho' you are not pastor, yet  
 As being a party, 'tis not fit  
 You judge your adversary, but  
 The cause to this assembly put;  
 For there no reason is, that you  
 Shou'd be both judge and party too:  
 This were the giving up for lost  
 Poor Ashley's cause, tho' ne'er so just.

Horn, looking grim, as armed Tarter,  
 When fully bent to give no quarter,  
 And huffing like a petty prince,  
 Severely checks their insolence:  
 Demanding, by what power or laws,  
 They undertake to judge his cause?  
 This bustle that you make, I fear,  
 Says he, when 't comes to Glauber's ear,  
 May be a means perhaps to make him  
 To some severity betake him;  
 Either to lock our church's door,  
 Or shut his purse against our poor,  
 He's vext already as't appears  
 By sending of the Halbardeers  
 To part us, when our fray begun;  
 And are you still a carrying't on,  
 With meetings so tumultuous  
 Against our pastorship, and us?  
 I wish the turning us from hence,  
 Prove not the fatal consequence

Of

Of such your envious peevish snarlings,  
Your meetings, mutinies. and quarr'lings :  
And, as your pastor, I declare,  
The next to schismaticks you are :  
For sure as death, your meetings tend  
To naught but schism in the end,  
For I'm resolv'd, and that you'll find,  
To fit ye for it in your kind,  
Ods-curse light o'my hand, if't fails,  
Severely too, to punish Hales  
By discipline ecclesiastic ;  
A weapon worse than whip or astick.  
But Hales and those who with him sided,  
The pastor's threats, and rage derided ;  
And valu'd not a crooked pin,  
That awful thing, his discipline ;  
Nor his ecclesiastic whip,  
Nor all his power of pastordship :  
But peremptorily pretended,  
To have his discipline amended ;  
Resolving, (which still griev'd him worse)  
From Chambers to translate the purse,  
Into such deacons hands as would  
Distribute honestly the gold.  
For purse and discipline, and prayer,  
Caus'd all the difference that was there.

Horn hearing such a desp'rate grudging ?  
Takes it (and who wou'd not ?) in dudgeon ?  
And seems as if he'd preach no more,  
But give his past'ral office o'er :  
At least (thinks he) I'll tell 'em so :  
For sure they'll never let me go :  
But rather humbly petition,  
That I'll continue in commission

And



And then I'll make enough to do,  
Before I will fall on a-new ;  
Nor will I seem to give consent,  
Till all do promise to repent ;  
And thus again I'll feign to leave them,  
When they'll not do as I would have them :  
For 'tis but fit a governor,  
Use policy as well as pow'r.  
On Sunday next this resolution,  
The pastor put in execution,  
And to the kirk he would not come,  
But sat in mulligrubs at home ;  
Advising all his elders, not  
T'wards steeple-house to stir a foot :  
So that to kirk, when people came,  
They found no pastor in the same ;  
No elder there to make oration,  
But all alone sat congregation,  
Gazing upon the vacant pulpit,  
Till at the last, in hopes to help it,  
They sent selected members out,  
To try if they could bring him to't.  
They beg, he huffs, they pray, he dings,  
From parlour into kitchen flings,  
And back again, like cur with switch,  
Or bull with gad-bee on his breech ;  
Checks congregation's rude behaviour,  
In language now courser than ever,  
And tells them that for divers reasons,  
They were unworthy of his pretence.  
Yet at the last, with much ado,  
He yields (as 'twere by force) to go.  
But into kirk b'ing come again,  
With all his elders in his train,

To

To pulpit not a man would go,  
But fat like laity all below;  
Nor would the pastor thrash the cushion,  
Unless they'd promise a submission,  
And suffer him t' expound the laws,  
And judge in his, and Ashley's cause;  
And punish saucy Hales, by keen  
Ecclesiastic discipline.  
But congregation, you must know,  
Was stiffer mettle than to bow,  
Or seem to give the least consent  
To's arbitrary government:  
Nor would they yield, that he so rashly,  
Should judge between himself and Ashley:  
Nor could a man of them abide,  
The currying of Ashley's hide!  
Or thrashing shoulders of friend Hales,  
With Horn's ecclesiastic flails:  
And so no hopes, 'tween congregation  
And Horn, of reconciliation.

This stubborn humour of the people,  
Makes pastor abdicate the steeple;  
As guessing still they'd not give o'er  
To court him, as they did before:  
And so indeed they did, but yet,  
The more they fawn, more Horn's in pet;  
Till fearing they might leave him so,  
He yields (yet as if forc'd to go.)  
But being scarcely half-way come,  
Between his palace and the dome;  
He hung an arse, and do what they  
Could do, would deeds have slipt away;  
Telling them that the words of worth,  
Declar'd by him at holding forth,

Was

Was but the casting pearls to hogs,  
 They were such damn'd unworthy dogs,  
 And that their rude unhallowed ears  
 Deserv'd nor gospel nor his pray'rs!  
 But having got him turn'd again,  
 Into the kirk he struts amain,  
 And makes a solemn protestation,  
 In face of all the congregation:  
 That if it happen'd after this,  
 They deemed all he did amiss,  
 He'd give 'em up to Satan's care,  
 And shake his shoe-dust in the air:  
 Yet, for my own part, you shall find,  
 I have no malice in my mind;  
 Nor do I mean to stick at small things,  
 Let's therefore see to settle all things:  
 But first, I'll into desk, and there,  
 Says he, I'll read the common prayer;  
 And hope you'll all invoke the Lord,  
 To sit with us at council-board.  
 Pray'r done, he makes a short oration,  
 Then calls the rest o'th' congregation:  
 The absent members at his summons,  
 In nature of a house of commons,  
 Came dropping in, until a full pack  
 Were met, and each sat on his wool pack;  
 Where with join'd notes, being all devout,  
 They sung this psalm that Horn set out.

METRE, Psalm 80. v. 7.

*Thou hast us made a very strife,  
 To those that dwell about:  
 And that our foes do live a life,  
 They laugh and jest it out.*

W

From

Numb. 6.



From this odd psalm, Horn takes occasion,  
 Thus to harangue the congregation :  
 Beloved brethren, understaud all,  
 Among the nations 'tis a scandal,  
 That we who are the Lord's elect,  
 Should seem to be a brawling sect,  
 And worry one another thus,  
 Like snarling dog and wawling puss,  
 When scarce we know for what we fight,  
 Nor whether side is in the right ;  
 Only conceits of self-inventions,  
 Is all the ground of our (*d*) dissentions,  
 If you think my sense wrong, pray know,  
 That I think your sense wrong also,  
 So that if neither side comply,  
 We must contend eternally :  
 Consider then, if one side must  
 Yield to the other, tis but just,  
 That you submit to me, who now  
 Am pastor,—and not I to you :  
 Who ever saw, in all his days,  
 Sheep lead their shepherd out to graze ?  
 Therefore beloved, pray submit,  
 And let us hear no more of it,  
 As for my own part, to agree,  
 I promise, nought shall want in me,  
 Nor in the elders, for we do,  
 Pardon each mother's son of you,  
 Reserving only things of weight,  
 That to our ministry relate,  
 And this I hope you'll not dispute,  
 But leave to us to prosecute.

(*d*) Vive, history of Frankfort, page 70, 71 72.

He said no more, but now the wise  
And grave assembly thus replies:  
Tho' you are now in pastor's chair,  
Consider fir, who plac'd you there.  
We own you pastor, yet fir, know,  
'Twas we, the flock, that made you so.  
And must the thing created claim,  
O'er its creator, pow'r supreme?  
We these disputes consent to clear,  
But will not buy our peace too dear,  
However, that you never may,  
Cast in our dish another day,  
That we were in the least refractory,  
Or fought imperiously to hector ye,  
We'll own you chief, by way of order,  
Provided that you go no further,  
Nor seem t'assume a jurisdiction,  
Over the flock, without restriction:  
Besides, as to all private grudges,  
We'll pardon you, as God our judge is,  
Reserving only things that be  
Relating to church liberty;  
And such, we hope you'll not dispute,  
But we ourselves may prosecute.  
Those most unlucky reservations,  
Mov'd pastor's spleen, and congregation's,  
To that degree, that neither side,  
Could their profound resentments hide:  
But, that which yet did further grudge him,  
They take upon themselves to judge him,  
In Ashley's cause, where they'll be master,  
And vote the church above the pastor.

At which he flings down past'ral battoon,  
And leaves in haste the seat he sat on,

Expecting that in former strain,  
They'd send to call him back again ;  
And so indeed they did, at which,  
'Mong private men he plac'd his breech,  
Nor, tho' they beg'd it of his grace,  
Wou'd he assume his past'ral place.  
At which a layman, and so young,  
He scarce had got the gift of tongue,  
With big words, and gesture haughty,  
Takes on him to teach Horn his duty.  
Horn checks him for his saucy pleading :  
He not desisting at his bidding,  
Horn takes his contumacy ill,  
And leave his past'orship he will :  
And up he starts, fierce as a Turk,  
And walks towards the door of kirk ;  
But finding none would bid him stay,  
Back to his bench he takes his way,  
Where being plac'd (with small respect)  
His words break out to this effect.  
Our falling out among ourselves,  
Like wrathful gebellines and guelphs,  
Made me seem to withdraw my care  
From flock, and quit the past'ral chair :  
Not that I meant it absolutely,  
But feign'd, to bring you to your duty ;  
For I and the elders to't were prest  
By policy, yet we protest,  
We meant it not ; therefore my friends,  
If for what's past you'll make amends ;  
That is, no more to grudge or grumble  
Against our discipline, but humble,  
Yourselfes to us, and our behests  
Obey, then we'll remain your priests :



I'll never from my chair depart,  
 But teach and preach with all (e) my heart:  
 Nor will (good men) the elders go,  
 But all rest as in *statu quo*.

The assembly wisely guessing what  
 He would so gladly have been at,  
 Resolve to tell his grace in fine,  
 The great defect of discipline.  
 Suppose the pastors and the elders,  
 Should no more mind us than *low-gelders*;  
 Or doctrine preach not orthodox;  
 Or tyrannize, as late did Knox;  
 Or take upon them to sit judges  
 Of differences, and private grudges,  
 Between themselves and other men,  
 They being but a party, then  
 And therefore, as is said before,  
 No proper judge on such a score;  
 How shall we remedy the matter  
 In these, and things of such like nature,  
 Unless we mend our discipline,  
 And statutes add, that may enjoin,  
 Pastor or elders to appear  
 At an assembly's lawful bar;  
 And to their sentence, as is fit,  
 Where they're a party, to submit.  
 If you to this will give consent,  
 Then we'll rest quiet and content

This frets and chafes the pastor's gall,  
 (f) That up he gets for good and all;

(e) There are many weighty causes (says Horn) which do altogether put us back from these invocations: and bid us stick to our old discipline.

(f) The expression used by Whitehead, is, "That Horn was wonderfully rubbed on the gall." Hist. of Frankfort.

And seems resolv'd in this hot fit.  
His kirk and pastorstship to quit :  
But seeing none themselves prepare  
To interpose, returns to chair ;  
Where scarcely set, but up he starts  
And to the door again departs :  
For two or three times thus he did,  
But finding still he was not bid  
Nor pray'd to stay, of's own accord,  
Came always back to council board !  
In hopes at length they would incline  
No more to canvass discipline.  
But as the assembly had begun,  
They were resolv'd to go on,  
And have their discipline amended,  
In spite of him that thus contended.  
Nay then, quoth Horn, if't must be so,  
I'll speak again before I go :  
" I, and the elders, will ourselves,  
" Correct it ; " — that's to do't by halves,  
Says the assembly, therefore we  
Will have a finger in the pye, }  
And lose no gospel liberty :  
Nor will we trust that crafty wag,  
Sly Chambers, with our money-bag.  
At this the elders look'd agast, }  
And Horn blew loud, as if the blast  
Had been intended for his last. }  
By h----n (says he) by earth and hell,  
By sea, and all that in them dwell,  
I swear, and solemnly protest,  
I'll neither eat, drink, sleep, nor rest,  
Till I take vengeance on you all ;  
For e'ry bit of me is gall.

I'll plague you for your discontents,  
I'll stop and cork up all your vents,  
And bring you into such a plight,  
You'll neither eat, drink, piss, nor shite;  
I'll pine you to such skeletons,  
That you shall gnaw your flew from bones,  
And thank me too, that I'll permit ye  
To dine so well; ye dogs, I'll fit ye;  
Unless you feed on straw and hay,  
Too good for such like cattle: nay,  
Horn having thus discharg'd ding-dong,  
His blust'ring gun-shot in the throng,  
Expects no other, but to find,  
Them frightened to a better mind:  
But he mistook, for congregation  
Laught, thus to see him in a passion:  
Derides his threats, contemns with scorn,  
The Fury of their Pastor, Horn.  
At which he cries out (cold at Heart)  
My belly akes; I must depart:  
And stepping into midst of alley,  
Down which he was to make his salley.  
Cries out from stretched throat, as high  
As ever he for's life could cry,  
' Behold, I do dissolve the assembly.'  
And then struts out of door, as nimbly  
As any traitor, and to's house  
He runs, with flea in's ear, or louse;  
And never came in pulpit after,  
Which caus'd some tears, but muckle laughter,  
Pastor no sooner went away,  
But elder all refuse to stay:  
The ministers left off their preaching,  
And lecturers gave o'er their teaching,

And



And follow Pastor to his palace,  
Where with the money-bag they solace.  
For bag, and he that had promotion  
To bear it, were at Horn's devotion:  
Which the wise elders knowing well,  
Stuck close to Horn, as wax to seal.  
And Horn himself stuck close to th' Pouch,  
Which his friend Chambers had in's clutch,  
Thus being on the surer side,  
The congregation they deride:  
Reproaching of 'em for their wants,  
With rude, unseemly scoffs and taunts,  
As poor and silly starved dogs,  
Scarce good enough for keeping hogs:  
Which, and the wanting of relief,  
Fill'd the assembly so with grief,  
That to the magistrates they send  
A sad complaint, by Whitehead penn'd;  
Of injuries that Horn had done 'em  
And of aspersions he cast on 'em.

The Pastor gone, (as said before)  
We of th' assembly must say more:  
For they continue, notwithstanding  
Horn's ministerial countermanding,  
And vote themselves, tho' wanting him,  
To be a lawful Sanhedrim.  
Thus cloath'd with self-giv'n jurisdiction,  
They fall upon a new election,  
And fill the abdicated chair,  
And all the vacant places there  
With elders of the glibbest tongue  
And best book-learn'd in all the throng:  
Of which they place in past'ral chair  
Not one, as usual, but a pair;

Which

Which when set in't, (for you must know,  
It was not made at first for two,)  
They were so closely ram'd together  
As if the one had grown to t'other.  
Those two thus seated cheek by jowl,  
Are so to act, as if one soul,  
Inform'd 'em both, and nothing can  
Be done, but by the double Man. *The assembly.*

New canons and decrees they make,  
And cognizance of all things take,  
Relating to the Church: and scorn  
All opposition made by *Horn*.  
Which was not little; for in fine,  
When they had made new discipline;  
*Horn* takes his pen, and from the scriptures  
Condemns some five and twenty chapters.  
But *Whitehead*, as a champion good,  
Takes cudgels up, and *Horn* withstood;  
And from the bible proves again  
What *Horn* condemn'd, and full as plain;  
So now their off-spring-pulpit-quacks,  
Turn bible to a *nose of wax*.  
Which they to either side can wrest,  
As serves their present interest,  
And what they mak't on *Sunday* say,  
They'll mak't deny the next *Lord's Day*.  
And now the scuffle does begin,  
A fiercer yet has never been,  
Between two such dead-doing men,  
Arm'd with fell weapons, Tongue and pen,  
They both let fly, while neither know,  
Which way i'th' world to ward the blow.  
The other aims his stroke as right,  
As if he smote him out of spight.

The *Pastor* lays on lusty bangs :  
*Whitehead* the *Pastor* batterfangs.  
No mercy : each one strives to kill  
His foe, with dint of geeses quill,  
As mouse and frog, in ancient days,  
With bul-rush fought their mortal frays,  
If you would all the combat see,  
Inspect their *Frankfort* history :  
For here I have not room to write  
All the particulars of the fight.  
Yet, for my readers satisfaction,  
I'll sing th' event of this dire action ;  
And shew how *Horn* escap't from fight  
By stratagem, in dark of night ;  
Plunder'd their camp, seiz'd all their baggage,  
And safely carry'd off the luggage,  
There was one *Eaton*, and one *Abel*,  
Two of the shrewdest of the rabble,  
Who wisely weighing how things went ;  
For *Knoll*, and *Wroth*, and *Willford* sent ;  
And *Springham*, and old *Gaffer Sands*,  
To reconcile the angry bands.  
And stop, if possibly they cou'd,  
The shedding of reformed blood.

These offer for accommodation,  
Between the foes, their mediation :  
And to that end, to each side sent  
A certain sort of instrument,  
Or form of reconciliation ;  
Which neither pleas'd the congregation,  
Nor *Horn* ; for both the offer slight,  
And still continue desperate fight :  
Nor could they ever end this fray,  
Till *Horn* and *Cambers* ran away :

For



For you must know, those warriors knew,  
How to retreat, and rally too:  
When danger met 'em, how to shun it;  
And when't persu'd, to over run it.  
So *Horn*, as I above have shown,  
In *pastor's* chair would sit him down,  
And on a sudden rise and quit it,  
As if he meant no more to sit in't.  
Now *Horn* is off, and now he's on,  
Now *Horn's* a *pastor*, now he's none;  
At last he vanishes like wind.  
With all the treasure he could find;  
And *Chambers* with him fled, with what  
He had purs'd-up in skin of cat,  
And leg of footless woolen stockin,  
That serv'd instead of better pokein:  
For he had of the public gold,  
More than his cat-skin purse wou'd hold;  
And with good silver, some suppose,  
Fill'd all th' pockets in their hose.  
The manner how they left their quarters  
Is thus recorded by good authors.

Riches in proper were to no man,  
All beggars were, all liv'd in common;  
Setting the world at flat defiance,  
Like *Waldo* that *Old Knave of Lyons*.  
Who ne'er was haunted with a farthing,  
After he pawn'd his shop and garden.  
And why they thus resolv'd to slight it  
They reason was, they could not meet it.  
Yet tho' they were so poor and shabby,  
Lean, lazy, lousy loons, and scabby  
They had a public stock in store,  
The bag, one master *Chambers* bore.

*Chambers*, a knave that had more fetches,  
More rogush tricks and cunning stretches,  
Than *Pacolet* in old romances,  
Or she that hight the *German-princess* :  
Could lie, dissemble, cheat, collogue,  
Like *Guzman*, or the *English rogue* :  
And as deep skill'd in dark intrigue,  
As *Burnet*, or old *Lobb* the Whig :  
And dexterous as *Sunderland*,  
In acting treason under-hand :  
Subtil he was : none could fore-see,  
Approaching harms, so well as he.  
He seeing mischief might befall him,  
If to account the mob should call him,  
Provides against fore-seen disaster,  
By joining him to *Horn* the *Pastor*,  
For he, a crafty hypocrite,  
Would have some colour for his flight ;  
And a more plausible pretence  
He could not have, than parting thence  
With *pastor Horn*, his friend, whom they  
Through their dissentions, forc'd away.  
And *Horn*, o't'other side, thought, he  
Could have no better company,  
Than such a one as could convey  
The public treasure all away.  
And 'twas not a little they had then,  
From charity of godly Men ;  
For scarce a saint reform'd in *Frankfort*,  
But gave his mite tho' little thank for't.  
Great sums besides came out of *Britain*,  
And all the bills to *Chambers* written :  
Oblig'd he was not to account,  
To what those incomes did amount :

Nor

Nor distribution make o'th' gold,  
 But when he pleas'd, or *Pastor* would :  
 Which seldom chanc't, the poorest of 'em  
 Could scarcely wrest an orkie from him ;  
 As close together kept those two,  
 As dogs in cuplings use to do ;  
 In short no four were glued faster,  
 'Then purse and *Chambers*, prayer and *pastor*.  
 And now the next thing to be done,  
 Is to make ready to be gone :  
 'Their moveables by stealth they sold,  
 And turn'd their household-stuff to gold :  
 So that their equipage from thence,  
 Was purse and prayer ; and for defence,  
 A lusty strong battoon, or two,  
 To help to fight, as well as go ;  
 Resolving if pursu'd in flight  
 To turn 'em back to back and fight,  
 While drop of blood remain'd in either,  
 And part with life and purse together.

*Horn*, having settl'd all things thus,  
 Runs me unto one *Morpheus*.  
 This *Morpheus*, as we are told  
 By verses writ in days of old,  
 Could, when he list, lull men asleep  
 And in deep slumber cities keep,  
 For a whole day, or two, or more ;  
 Or, if it pleas'd him, for a score.  
 No sooner *Horn* begun t'enquire,  
 But he got news of this old fire :  
 Whose dwelling was a grot beneath  
 Agloomy shade, like that of death,  
 In this dark cell *Sol's* fulgent beams  
 Ne'er come, b'ing clouded by thick steams  
 That



That rise from an adjoining fen;  
It is an horrid dismal den.

And here it was that *Morpheus* lay,  
Securely snoring night and day;

Scarce possible for human power  
To keep him walking half an hour;

Unless upon some great occasion,  
That to his empire has relation,

*Horn* coming to the gate of cave,  
Begins to rap like a bold knave.

And calls and makes a noise like thunder,  
Which struck the god of sleep with wonder,

And rous'd him from his poppy-bed;  
He rubs his eyes and claws his head,

His limbs in wretching manner stretches,  
And gaping thrice, three yaunings fetches.

'Till being better half awake,  
Cries out, who's there; and *Pastor* spake:

Thou who makes mortals at thy pleasure  
To sleep and snort beyond all measure;

Pray lend me now some drowsy elf,  
Or else get up and come thy self,

And lull into a leaden slumber,  
Some sixty four or five in number;

And keep 'em so, good sir, I pray,  
'Till I from *Frankfort* get away:

The drowsy deity his eyes  
At this half opens, and replies.

But who art thou that makes this stir?

I am *Hob Horn* the pastor, Sir.

Pray take it not, you old curmudgon,  
So much in snuff and evil dudgeon,

That you are call'd to look about ye,  
In matters that belong t' your duty;

Especially

Especially when call'd on by  
A man, so eminent as I.

His godship hearing him so rough,  
And hector like a man in buff;  
Gets up, and with unwonted hast,  
Stalks to the door to make it fast.

And from the inside of his grot,  
Speaks civilly to th' angry sot,  
Least if provok'd he break into't,  
Or do some other harm without:

For *Horn* he knew was full of malice,  
As with good meat a sound egg-shell is:  
Which that he wisely might prevent,  
Thus answers him to his content.

Thou godly *pastor*, bless'd art thou,  
That comes to worship us below;  
Approach not nigh my grotto's fences,  
Least drowfiness benum thy senses,  
Haste thee from hence, and get thee home,  
In silent midnight I shall come.

*Horn* scrapes a leg, gives head a nod,  
And thanks and leaves the drowfy god.

Things left thus to the sleep-god's care,  
*Bacchus* had word to meet him there;  
Who did not fail, and for the swine  
Prepar'd a tun or two of wine;  
Which stupify'd their senses so,  
That *Morpheus* had not much to do,  
Tho' well provided: for his pockets  
He'd cramm'd with opiats and narcoticks,  
And hung him round with sleepy drugs,  
In bladders some, and some in jugs;  
Which he compounding, thought it best  
To give each man his dose of rest:

And

And *Bacchus* willing to depart,  
 Makes every man drink off his quart.  
 With opium mix'd and juice of henbane,  
 Till in dead sleep they lay like men slain.  
 Some stretched out upon a bed,  
 And some in chimney-corners lay'd;  
 Here one sits snoring, t'other there,  
 That on a stool, this on a chair;  
 And others on the floor lay flat;  
 In this hole one, and two in that;  
 Yet not a soul but slept as soundly  
 As dormouse, snoring most confoundly.

The sleepy god having tir'd himself,  
 Points to a little greasy elf;  
 That always follow'd him about,  
 When he had business without,  
 To wait as foot-boy you may guess,  
 Upon his high-and-mightiness,  
 This dwarf at *Morpheus's* command,  
 Takes a dull ointment in his hand,  
 Which to their eye-lids he applies:  
 And mumbles out in charming wise;  
 Sleep on, sleep on, and do not rise,  
 Sleep you, 'till I unseal your eyes,

And found they slept. And *pastor Horn*  
 And *Chambers* took their heels next morn.  
 An hour before the break of day,  
 And towards *Stassburg* made their way,  
 Without once looking back behind 'em.  
 As dreading *hue-and-cry* might find 'em.

'Tis not my task to tell you here,  
 How those they left behind did tear,  
 And rage, and rail, and curse, and swear;  
 When at their waking 'twas related,

That



That *pastor Horn* had abdicated,  
 With *Chambers*, that old cunning dog,  
 And stole away the money-bag :  
 It must be own'd a sad disaster,  
 To lose their common-prayer and *pastor*,  
 But judge if 'twere not ten times worse,  
 To lose their treasurer and purse.  
*Chambers* indeed, tho' he was gone,  
 Would still been held an honest man,  
 If in the trunk, from whence he took  
 The gold, he'd left a reckoning book,  
 Reporting that he'd fairly shewn 'em,  
 By his accompts, that nought was own 'em,  
 But gave this little satisfaction  
 To those that suffer'd in the action :  
 The book was scratch'd and blur'd within,  
 Some leaves torn out, and some stitch'd in,  
 That not a man of them could read it,  
 Nor did the congregation heed it;  
 Unless still to increase their grief,  
 To see so impudent a thief.

Let's visit next the lake (g) *Lemain*,  
 Where *Knox* and his *Geneva* train,  
 Are throng'd in making English bibles,  
 And publishing blasphemous libels ;  
 Such as would make a pagan sweat,  
 And put a *Jew* in ague fit.  
 With grief of heart, quoth *Knox*. I see,  
 How those at *Frankfort* disagree,  
 How they for trifles scold and fight :  
 Let us who have more gospel light,  
 Aim at more godly matters, such as  
 Become the best reformed churches.

(g) See Dr. Heylyn, 233, 234,

You who to gospel a good will  
 Do bear, and have in language skill,  
 Pray turn into the *English* tongue,  
 The holy bible:—be not long  
 In this attempt, that all may read;  
 For folk had never greater need.  
 But pray beware of several things,  
 As when the government of kings,  
 Of Bishops, or the *real presence*  
 The text defends, to alter the sense;  
 And take a holy liberty,  
 To make the bible damn all three:  
 But where the text won't easily do it,  
 Put fitting anotations to it;  
 Such as to vulgar judgments may  
 Turn sense of text contrary way:  
 As I have caution'd you in these,  
 So deal with what besides you please,  
 According as that spirit directs,  
 That you and all your works protects;  
 For I am sure you all inherit,  
 Large portion of *John Calvin's* spirit:  
 But I, and those of deeper skull,  
 Whose heads are stor'd with wisdom full,  
 Will set our doctrine out in print,  
 And prove it by strong argument,  
 And beat our foes by dint of letter,—  
 The rest make answer thus: 'tis better  
 That thus ourselves we exercise,  
 Than scratch out one another's eyes.  
 This said, one sort fell to translating,  
 Another to (*b*) predestinating.

Strange

(*b*) This predestinarian doctrine of Calvin's, has been since this time publicly taught by the English and Scotch presbite-

Strange was the liberty they took,  
 In *Englishing* their bible book.  
 From *Genesis* to *Revelations*,  
 They stuff it full of false translations.  
 The other wicked works they printed,  
 (By *Colvin*, *Knox*, and hell invented)  
 Made God the author of all sin,  
 That mankind e'er was plunged in,  
 That he determin'd *Adam's* fall:  
 That *Jesus Christ* dy'd not for all:  
 That God decreed predestination  
 To some, to others reprobation,  
 Without respect to good or ill:  
 That God's commands none can fulfil:

rians to this day, not without, also, great endeavours of the devil and his instruments to spread it privately among catholics, for, about the year 1611, Cornelius Jansenius, a Hollander, bishop of Ipres, in Flanders, writ a book which he entituled, "*Augustinus*." In which, under pretence of delivering the doctrine of the great St. Augustin, concerning grace, he subtilly endeavours to bring the Genevian heresies into the catholic church, under these five propositions.

*First*, Some of God's commandments are impossible to just men, though they desire and endeavour to keep them according to their present force: Grace is also wanting in them, to make them possible.

*Second*, In the state of corrupt nature, interior grace is never resisted.

*Third*, To merit and demerit, in the state of corrupt nature, a man's liberty from necessity, is not required, but liberty from coercion is sufficient.

*Fourth*, The *Semi-Pelagians* admitted the necessity of interior preventing grace to all acts, even to the beginning of faith; and in this were heretics, that they would have this grace to be such, that a man's will might resist it, or obey it.

*Fifth*, It is *Semi-Pelagianism* to say, that Christ died, or shed his blood generally for all men.

These are the five heretical propositions found in the said Jansenius's *Augustinus*, and have been since condemned by pope Innocent the 10th, and by pope Alexander the 7th, in the sense of Jansenius.



That God, to some of *Adam's* race,  
Ne'er deign'd to give one grain of grace ;  
But when he gives to others some,  
They cannot fail to overcome !  
So whether 't be to good or ill,  
'Tis God necessitates the will.  
Such tares, by *Knox* and *Calvin* sown,  
The puritans have handed down,  
Assisted by a brood of vipers,  
Hatch'd by *Jansenius* of *Ipres*.

*End of the First CANTO.*

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## C A N T O II.

## THE A R G U M E N T.

*The acts of great Queen Bess are sung,  
 Her character, and whence she sprung :  
 Her title to the English Crown ;  
 How th' ancient bishops were put down :  
 The famous nag's-head consecration,  
 Her clergy's worth and education ;  
 Their skill in sciences is told,  
 Their morals, and the faith they hold ;  
 Their articles from forty-two  
 To thirty-nine, when chang'd, and how.  
 Their common-prayer-books, alterations,  
 And other changes, forms and fashions  
 Made in religion : whence a flood  
 Issu'd of faithful martyrs blood :  
 The common-prayer to Ireland sent ;  
 What sort of clergy with it went :  
 The manner of its introduction  
 Is sung, but ends in sad destruction.*

**A**S soon as death hath laid cold *Mary*,  
 The lawful daughter of old *Harry* :  
 The next comes *Betty* : *Harry* got her,  
 At once his grand-daughter and daughter,  
 For sending into *France* *Tom Bullen*,  
 He with his wife found time to fool in,

In

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*End of the First CANTO,*

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## C A N T O II.

## THE ARGUMENT.

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 Her character, and whence she sprung :  
 Her title to the English Crown ;  
 How th' ancient bishops were put down :  
 The famous nag's-head consecration,  
 Her clergy's worth and education ;  
 Their skill in sciences is told,  
 Their morals, and the faith they hold ;  
 Their articles from forty-two  
 To thirty-nine, when chang'd, and how.  
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 The lawful daughter of old *Harry* :  
 The next comes *Betty* : *Harry* got her,  
 At once his grand-daughter and daughter,  
 For sending into *France* *Tom Bullen*,  
 He with his wife found time to fool in,

In



In which he had *Nan Bullen*, by her,  
Which *Anne* grown up, he lay so nigh her,  
That she impregnate grew by this,  
And brought him forth his daughter (a) *Bess*.  
But

(a) Dr. Nicholas Sanders in Lib. de Schismate Anglicano writes of *Anna Boleyn* thus, p. 15. *Erat Anna Boleyna, Uxoris Thomæ Boleyni, Equitis Aurati, filia: Uxoris dico: Nam ipsius Thomæ Boleyni filia non poterat, propterea quod illo in Francia Legatum agente, & biennium ibi commorante; Anna Boleyna interim domi concepta est & nata. Cum enim Rex Henricus Thomæ Boleyno uxorem adamaret, ut ea liberius frueretur, virum sub specie honoris in Franciam ablegavit: Interim Anna Boleyna domi concipitur & nascitur. Thomas autem Boleynus post biennium e Francia rediens, cum uxorem suam peperisse filiam vidisset, ulciscendi hujus adulteri lapidus, uxorem apud Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis Delegatos Judices in jus vocatam, repudiare in animo habuit. Uxor hujus rei certiore reddit Henricum Regem.*

*Is Marchionem Dorcestriæ ad Thomam Boleynum mittit cum iis mandatis, ut abstineret a lite, condonaret uxori, eamq; iterum in gratiam reciperet. Boleynus quamquam a Regis ira sibi timendum videret, tamen prius mandatis ejus non paruit, quam ab uxore audisset, ipsam a Rege sollicitatam fuisse, nec Annam Boleynam alterius quam Regis Henrici filiam esse. proinde in genua procumbens rogabat vitam ut sibi parceret, de cætero se fidelem ei Conjugem futuram: quod ipsum cum Marchio Dorcestriæ. aliiq; viri Primarii, tam suo, quam Regis nomine peterent; Thomas uxori, conciliatus: Annam Boleynam filix loco educat. Jam prius Thomas Boleynus aliam filiam ex Conjuge sua genuerat, cui nomen Mariæ imponebatur. In hanc Rex dum ad matrem ibat, oculos conjecerat, condempne post Thomæ Boleyni reditum, in Aulam suam, imo & in adulterinum thalamum traduxerat. Cum autem Henrici Regis domus ex perditissimo genere hominum constaret, cujusmodi erant Aleatores, Adulteri, Lenones, Assentatores, Perjuri, Blasphemi, Rapaces, atque adeo Hæretici: Inter hos insignis quidem Nepos extitit Franciscus Brianus, Eques Anratus. ex gente & stirpe Boleynorum: Ab illo Rex quodam tempore quæsit Quale peccatum vidaretur, Matrem primum, deinde Filiam cognoscere? Cui Brianus; Omnino, inquit, tale. O Rex, quale Gallinam primum, deinde Pullum ejus Gallinaceum comedere. Quod verbum cum Rex magno risu accepisset, ad Brianum dixisse fertur, Ne, tumerito meus es Inferni Vicarius. Brianus enim jampridem ob impietatem notissimam vocabatur, Inferni Vicarius, post hoc autem & Regis & Inferni Vicarius. Rex igitur cum & Matrem prius & postea filium Mariam Boleynam pro Concubina tenuisset, demum ad alteram quoque Filiam Annam Boleynam adjicere cæpit, &c. vid. Sanders.*

But first let's tell how *Tom* return'd,  
 Mad that he was like *Acteon* horn'd,  
 Did almost think to take the life  
 Of bastard brat, and whore his wife.  
 He stamp't and star'd, he bann'd and curst her,  
 And sure enough would have divorc'd her,  
 If *Harry* had not it prevented,  
 Who bad the wittal rest contented;  
 And be as kind to th' Girl hereafter,  
 As if she were his lawful daughter.  
 Base *Tom* obeys, no more looks sullen,  
 But calls her daughter, *Anna Boleyn*:  
 Provided her with cloaths and feeding,  
 And sent her o'er to *France* for breeding;  
 Where she was educated well,  
 Could many a pretty story tell,  
 Could lisp, and prattle pleasant stuff,  
 Had wit at will, and tongue enough,  
 And confidence a greater share  
 Than any lady that was there.  
 For other qualities, the wench  
 Got a new name amongst the *French*,  
 And stiled was while she stai'd there  
*The Hackney* or the *English Mare*.  
 With *English* men too she had been  
 Familiar, e'er she reach'd sixteen:  
 One of the first she cast an eye at,  
 Was a young rogue hight fir (b) *Tom Wyat*.

King

(b) We find in the life of the bishop of *Rocheſter*, that Sir *Thomas Wyat* had carnal knowledge of *Anna Boleyn*; and at cardinal *Wolſey*'s perſuaſions (who hated to hear tell of the king's marrying her, becauſe his deſire and endeavour was, that he ſhould marry the *French* king's ſiſter) Sir *Thomas Wyat* reſolved to confeſs all to the king, which he plainly did, and with great fear told him. The king commanded him to ſpeak no more upon his life, nor to acquaint any elſe with what he had told him, p: 81. *Dub*, Edit, 1740.

King *Harry* finding her mature,  
 And to the purpose try'd before,  
 Begins to fix his amorous fancy,  
 All fir'd with love, on daughter *Nancy*.  
 Good mother *Boleyn* (pious lady!  
 Finding he daughter lov'd by daddy,  
 She boldly tells him the report,  
 And sharply reprehends him for't.  
 You know as well as I, quoth she,  
 (c) *Nancy* is your's, begot of me :  
 'Tis incest in the highest nature,  
 For you, great sir, t' wed your daughter.  
 The king replies, upon my life,  
 She shall for all that be my wife.  
 A knight their was, call'd *Francis Bryan*,  
 As monkey cunning, bold as lyon,  
 An arch buffoon, as stories tell,  
 Nicknam'd the king's *vicar of Hell* :  
 Of him the king demands in laughter,  
 What fin it was to take the daughter  
 After the mother was worn out ?  
*Hell's vicar* quickly solves the doubt,  
 He tells him, 'tis no more a fin,  
 Than eating chicken after hen :

Thus

She had also been solemnly contracted to the Lord *Henry Piercy* Earl of *Northumberland*, as she owned herself to the King. For when he had told her that it was said she had promised to marry young *Piercy*, she answered him, *Sir, when I knew no other but that it was lawful for me to make such promise, I must confess, I made him some such promise*, p. 85. Do. Dub. Edit.

(c) Her mother the lady *Boleyn*, told the king plainly, she was his own daughter; saying, *Sir, for the reverence of God, take heed what you do, in marrying my daughter, for if you record your conscience well she is your own daughter as well as mine.* The king replied, *whose daughter soever she is, she shall be my wife.* Vid. *T. B.* in the life of Bishop *Fisher*, p. 84.



Thus having wisely solv'd the case,  
 He to his daughter wedded was,  
 And had by her his daughter *Bess*:  
 Hence't may be said and very true,  
 He was her *fire*, and *grand fire* too.

Well! in the next place, 'tis but fit  
 We speak a little of her wit,  
 When but a child; thence you may guess  
 It was, when old, prodigious;  
 Docile to wonder, toward child,  
 For, (if my author's not beguil'd)  
 She could have con'd her book of horn,  
 Within a month that she was born;  
 Could spell ye, ba, be, bi, bo bu,  
 As well as either I, or you;  
 To ob, ab, again could turn it,  
 As easily as Doctor *Burnet*;  
 And in a year, or little more,  
 Could read a good long chapter o'er,  
 And all this, e'er she well could speak,  
 More than a sort of childish squeak:  
 Yet was not tongue-ty'd; for in women  
 That imperfection is not common.  
 This pretty, little graduate,  
 (Strange she shou'd learn at such a rate,)  
 Began at four Years old to write,  
 And wise epistles could indite;  
 In which she shew'd, to some degree,  
 Her wond'rous skill in midwifry;  
 How sensibly her wise harangues,  
 Bemoan'd child-bearing women's pangs.  
 In foreign language she had skill,  
 And could speak *Latin* very well,



And was as perfect in *Italian*, (d)  
 As was at carving old *Pigmalion*.  
 She writ a hand as fair at four,  
 As she could do at twenty more:  
 If this seem all incredible,  
 (As to the wiser sort it will)  
 Pray blame my author, blame not me,  
 'Tis *Burnet*, in his history.

Her lesser faults, and frailties human,  
 Such as are incident to women,  
 As peevishness, and pettish freaks,  
 That neither love nor friendship breaks,  
 But rather move compassion in  
 The tender sort of sober men,  
 Is not my business here to tell ye,  
 Nor mention ev'ry *peccadille*;  
 But for her more enormous crimes,  
 You'll find them in our following rhymes,  
 Just as occasion now and then,  
 Presents itself to bring 'em in.  
 As to her virtues, (being wise)  
 She kept 'em hid from others' eyes;  
 Least by much using of 'em, they  
 Might grow thread-bare, and wear away:  
 Only her chastity was proof  
 Against the batteries of youth,

So

(d) The author of a book entitled, *Some discourses upon Dr. Burnet and Dr. Tillotson, occasioned by the late funeral sermon of the former upon the latter*, page 25, reflects severely on Dr. Burnet, for affirming in his history, vol. I. p. 209, that the lady Elizabeth writ letters, one in *Italian*, and another in *English*, to queen Jane Seymour, when she was with child of king Edward; she not being yet four years of age; and that both these letters were writ in the same hand that she wrote all the rest of her life. He terms *Burnet* for this, "a rash and fanciful historian."

So far that she had stiled been,  
 In flattering rhymes, "*The maiden queen.*"  
 Yet some there are, who seem to doubt  
 Of this, and say she wore it out,  
 As other things are apt to wear,  
 When us'd with none, or little care;  
 And tho' 'tis not deny'd that she  
 At first might queen and maiden be;  
 Yet in process of time she laid  
 Away the character of maid,  
 As may be guess'd from her amours,  
 And dal'iances at vacant hours,  
 With (*e*) *Effex*: which, as some suppose,  
 Made her change fashion in her clothes,  
 And wear her gown (tho' not much slder,)  
 Yet sev'ral ells in compass wider:  
 For when perceiving belly rise,  
 beyond the bounds of maiden size:  
 And where's the blame? For flesh is frail)  
 She fell to wear a fardingale;  
 A dress that bunches out so wide,  
 A growing belly is not spy'd;  
 Nor know you virgins in this gear,  
 From wives that at down-lying are.  
 Of this enough, what next is shewn,  
 Shall be her title to the crown.

Those who are not (*f*) legitimate,  
 Excluded are, by laws of state, And

(*e*) The comedy of her amours with *Effex* has been public-ly acted on the stage in king Charles the 2d's time.

(*f*) There was provision made, says Camden, in an act of parliament, for the succession of the *natural* issue of her body, viz. That no man, during the queen's life, should, by any book, written or printed, expressly maintain, that any person is, or ought to be, heir or successor to the queen, except the same be the *natural* issue of her body.

Incredible it is, says Camden, what jests those that lewdly

And such was she, as you may gather  
 From the adultries of her father :  
 Who when he wed the whore, her mother,  
 She was contracted to another,  
 And he (as is aforesaid) having  
 Another wife at that time living :  
 Which reasons brought to council-table,  
 With others *good and valuable*,  
 Votes, *nemine contradicente*,  
 Pass'd round the board, tho' they were twenty :  
 That *Anna Boleyn* ought to be  
 Divorced from his majesty :  
 Which well concurr'd with *Harry's* will,  
 And (g) *Cranmer* seal'd the parting bill.

As

catch at words made amongst themselves upon occasion of that clause, "*Except the same be the natural issue of her body.*" Forasmuch, as the lawyers term those children natural, who were gotten out of wedlock, whom *nature* alone, and not honest wedlock hath begotten ; and those they call lawful, according to the ordinary form of the common law of England, who are lawfully procreated on the body ; insomuch as I myself, says he. (being then a young man) heard some often times say, that that word was inserted in the act by *Leicester*, on purpose that he might one day obtrude upon the English some bastard son of his, for the queen's natural issue. *Camden*, in his hist. of *Elizabeth*, page 167, edit. 3.

(g) In a solemn instrument, under the seal of archbishop *Cranmer*, the marriage between *Anna Boleyn* and king *Henry* is declared, on good and valuable reasons, to be null and void. Some think that her being his own daughter, and a notorious whore before he wed her, are the reasons *Cranmer* speaks of. For, says *Heylyn*, no reason was express particularly for the ground. Which sentence of divorce was pronounced at *Lambeth*, the 17th of *May*, in the presence of sir *Tho. Hadley*. lord chancellor, *Charles* duke of *Suffolk*, the earl of *Oxon*, &c.—The said sentence of divorce was approved by the prelates and clergy assembled in their convocation on the 8th of *June*. It received the like approbation, by act of parliament, within a few days after, in which act there also passed a clause. which declared the lady *Elizabeth*, (the only issue of this marriage) to be illegitimate. vid. *Heylyn*, page 266. The crimes for which she died, says *Baker*, was adultery and incest. p. 303.



As soon as she was cast in prison,  
 And *Harry* meant to cut her weasen,  
 He disavow'd the unlawful wedding,  
 And *Bess*, the product of their bedding,  
 And all that ever pass'd between 'em.  
 (As records shew those who've seen 'em)  
 The clergy too, in convocation,  
 And that great body of the nation,  
 In parliament approved this,  
 And illigitimated *Bess*;  
 Disabling her to wear the crown,  
 Or sit upon the *English* throne.  
 All which consider'd, you must own,  
 She had no title to the crown;  
 But policy of after-times,  
 In spite of laws, or parent's crimes,  
 Put scepter into *Bess*'s hand,  
 And made her regent of the land;  
 And here, in short, I will set down,  
 The manner how she got the crown.

The late king *Edward* and queen *Mary*,  
 The lawful issue of king *Harry*,  
 Being dead; the next of legal race,  
 Was *Mary*, queen of *Scots*; whose grace,

The

The king was resolved to be rid of her, and to declare his daughter *Elizabeth*, by her a bastard. So little regard was had to her body, that it was put in a chest of elm-tree, made to carry arrows into *Ireland*. *Burnet's* abridgement, page 161, 162.

In queen *Anne's* carriage, says *Burnet*, it seems there were some freedoms that became not her quality, and encouraged those unfortunate persons to make some addresses to her.

It has seemed strange to some, that during her daughter's (queen *Elizabeth's*) long reign, none writ in vindication of her mother, so that silence was made an argument of her guilt, and that she could not be defended. *Burnet's* abridgment, p. 165.



The *English* scepter should have sway'd,  
 And had, but (*b*) *Philip* was afraid  
 That *England* might, by such a chance,  
 Become a province unto *France*.  
 And so enable the *French* crown,  
 To pull the *Spanish* greatness down :  
 For before this, the *Scotish* queen,  
 Had to the *Dauphin* married been ;  
 King *Philip* therefore, seeing death  
 At point of stopping *Mary's* breath,  
 Procur'd in parliament then sitting,  
 As many voices as were fitting,  
 To overpower such as might  
 Vote to maintain the *Scotish* right ;  
 Nor was it hard, thus to incline,  
 The *English* 'gainst the *Scottish* line ;  
 For an old grudge there had between  
 The nations many ages been ;  
 Which kept them always deadly foes,—  
 'Twas thus this enmity arose :  
 When king (*i*) *Achais* did reign,  
 He made a league with *Charlemain*.  
 And a strong friendship did advance,  
 'Twixt *Scotland* and the realm of *France* :

So

(*b*) King *Philip* resolved to use his best endeavours, not only to preserve her life, but obtain her liberty: for he considered with himself, that if the princess should be taken away, the right of succession would remain in the queen of *Scots*, who being married to the *Dauphin* of *France*, would be a means of joining this kingdom unto that, and thereby give the *French* the sovereignty over all other kings in *Europe*. Heylyn, p. 270.

Nothing could be more dreadful to the *Spanish* grandeur, who had continual war with *France*. Camden's introduction to the life of queen *Elizabeth*.

(*i*) An ancient league, made between *Charles* the Great and *Achais*, king of *Scotland*. vide, a treatise of the true causes of the prevarication of the church's liberties in *England*, c. 6. MS.

So that when *England* e'er begun  
 A war with *France*, the *Scots* came on;  
 And so *encontra*, when they came  
 Against the *Scots*, *France* fell on them.  
 From this a mortal hatred grew  
 In *England* 'gainst the other two.  
 This mov'd, I say, the nation's trustees,  
 Contrary both to law and justice,  
 Rather to give the *English* crown,  
 To a young bastard of their own,  
 Than to a *Scot*, altho' she were  
 Undoubtedly the lawful heir.  
 In fine, as soon as it was known,  
 The queen had left her earthly crown,  
 The *Spanish* faction moves in haste  
 The *French* begins to stir as fast;  
 The first prevails, for you must know,  
 'Twas much the greater of the two,  
 Forces the other to give place,  
 Proclaims the lady *Bess*'s grace!  
 Thus was the lawful *heir* excluded,  
 Thus the usurper *Bess* intruded.  
 Unjust to policy of state,  
 And to the church unfortunate;  
 For none did ever more oppress,  
 Or persecute the church, than *Bess*.

This by the bishops be'ng foreseen,  
 Not one of them would crown her queen,  
 'Till (*k*) *Oglethorp*, to gain esteem,  
 Set on her head the *diadem*.  
 Nor was this done, 'till first she took  
 A solemn oath upon a book, To

(*k*) She was crowned according to the order of the *Roman pontifical*, by Dr. *Owen Oglethorp*, bishop of *Carlisle*, the only man amongst all the bishops, who could be wrought on by her to perform that office. *Heylyn*, 278.

To keep religion as she found it.  
And not, by alteration, wound it.  
Yet had she not the least intent  
To keep her oath ; for all she meant,  
Was only to acquire a crown,  
That well she knew was not her own.

Thus crown'd, and seated on the throne  
The domineering *Amazon*  
Waves round her head the scepter royal,  
As if she threatn'd to destroy all.  
That should oppose her in the least,  
Or not comply with her behest ;  
Tho' 'twere to set her up for head,  
Of holy church, in *Peter's* stead.

Tho' I, says she, possess the crown,  
And tho' the scepter is my own.  
Yet in the crown I want one gem,  
More worth than all the diadem.  
My father was the churches head,  
So was my little brother *Ned* :  
Who, tho' a child, yet took the charge.  
Of Steering great St. *Peter's* barge.  
His oars and rudder he so ply'd,  
As made it stem both wind and tide ;  
It was his sport to make it go  
From side to side, and to and fro ;  
To this point now, and then to that point,  
Nor matter'd he a straw to what point,  
If but the course it ran were awkward,  
Or, as a *crab-fish* crawls, went backward ;  
As if to make his courtiers sport,  
By rowing in unusual sort ;  
And I myself did often smile at,  
The wagish tricks of the little pilot

And



And laugh'd to see him when he tore,  
 And tramp'd mass-books on the floor,  
 And preach'd against the *Scarlet Whore*,  
 With such a heat and zealous fire,  
 As if he had been clapped by her.

But when the little pretty novice  
 Perform'd the function of his office;  
 He feign'd such gravity in's face,  
 And acted with so soon a grace,  
 That *Cranmer*, who did ever eye him,  
 Was glad to take a pattern by him;  
 And imitate the little lad,  
 In ev'ry thing he did or said.

If *high-priest-hood* was so becoming,  
 An *infant*, why not me, a *woman*?  
 And one as dexterous and handy,  
 As any *Venus* had in *Candy*;  
 And as for wit, I'm sure myself has,  
 As much as gravest priest in *Delphos*.  
 The best reformers taught of late,  
 That women might officiate  
 Even in the confession-seat!  
 And for authority, you know it,  
 I can prove't (put you me to it),  
 That from my father, its brought down,  
 To me, by virtue of the crown.  
 The crown (blest be my stars) I have!  
 Why should I want prerogative  
 In church affairs, and have't in state?  
 To be a queen by halves I hate.  
 If it were lawful for my dad  
 To be *supreme*, and for a lad,  
 To head the church, why not for me,  
 To enjoy the like *supremacy*?

Numb. 7.

A a

I'll



I'll either be as, they have been,  
*Supreme*, or else I'll be no queen,  
 She said; tho' some did it (1) withstand,  
 She snatch'd the keys into her hand:  
 The power ecclesiastic seiz'd,  
 And lock'd up heaven when she pleas'd:  
 And in the following manner 'twas,  
 This strange affair was brought to pass.

She calls a (m) council of a pack,  
 Such as *Poor Robin's almanack*  
 Has in it's calender of sinners,  
 Of protestancies first beginners,  
 Who for their int'rest could betray  
 The church, and drive the faith away,  
 And protestants she puts in place,  
 In most (n) commissions of the peace,  
 Preparing thus the court and nation,  
 For her designed reformation;  
 But *reformation* could not be,  
 Till she had got *supremacy*;

(1) Archbishop Heath made an excellent speech against her supremacy, which may be seen in the historical collections, page 225.

(m) She was resolved, says Helin, to proceed to a reformation as time should serve; in order to which, she constitutes her privy council, which she compounded of such ingredients as might neither give encouragement to any of those who wished well to the church of Rome, or alienate their affections from her, whose hearts were more inclined to the reformation.

Care was taken to expose the former counsellors, for the ill conduct of affairs in queen Mary's time, and so to lessen their credit. *Burnet's abridgement*, page 340.

(n) The like mixture she caused to be made amongst other of her subordinate ministers, in adding such new commissioners for the peace in every county, as either were known to be of the reformed religion, or to wish well to it. *Helin*, page 275.

*A sanbedrim* she therefore summons,  
 I would have said a house of (o) commons,  
 But that the commons of the land,  
 In this election had no hand;  
 For private letters were sent down,  
 To ev'ry shire and borough town,  
 Insinuating whom to chuse,  
 As proper members for her use.  
 The gentry and the noblemen,  
 Who managed elections then,  
 Retain'd for members through the nation,  
 Such as wish'd well to *reformation*;  
 Such as had not the least degree,  
 Of *faith*, or *hope*, or *charity*.  
 Scarce was there in this damn'd *divan*,  
 Of one in ten, an honest man:  
 But knaves and fools, a pack as base,  
 As ever sprung from *Adam's* race.  
 Those villains trim, with her that heads 'em,  
 And into acts put all she bids 'em;

A a 2

*Repeal*

(o) Her first parliament began on the 25th of January, 1758. Such lords and gentlemen as had the managing of elections in their several counties, retained such men for members of the house of commons, as they conceived most likely to comply with their intentions for a reformation. *Helin's hist. page 279.* Some begged voices, as Norfolk and Arundel; others got voices by their cunning, as Cecil. Vide *Camden's hist. of Eliz. p. 29.* Camden also tells us: that she commanded the consultation to be hastened amongst her most inward counsellors, how the protestant religion might be established, and the popish abolished? The dangers they foresaw, would be from the noblemen removed from the queen's council: from the bishops and churchmen that were displaced: from the judges who sat in the courts of justice: from the justices of peace in every county: and from such of the common sort of people as, in the reign of queen Mary, were, both in deed and estimation, great men, because devoted to the Romish religion. These, they held, were to be thrust out of their places, and restrained by rigour of law. And that none were to be employed in any place of govern-

*Repeal* the acts of good queen (*p*) *Mary*,  
*Revive* the acts of *Ned* and *Harry*,  
 And, by and by, enact queen *Bess*,  
 Over the church *chief governess*,  
 Oaths of *supremacy* impose,  
 And from the church expel all those,  
 Who scruple at (tho' ne'er so little)  
 Her monst'rous *antichristian* title.  
 The (*q*) bishops were expell'd the house,  
 Only because they did refuse  
 To swear that she, a silly maid,  
 Was church of *England's supreme head*;  
 Only *Landaff*, and he thro' hope,  
 To keep his chair, swore *she was pope*;  
 And had a power as large and ample,  
 As e'er had St. *PETER* for example.

Thus having got a parliament,  
 (The bishops stood for cyphers in't)

Of

ment, nor-chosen into any colleges of the universities but protestants. And popish presidents, heads, and masters, to be removed out of the universities, and other schools. *Camden, in his history of Eliz. page 15 16.*

(*p*) An act was made for renewing the laws of Henry VIII. against the See of Rome, and of Edward VI. for the protestants which were repeal'd by queen Mary. They enacted, That whatsoever jurisdictions, privileges, and spiritual preeminences had been heretofore in use by any ecclesiastical authority whatsoever, to visit, &c. and correct all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, &c. should be forever annexed to the crown; and that the queen and her successors might, by their letters patent, substitute certain men to exercise that authority. *Camden, p. 18.*

(*q*) In the month of July, the old bishops of England then living, were called and examined by certain of the queen's council; and the bishops of York, Ely, and London, with others, to the number of 13 or 14, for refusing to take the oath, touching the queen's supremacy and other articles, were deprived from their bishoprics. And likewise, divers deans, archdeacons, parsons, and vicars, deprived from their benefices, and some committed to prison. *Stow, in his chron. page 639, continued, by Horne, to the year 1614.*



Of temporal states, and only such as  
 Were eager for contriving churches.  
 She quickly sets e'm all at work,  
 In pulling down and building kirk.  
 They overthrow its ancient walls,  
 And by the roots pluck up its pales,  
 Dig its foundation up, and then,  
 Begin, forsooth, to build again.  
 They ply their work with hand and head,  
 As *Nimrod* and his masons did ;  
 Only more malice in their will,  
 And in their work, less art and skill :  
 For where the ancient *pillars* stood,  
 They plac'd supporters made of *mud*.  
 That is, *true bishops* were put down,  
 And *false ones* made by power of crown :  
 Hence to this very day we find,  
 Their kirk to shake with every wind ;  
 And wheel about at every gale,  
 Just like a wind-mill under sail.  
 However, of what stuff they had,  
 They made a kirk, so foul and bad,  
 As if the builders had been mad :  
 'Tas fram'd of *Laicks* altogether,  
 And authoris'd by one another.  
 They chose the queen for *pope*, and *she*  
 Elected them to *prelacy* ;  
 And these a *clergy* did ordain ;  
 That is, they made *lay-clergy-men*.

The wretched land fell to exclaim  
 'Gainst such as took the bishop's name,  
 Without *imposed hands* or *unction* :  
 They mourn'd to see the sacred function

Prophan'd



Prophan'd, by such unconsecrated  
 Presumptuous villains, as they hated:  
 They griev'd to see such priests obey'd,  
 As were by those *lay-prelates* made;  
 Or meddle with the sacraments,  
 Or tythes receive, or churches rents;  
 Or into pulpits get and preach,  
 And antichristian doctrines teach:—  
 Men grew, I say, at this concern'd,  
 For hitherto but few had learn'd,  
 The doctrine *Cranmer* taught before;  
 That *bare election*, and no more,  
 Could into *bishop* turn a *butcher*,  
 And to a *priest* transform a *thatcher*.  
 In short, scarce any but despis'd 'em,  
 Both as to character and wisdom;  
 Nor could *lawn sleeves*, or *black gowns* draw  
 Towards their persons any awe.  
 For *wolves* in *sheeps skins* people flout 'em:  
 This made the *elected* look about 'em;  
 And in a private convocation,  
 Consult 'bout getting consecration.

*Parker* being arch, it seems his grace,  
 Thought speaking first due to his place;  
 Stood therefore up on petty-toes,  
 Makes to the rest three rev'rend bows,  
 And from the middle of the crowd  
 Utters his voice, as thunder loud.  
 My lords, quoth he, pray give me leave  
 To speak, or if you please to give  
 Your own advices first, I'm gone  
 Back to my bench, till you have done;  
 Where I'll attend to what you say,  
 And one by one advices weigh.

But

But none was ready to begin,  
 So on he talk'd, his tongue b'ing in.  
 The Lord hath given into our hands  
 The popish bishops and their lands;  
 They lie imprison'd in our houses,  
 Secure as necks in *Tyburn* nooses;  
 Let us agree to free them all  
 From present bondage, and from thrall;  
 But let it be upon condition,  
 That by the sacred *imposition*  
 Of hands they'll freely consecrate us.  
 They'll never do it, for they hate us,  
 Quoth *Jewell*: then are they, quoth *Horn*,  
 The greatest fools that e'er were born.  
 For my part, were their case my own,  
 I'd consecrate an old baboon,  
 Provided, that by such a deed,  
 I might be from a prison freed.  
 Indeed, quoth *Whitehead*, I believe you;  
 But let not this reflection grieve you;  
 I know your principles of old,  
 Since you from *Frankfort* stole our gold.  
 Hush! hush! says *Parker*, fye! no more!  
 I like not rubbing an old sore;  
 Such wounds ought rather to be clos'd:—  
 What say ye, sirs, to what's propos'd?  
 Dear friends, quoth *Cox*, so we get mission,  
 Upon so easy a condition,  
 Our bishopricks will close old breaches:—  
 Quoth *Parker*, all is true *Cox* teaches:  
 If they once give us consecration,  
 Most of the people in the nation,  
 Will have us in as high esteem  
 And reverence, as they have them.

In troth, quoth *Sands*, I like well of it,  
 For thus we shall secure our profit,  
 And the old bishops lands possess,  
 And eat and drink in quietness :  
 All pleas'd, to this they acquiesce.

And sitting down, till every man,  
 His flask of *florence* drank, or can  
 Of good old *hoc*, as ever run  
 Out of the *Heidelburgian tun*.  
 Then home they go, with resolution  
 To put design in execution.

To win their prisoners, twenty ways  
 They try, and feast them several days,  
 Release 'em from where first they shut 'em;  
 And into good apartments put 'em;  
 Treat them with subtil words, and civil,  
 As *Eve* was tempted by the devil ;  
 Till thinking they had fairly wain'd 'em,  
 With the main point they entertain'd 'em.

My lords, say they, we've lately been  
 To beg your freedom of the queen,  
 And get you good estates to live on ;  
 A noble mansion, each shall have one ;  
 All which she grants,——yet on condition  
 That you'll give apostolic mission,  
 And by your sacred hands confer,  
 On us the bishop's *cbaracter*.

It pleases her to be respected  
 In persons of us, her *elected*.

It were a folly beyond measure,  
 When *trifles* do it, not to please her.

Thus they ; yet all the fair pretences,  
 And fawnings of their reverences,

Could



Could not prevail with any one,  
 To have the *sacred office* done  
 For the old (r) bishops finding what  
 The new elected would be at,  
 Deride their impudence as folly,  
 By frenzy caus'd; or melancholy,  
 Set their proposal at defiance,  
 And utterly refus'd compliance.  
 With heretic; and such as must  
 Possess the *chairs*, whence they were thrust.

What's more absurd, than think that any,  
 Who will defend his patrimoney,  
 'Gainst him that makes unlawful claim,  
 Should give his writings of the same,  
 With full possession of his lands,  
 Into his adversary's hands?  
 'Tis as nonsensical a thing,  
 For him who does his action bring,  
 To go and all the deeds demand,  
 By which the owner holds his lands:  
 'Tis just the same thing in effect,  
 With *Bess's* bishops *new elect*.  
 But finding this contrivance fail,  
 Next they had hopes they might prevail,  
 With Dr. (s) *Creagh*, who did endure,  
 A long confinement in the tower,

B b

To

(r) *Sed hoc perridicūle accidit: ut cum isti superendentes creandi essent, nec a catholicis episcopis impetrare potuerint, ut ipsis manus admovent, nec inter se aut tres duosve episcopos: aut ullum omnino suæ perſidæ metropolitanum ab aliis Episcopis prius ordinatum habebant, cujus vel manu vel consensu consecrare possent, &c.* Sand. de Schismate Anglicana, p. 166.

(s) His name was *Richard Creagh*, archbishop of Armagh; he died in the tower: See *Nullity of the prelatic clergy*. p. 66.

Mr. Mason takes notice of this out of Sanders, but says not one word in contradiction of it. Indeed (says he, in his *Philodox*)

To give their lordships consecration,  
 And to that end a consultation  
 Was held, in which they did agree  
 To promise great rewards, and free  
 The bishops from imprisonment,  
 Likewise resolved to present  
 A purse of gold to th' poor old man;  
 When nought else does, then oft gold can:  
 For they resolved to spare no cost  
 In purchasing the *holy ghost*.  
 With this result, they sent a charge,  
 To water-men to bring the barge;  
 While every man himself prepares,  
 For taking boat at *Lambeth* stairs.  
 Wing'd with desire and western gale,  
 From *Lambeth* down the *Thames* they sail,  
 Thro' bridge and *Traitor's gate* they go,  
 As swift as arrow from a bow;  
 Where, stepping out of barge to land,  
 The tower's lieutenant they command,  
 To go himself, or send his son *John*,  
 To fetch old (t) *Armagh* from his dung'on;  
 Which soon was done as they desir'd;  
 The poor old bishop much admir'd,

To

dox) there was a certain Irish bishop, whom they had in bonds,  
 in prison, at London, with whom they dealt very earnestly,  
 promising him both liberty and reward, if he would be chief in  
 the consecration: but he, good man, would by no means be  
 brought to lay holy hands upon *hereticks*. *Mason's consecration  
 of bishops*, p. 124.

(t) Dr. Champney, on this matter, says: At that time,  
 when there was question of consecrating those new bishops,  
 there was prisoner in the tower of London, an archbishop of  
 Ireland, who was offered his liberty, and divers other rewards,  
 if he would have consecrated the *newly elected bishops*; which,  
 doubtless, argueth the want of others, that even by themselves,  
 were

To find such favour least expected,  
 Either from *Bess* or her *elected*.  
 Having shak'd hands, scrap'd legs and bow'd,  
 With compliments as they thought good;  
 Into a tavern nigh the place,  
 They courteously invite his grace;  
 Where, after having drank a glass,  
 ('Tis not recorded what it was,  
 Yet modern critics do attest,  
 It was *Canary sack* the best.)  
*Mat. Parker* speaks, the archest knave  
 Of all the rest, but the most grave;  
 And one who nat'rally could cant,  
 And play the pluritanic faint.

My lord, says he, you've been abus'd,  
 And in the prison hardly us'd;  
 Yet has the *Lord* look'd down upon ye,  
 And mov'd the queen t' have pity on ye;  
 And *WE*, who truly *love* your lordship,  
 Have great compassion on your hardship,  
 And therrefore come to shew our kindness,  
 And bring glad tidings from her highness  
 Her majesty commands me tell  
 Your grace, her highness greets you well,  
 And promises to set you free;  
 Besides, you shall rewarded be:  
 Yea, what you please shall be your hire,  
 Do but what she and we desire:  
 And 'tis, my lord, an easy boon;  
 (At this the *orator* kneel'd down

B b 2

Let

were esteemed *true bishops*: for, if such had been at hand, they would not have applied to him, with danger of receiving so disgraceful denial as they did. *Champney, in his vocation of bishops, page 198.*



Let but your grace's hand be laid  
Upon my here inclined head,  
And give your servant *consecration*,  
That *bishops* may be in her nation;  
By whom a *priesthood* may endure  
In her *new church*, for evermore.

Would you have me ordain you bishop?  
Quoth *Armagh*.—Yes, quoth *Parker's* worship  
Anoint me, for we want not ointment,  
By *Grindal* brought at my appointment.  
He calls for't, but the fumbling blockhead,  
Breaks the glass bottle in his pocket.  
But chance was pleas'd he should not lose  
It all; for at the knee of hose,  
As much as spongy cloth let scatter,  
Was met by helpful wooden platter,  
Which in good time *Grindal*, himself,  
Snatch'd from a lucky neighbouring shelf.  
I'm sorry you have spill'd it thus,  
Quoth sage *Hob Horn*, 'tis ominous!  
No! no! quoth *Parker*, there's enough,  
Pray bring it to my lord *Armagh*.  
Unto my lord they bring the platter:  
He stands amazed at the matter.  
Says he, what wou'd you ha' me do?  
Quoth *Parker*, *consecrate me now*;  
And whatsoe'er the queen, or we  
Have promis'd, shall performed be;  
Nay more, my lord, be but content  
To do't, and I'll give half my rent  
Of *Canterbury* for your fee;  
My brethren too, will grateful be:  
And as an earnest, here behold,  
We do present your grace this gold.

This

This would not take, tho' 'twas a prime one,  
And taught them by their grandfire *Simeon*.  
For good *Armagh*, in pious rage,  
Curst *gold* and *them*; and to his *cage*  
He fled, where late he lay before,  
Begging the *turn-key* of the door,  
To lay him fast in *chains* and *gieves*,  
Secure from such unhallowed thieves,  
And never more to let him loose,  
Until the happy fatal noose,  
Should free him from imprisonment,  
And send his soul hence *innocent*.

Thus disappointed, to their shame,  
*Unconsecrated* back they came :  
Not th' way they went, for, chaf'd and hot,  
To call the barge the fools forgot ;  
Considering not the way they went,  
E'er they had reach'd the *monument* ;  
The place, I mean, where now's set up,  
That *column* with a flaming top,  
Made to denote to after-times,  
The *fall of Babel* for her crimes,  
Burn'd up like bundle of dry sticks,  
In sixteen hundred sixty-six.  
As was foreleen by *English seers*,  
Before it happen'd sixty years ;  
During which time they never ceas'd,  
To preach the *downfal* of the *Beast* :  
And tho' they guess'd the time to come,  
Yet *miss'd* the place, and call'd it *Rome* :  
Whereas they shou'd have pitch'd on *London*,  
Which in that very year was *burn'd-down*.  
Some think 'twas certain clouds of Spite,  
That thus obscur'd *prophetic light*,

And

And made those *pick-locks* of St. *John*,  
Call *Rome*, not *London*, *Babylon*.  
Well! being got (as now is said)  
To were the *monument* is made,  
And coming to themselves, they stood  
In consult, whether 'twas as good  
Back to return to call their *boat*,  
Or on to *Lambeth* trudge on foot?  
But finding *boys* to flock about 'em,  
(For streets are never free without 'em  
And you may think the show was rare,  
To see twelve *high-priests* cluster'd there)  
They all resolv'd not to go on,  
But back to call their *waterman*;  
And so they did: i'th' rear pursu'd  
By *rabble*, such a multitude  
As did at call of *Captain Tom*  
In *eighty eight* from garrets come;  
When *Wappin* met with *Pickadilly*,  
To rob *Wild-house*, and *Don Ronquilly*.  
This by a *sentinel* of *Tower*  
Perceiv'd, he call'd the *Governour*,  
Who seeing that it was their *graces*,  
With all the city at their *arses*,  
As if they led an army down  
To take the *tower*, from the *town*;  
Thought nothing more but their intent,  
Was to have seized his *tenement*.  
And therefore orders gave with haste,  
To make the gates and wickets fast,  
And all the *ordinance* with speed  
To charge and fire if there were need;  
But blest be fortune there was none,  
And so there was no mischief done.

They



They coming to the gate of *tower*,  
Smote both with foot and fist the door,  
With all the force that e'er they had;  
T'have seen 'em, you'd ha' thought 'em mad.  
But finding *sneck before their snout*,  
They to the *rabble* fac'd about:  
Through midst of which their way they forc'd  
With as much ease as *Tartars* horst:  
For you may guess, confusion now  
Made them they scarce knew what to do.  
'Till *Parker*, who was always *chairman*,  
Open'd, as if to preach a sermon;  
Crying, my lords, let us be gone,  
And to the *bridge* on foot jog on:  
And if we meet not there the *barge*,  
We'll call for *coaches*; hang the charge.  
With this the rest were well content,  
So back again their lordships went,  
But coming to the *bridge*, and seeing  
No *waterman* or *barge* in being;  
They fell again into debate,  
Who shou'd cry *coach* (being men of state.)  
Quoth *Parker* sirs you see the crowd  
Is pressing, therefore be not proud;  
Nor with mean office let's think much.  
With that they all cry'd *coach!* a *coach!*  
Which noise scream'd out in diff'rent notes,  
From at the least a dozen throats,  
Set all the *boys* that flocked after  
Their lordships, into hearty laughter.  
In fine, when it was distinctly heard,  
A *coach!* a *coach!* *coaches* appear'd  
Mounted with speed, to *Lambeth* they  
Thro' lanes of rabble drive away.

Curfing

Curfing their *fate* and luckleſs tryal,  
And *Armagh* for his flat denyal,  
Yet ſtill reſolv'd not to leave off;  
The next they try'd was old *Landaff*:  
This was the biſhop nam'd before  
That to the queen's church-headſhip ſwore;  
A man as fearfull as a *bare*,  
His heart cloſe glewed to his *chair*:  
A *ſchiſmatick*, and doting, old,  
And almoſt blind; when he was told  
That *Parker*, and ſome half a ſcore  
Black gowns were rapping at his door.  
He ſtickl'd to and fro, like mad,  
And comb'd the little hair he had:  
Put on his head his *beaver-hat*,  
And threw the *felt* by, lin'd with fat.  
He ſtroak'd his beard, and rub'd his face,  
Set ſtools and chairs in proper place:  
His *cuff's* and *bands* he don'd and then  
Sent down his *maid* to let 'em in.

They ent'ring with a formal pace,  
Made humble *congees* to his grace:  
And he who had his ſhare of manners,  
Scrap'd legs, and kindly bid their honours  
Welcome to his poor habitation,  
And thank' 'em for their viſitation.  
They fit 'em down, and fall to chat  
Of this thing now; and then of that,  
'Till by and by, *Parker* draws on  
Diſcourſe 'bout *conſecration*.  
Owning that *orders* are, and *miſſion*,  
By *apoſtolical tradition*.  
*Landaff* was glad to hear the *fox*  
Declare himſelf ſo *orthodox*,

Yes!

Yes! yes! my lord, says *Parker*, we  
In this do with your grace agree;  
And shou'd be very much to blame,  
Should we neglect t' obtain the same:  
Therefore, my lord, if you'll consent  
To administer this sacrament  
Of *holy orders* we'll receive it:  
'Tis at your graces hands we crave it,  
And not from any other bishop,  
Because we *venerate* your worship.  
The queen too, (who respects you ever,)  
Will take it as a mighty favour.  
Baulk not therefore *her* expectation  
And *ours*: but give us *consecration*  
My Lords, I'd have you understand  
The queen and you shall me command  
Quoth *Landaff*, but the night comes on,  
So there's no time to get it done:  
For I, you know for want of sight,  
Can do no good by candle-light.  
Therefore, my lords, says he, appoint me  
A time and where I must *anoint* ye,  
And you shall find me very free  
To do it: but pray let it be  
As little spoke of, as you can.  
It shall be done in private, man,  
Quoth *Parker*, if your grace think fit,  
Where none but friends shall know of it.  
Yes, quoth *Landaff*; for understand all,  
'Twill to religion be a scandal  
That I, who am a *catholic*,  
Should consecrate an *heretic*.  
A church you know's a public place:  
My lord, says *Mat*, gin't please your grace



To take the pains to cross the street,  
 We'll at the (u) *nag's-head tavern* meet,  
 To-morrow morning about nine;  
 And speak a dinner, for we'll dine;  
 I faith't it shall be a good one too:  
 Nothing, my lords, two good for you.  
 Says *Parker*, (smiling as he spoke,)  
 This pleas'd *Landaff*, and up they broke.

Now *Fame*, a busy tattling guddy,  
 That ay from house to house will scud-ye,  
 From morn till night, from night till morn,  
 A thievish imp as e'er was born,  
 That filches all she sees or hears,  
 Nought can escape her eyes and ears,  
 But soon as either done or said,  
 Is privately away convey'd.  
 This whispering gossip took upon her,  
 to carry news to bishop *Bonner*;  
 And, at *rebounds*, from *Landaff's* maid,  
 She catches every word they said;

With

(u) Mr. *Mason* in the Appendix to his book of the consecration of the English bishops, relates, this story of the *nag's head* consecration out of *Sacroboſco* thus; *Principio Regni Elizabethæ creandi erant Episcopi Sæcarii: Candidati conveniunt Londini in quodam Hospitio plateæ Anglicæ dictæ Cheapſide, ad Inſigne capitis Manni, & una Ordines collaturus Landavenſis Episcopus, homo ſenex & ſimplex; quod ut intellexit Bonnerus, tunc Decanus Episcoporum in Angliâ. miſit e Tarri Londinenſi (ubi Religionis cauſa, detinebatur) Capellanum ſuum, qui Landavenſi propoſita excommunicationis pœna prohiberet novos Candidatos ordinare: Ea autem denuntiatione territus Landavenſis, pedem retulit, multiplici- que tergiverſatione uſus, Sacrilegam vitavit Ordinationem. Hid furere Candidati, Landavenſem contemnere nova quærere conſilia progrediuntur; Quid plura Scoteus Monachus (poſt Herefordenſis Pſeudo-Epiſcopus) cæteris; excæteris quidam Scoteo manus imponunt, ſuntq; ſine Patre Filii, & Pater a Filiis procreatur, res ſæculis omnibus inaudita. Quod D. Thomas Neale, Hebraicus Oxoniæ Lector, qui interfuit, antiquis Confeſſoribus, illi mihi narrarunt, & fidem aſtruit quod in Committiis poſtea ſancitum fuit, ut pro legiti- mis Episcopis haberentur partar amens iſti.*

With which, in haste, away she goes,  
And tells the bishop all she knows.

*Bonner*, who judg'd it nought of fiction,  
Bethinks him of an *interdiction*;  
And sends next day, his chaplain *Neale*,  
To ring in *Landaff*'s ears a peal,  
And threaten *excommunication*,  
If he proceeds to *consecration*.

*Kitchen*, at this, grew cold with fear,  
And curst the minute he came there,  
And wou'd ha' left 'em, but the sinner,  
Was loath to lose expected dinner;  
However, he grew resolute,  
Never to be persuaded to't.

Tho' they should give him ten times more  
Than they had proffer'd *Creagh* before;  
And tho' they beg'd and beg'd again,  
Yet prayers and tears were all in vain;  
And tears, I say, for *Parker*'s grief  
At's eyes was glad to seek relief:  
*Grindal* was griev'd, *Horn* curs'd old *Kitchen*,  
And swore he'd rather go a ditching,  
Than ever *consecration* crave  
Of such a dull old doating knave.  
*John Jewel* swore he'd rather have his  
Orders from *Mahomet*.—Quoth *Davis*,  
A *Turk*, I'm sure, can make a priest,  
As well as any *anticrist*.

'Tis not the laying on of hands,  
I care a straw for, quoth fir *Sands*;  
But that the queen, to please the nation,  
Is for our having *consecration*,  
And holds (which makes her mad about it,)  
That none can bishops be without it;

To please her, therefore, 'tis but fit,  
We all means try in getting it.  
The while that they were thus a fretting,  
*Landaff* was in a corner sitting.  
And *Bentham* plying him with sherry,  
In hopes he'd yield when he was merry ;  
Which *Parker* and the rest perceiving,  
Drew towards them, and left off grieving.  
And now their cups, for most an hour  
They ply'd, some writers think for more,  
Sending them round, fix in a hand,  
Till poor *Landaff* could scarcely stand ;  
Which they observing, fell again  
To court him in a gentle strain ;  
But notwithstanding words and wine,  
He still refused to incline ;  
Nor could great promises prevail  
Against the threats of Doctor *Neal*,  
Whom *Bonner* ordered to stay,  
Till they had done and gone their way ;  
Besides he pleaded want of sight,  
As well as wits, to do it right.  
In short, your doctrine, firs and mine, }  
Are not the same ; therefore, in fine, }  
I'll cast no pearls, says he, to swine.  
This said, and mov'd with zeal, and heat  
Of liquor, he abandon'd seat,  
And for the chamber door he made,  
With all the hands and feet he had ;  
Which, by good fortune, being ope',  
The latch he needed not to grope ;  
And of the stairs made but one step.  
Down to the bottom, from the top.

Into



Into the streets he runs to rights,  
 As if pursu'd i'th rear by *sprits*,  
 And home he hasts, where none might find him,  
 Without once looking back behind him,  
 This baulking of their expectation,  
 Set every man into a passion,  
 And fury muster'd all its forcēs,  
 To pelt *Landaff* with heavy curses;  
 'Till *Parker*, who it seems was blest  
 With share of patience 'bove the rest,  
 Begun to beckon with his hand,  
 And silence in the court command;  
 Advising them to leave off cursing,  
 And give good heed to his discoursing.

This *Landaff*, *doating fool* (says he)  
*Believes we cannot bishops be,*  
*Unless by other bishops greas'd,*  
 But brethren, be but you appeas'd  
 And I shall prove, in time of need  
 A *priest's* enough to do the deed.  
 A *priest* may *consecrate*, I know it,  
 When *bishops* do refuse to do it.  
*Luther* himself, and all the best  
 Reformed churches this attest:  
 And *Cranmer* say's the *magistrate*  
 May both *ordain* and *consecrate*:  
 And young king *Edward* practis'd it,  
 In making bishops by his writ.  
*John Calvin* gave his flock direction,  
 To make their *pastors* by *election*,  
 Without regarding th' ancient fashion,  
 Or any form of *consecration*.  
 And we at *Frankfort* but of late,  
*Choos'd* only, did not *consecrate*.

And

And such *elected*, were again  
Turn'd often out for private men :  
Nor did they judge themselves to be  
More, than the other *laity*.

That's true, quoth *Horn* but now the *case*  
*Is alter'd* from what then it was :

Rich *bishopricks* are settled on us,  
And therefore we must take upon us  
The *character* of bishops, that  
We may secure what we have got ;  
And not at all times be in danger  
To be *bound up to rack and manger*.  
Or to be driven from our station,  
At pleasure of the congregation,  
Who take up piques at every turn.

That's well consider'd, master *Horn*.

Quoth *Parker* ; for 'tis consecration  
Must rivet us in this our station ;  
Because by it, our power we claim  
From *right divine*, and not from them,  
But seeing from popish bishops we  
Cannot procure this prelacy ;  
Let us no further on't debate,  
But one another *consecrate* ;  
By this at least we'll get the *name* :  
Tho' not the *character* we claim.

And by the *title*, let us act  
The bishop's part in each respect,  
And rule our flock, as if we had,  
Been bishops by St. *Peter* made :  
And if the congregation chance  
To grumble at this self-advance,  
As now and then they will, no doubt,  
We'll get the queen to help us out ;

Be merry therefore, gentlemen,  
 Let's drink a glass or two, and then  
 Among ourselves we'll do the work,  
 In spite of *Landaff*, *Pope* or *Turk*,  
 Or *Bonner's* sharp *Anathema*.  
 Come master *Scory*, come, I say,  
 A *priest* can do't, and you are one:  
*Priests* can make *bishops*, come Sir *John*:  
 Myself shall be the first will try ye,  
 For I'll be *consecrated* by ye:  
 And then my grace, when you have done,  
 Will consecrate the rest, sir *John*.  
 But e'er we fall to work, I think,  
 Quoth *Scory*. tis but fit we drink,  
 And dine too, for the cloth is laid,  
 And the first course is ready made.  
 To this advice they all inclin'd,  
 And having plentifully din'd,  
 And drank another glass or two,  
 They fell to what they had to do.  
 Canonic robes, *Scory* had none,  
 Nor *Parker*, but an ancient gown;  
 Mean things, when better stuff they want,  
 Will serve an humble *protestant*,  
 Who places not religion in  
 The *outward* but the *inward* man.  
 In manner odd, as that of fashion,  
*Scory* proceeds to *consecration*.  
 He first then, to avoid contest,  
 Advis'd a little with the rest;  
 Instead of hands, if 'twere not better,  
 T' impose on heads the sacred letter;  
 For *laying on of hands*, says he,  
 Is altogether *popery*.

This



This b'ing debated *pro* and *con*,  
The laying of the bible on,  
They all concluded was the right way,  
So calling for't, 'twas brought him straightway  
Which taking in his hand, he laid  
On *Parker's* head, with leaves disply'd,  
While both his lips in motion were,  
As if he spoke, but none could hear  
A syllable of what he said,  
Whether he either curst or pray'd;  
Till having laid the bible by  
I'th' window where it us'd to lie;  
His voice grew audable, but slow  
As frozen words do when they thaw:  
Quoth he, in holy writ we read  
Of ointment pour'd on *Aaron's* head,  
Which drench'd his beard, and to his foot,  
Wet all his garments round about;  
What scripture does so plainly mention,  
I think may authorize the unction:  
Consider, therefore, whether I  
Shall use't, or no?—No! no! they cry;  
No marry shall you not, says *Matt*,  
I'll not be greased o'er with fat.  
Well, well, have patience, quoth *Scory*,  
Behold the bible here before ye.  
Must on your shoulders now be laid.  
As 'twas before upon your head;  
A ceremony very needful,  
To put in mind, and make you heedful,  
That you, as *pastor* of the flock,  
Carry their dinner on your back;  
For 'tis with bibles they are fed,  
which you must see distributed.

This

This said, the consecrator *John*  
 Held with both hands the bible on,  
 Pronouncing, in most reverend fashion,  
 This uncooth form of consecration.

(x) *Take thou authority to preach the word of  
 God sincerely.*

Which said, and raising up his worship,  
 They all kneel down and hail him *bishop*!  
 Well now, says *Scory*, since you're made,  
 A bishop, exercise your trade:  
 Take up the bible, fall to prayer,  
 And bishops half a dozen pair,  
 See that you make before we part.—  
 You are more skilful in the art,

D d

Quoth

(x) Dr. Champney sets down his consecration thus: At the  
 nag's head, in Cheapside, by accorded appointment, met all  
 those that were nominated to bishopricks; thither came also the  
 old bishop of Landaff to make them bishops, which being known  
 to Dr. Bonner, bishop of London, then a prisoner, he sent un-  
 to the bishop of Landaff, forbidding him, under pain of ex-  
 communication, to exercise any such power within his diocese,  
 as to ordain those men. Wherewith the old bishop being ter-  
 rified, and besides, moved also in his own conscience, refused  
 to proceed in that action; alledging chiefly, for reason of his  
 forbearance, his want of sight; which excuse they interpreting  
 to be but an evasion, were much moved against the poor old  
 man. And whereas, hitherto they had used him with all cour-  
 tesy and respect, they then turned their copy, reviling him, and  
 calling him *doating fool*, and the like, some of them saying,  
 "This old fool thinks we cannot be bishops unless we be great-  
 ed:" to the disgrace, as well of him, as of the catholic man-  
 ner of episcopal consecration. Being, notwithstanding, thus  
 deceived of their expectation, and having no other means to  
 come to their desire, they resolve to use master *Scory's* help,  
 who having borrowed the name of bishop in king Edward's  
 time, was thought to have sufficient power to perform that of-  
 fice, especially in such strait necessity: He having cast off, to-  
 gether with his religious habit, all scruple of conscience, will-  
 ingly went about the matter, which he performed in the follow-  
 ing

Quoth *Parker*, therefore pray ye *John*  
 To consecrate the rest go on,  
 And we'll to supper when you've done.  
 Well, 'if I must, then come, says *Scory*.  
 Kneel altogether down before me,  
 That I may make what haste I can,  
 It will be late e'er we have done.  
 They kneel, and *Scory* lays upon  
 Their heads and shoulders, one by one,  
 His bible, as before was done;  
 Thus ends their consecration.

In  
 ing manner: Having the bible in his hand, they all kneeling  
 before him, he laid it upon every one of their heads or shoulders,  
 saying, "Take thou authority to preach the word of God sin-  
 cerely." And so they rose up bishops!

This whole narration, without adding or detracting (says he)  
 any word pertaining of the substance of the matter, I have heard  
 oftener than once, from Mr. Thomas Bluet, a grave, learned, and  
 judicious priest, he having received it of Mr. Neal, a man of  
 good sort and reputation; sometimes reader of the Hebrew lec-  
 ture in Oxford, but when this matter passed was belonging to  
 bishop Bonner, and sent by him to deliver the message before  
 mentioned to the bishop of Landaff, and withal to attend there,  
 to see the end of the business. Again, Mr. Bluet had other  
 good means to be informed of this matter, being a long time  
 prisoner with Dr. Watson, bishop of Lincoln, and other men  
 of note, of the ancient clergy, in whose time, and in whose  
 sight, as one may say, this matter was done. This was related  
 to me by Mr. Bluet, in Wisbich castle: Thus Dr. Champney, in  
 his *treatise of the vocation of bishops*, page 194, 195.

Mr. Mason himself, in his appendix above nam'd gives also  
 a relation of this business, out of the preface to a book call-  
 ed, *A Discussion*, numb. 135. Where that author writing a-  
 gainst Master Jewel, says: "Of Mr. Jewel's being bishop, we  
 have not so much certainty, yea, we have no certainty at all:  
 For who, I pray you, made him? Who gave him his juris-  
 diction? Who imposed hands on him? What orders had they?  
 What bishops were they? It is true that both he, Sands, Scory,  
 Horn, Grindal, and others, in the beginning of queen Eliza-  
 beth's reign, met at the horse head, in Cheapside. (a fit sign  
 for such a sacrament!) and, being disappointed of the catholic  
 bishop of Landaff, who should there have been to consecrate  
 them;



In fine, their *nag's-head-consecration*,  
 Became the laughter of the nation ;  
 And to this day they are asham'd,  
 To hear their *Cheapside frolick* nam'd ;

D d 2

For

them, &c. they dealt with Scory, of Hereford, to do it; who, when they were all on their knees, caused John Jewel to rise up bishop of Salisbury, and he that was Robert Horn before, to rise up, bishop of Winchester; and so forth with all the rest.

The author of the *Nullity of the Prelatic clergy of England*, says, It is now a century of years since the nag's-head story happened; it hath been constantly related, and credited by wise men as a certain truth, ever since the year 1559, (the year it was acted in) and was never contradicted by any, 'till their new register, published by Mason, in 1613. F. Parsons believed it, and recounted it as a serious truth to many. Fitzherbert, Dr. Kellson, Holliwood, Dr. Champney, Fitzsimmons &c. gave so much credit to it, that they published it in print.—Mr. Constable says, in his relation of it, that it was a thing without doubt, because, not only Mr. Neal. but other catholics, (*integerrimæ fidei*) of most intire credit, were eye witnesses of Scory's ridiculous manner of consecrating Parker and the rest, in the nag's head tavern. See page 75 and 76.

Dr. Champney tells us, that John Stow, a protestant, hath often testified this business of the nag's head by word of mouth, though he durst not publish it in print in his chronicle: and because he could not have the freedom of writing the truth, he totally omits setting down any consecration at all. either of Matthew Parker or any other of queen Elizabeth's first pretended bishops. We cannot imagine that he forgot to take notice of them, because he sets down the consecration of cardinal Pole; (Parker's immediate predecessor) much less then, could he forget Parker's, which. as Mason himself confesses, was so singular, that of 69 archbishops before him in the see of Canterbury, none was ever consecrated in that manner. See Dr. Champney, page 196 and 197. Mason, page 131.

In a treatise entitled. *Of the Nature of the Catholic Faith and Heresy.* by H. N. printed at Rouen. 1657. It is reported that Dr. Bancroft, then bishop of London, being demanded, by Mr. Wm. Alabaster. how Parker and his colleagues were consecrated bishops? answered thus: "I hope, that in case of necessity, a priest (alluding to Scory) may ordain bishops." This answer of Bancroft's was objected in print, by F. Halliwood, against him and all the English clergy in the year 1603. Neither Bancroft (who was then living) nor any one else replied a word against it. Chap 2. page 8.

The

For as men look upon those *quacks*,  
 That prophesy in almanacks;  
 So they were pointed at by all  
 For prophets, false as those of *Baal*.

The

The said author tells us also, that upon occasion of a certain book, brought into the parliament house by some presbyterian lords, proving that the protestant bishops had no succession nor consecration, and therefore were no bishops, and consequently had no right to sit in parliament. Dr. Morton, bishop of Durham, made a speech against the said book, in behalf of himself and all the bishops then present: In which speech he endeavoured to prove their succession from the catholic bishops, who, says he, by imposition of hands, ordained the first protestant bishops, at the nag's-head, in Cheapside, as was notorious to all the world. This was reported by an ancient peer, then present in the house. See chap. 2, page 9.

These two remarkable passages, Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, in his book intitled, *The consecration and succession of protestant bishops justified*; pretends to refute. He does it to the first, by only saying, "I do not believe one word of what is said of bishop Bancroft." Against the second, he brings a testimonial under Dr. Morton's hand, that he never made such a speech. He brings the like under some bishop's and noblemen's hands: "That they do not remember such a book against bishops as is there mentioned, being presented in that parliament. and therefore, that Dr. Morton could make no such speech against it." To this pretended refutation of Bramhall's the said author of *the Nature of Catholic Faith and Heresy*, in another treatise of his, intitled, "The Nullity of the Prelatic Clergy, and Church of England." Printed at Antwerp, 1659, makes a clear and most convincing reply; which being too long to be here inserted, I refer the reader to the book itself; in which, also, he will find whatsoever else Dr. Bramhall has writ in his book above-mentioned, in defence of protestant episcopacy repelled. And also his ten reasons (as he calls them) against the nag's-head story, refuted and retorted against their pretended Lambeth consecration.

In the said treatise of the *Nullity*, &c. pag. 88, is also recorded the Lord Audley's testimony writ with his own hand, testifying to Dr. Bramhall bishop of Derry, that he, the said Lord Audley, was personally present in the house of Lords, when bishop Morton made that speech, in which he had recourse to the *Nag's-head consecration* for the validity and succession of protestant bishops as is said. Which testimony of my Lords, for the readers satisfaction, I will here put down,

• Having

The wolf cannot so trimly put-on  
The sheep skin as to pass for mutton.

I'll

Having seen a book intituled, *The Consecration and Succession of Protestant Bishops, &c.* and particularly perused that chapter called the *Vindication of the Bishop of Durham*, I find myself reflecting on some expressions therein, and the bishop of Derry (author) obliged to say something as concerned, and so have desired a place here for a few lines. Who the author of the *Treatise of Catholic Faith, &c.* fixeth on to prove his allegations touching the bishop of Durham's speech, I know not; for he told me of it before ever I spoke to him, but sure I am, if it be looked after, he may have sufficient testimony to satisfy half a dozen juries; but that which stirs me to speak in this matter, is a note I have, at the request of the bishop of Derry, given him under my hand, wherein, I say in substance the same with the author, touching the bishop of Durham's speech. As for the book against episcopacy, which was the ground of the discourse, my note only avers, it was brought into the house, but says not by whom, nor who was the author: in truth, I wondered much to find that the bishop of Durham doth deny this speech; for I cannot remember that ever I heard of, or read the story of the *Nag's-Head*, till that day in Parliament of my Lord of Durham, then I heard it from him; and this, I say, as I shall answer it before the judgement seat of God Almighty. And I do not remember that ever I heard the bishop of Lincoln, or any other bishop before, or since mention the *Nag's-Head*, or touch that story: If I had, and not named him, my Lord of Durham might have just reason to complain, but my Lord of Derry will not believe that I (for I cannot but take it to myself) do, or ever did know the bishop of Durham; so well as to swear, this was the man. If his Lordship had been an English bishop, and frequented Parliaments, he would have omitted this. Not to multiply words: I can assure his Lordship, I could as well, and surely have sworn this is the man, the bishop of Durham as his Lordship could, of Sir George Radcliffe, when he lived. Besides, his person, and place of the bishop's bench, is too eminent to be mistaken. Another expression of my Lord of Derry is, I do not take myself to be so exact an analyser of a discourse, as to be able to take my oath, what was the true scope of it. Here likewise I must beg his lordship's pardon. I know no such defect in myself; for there is not any thing more easy than to comprehend the true scope of a short plain historical discourse as this was. To conclude, as to the bishop of Durham's denial, I hope that confessing himself now of the age of 95 years, it will be held no crime to say, or improbable to believe, that one of that great age, may at least forget what he spoke so many years since. For the two certificates of the  
other



For as men look upon those *quacks*,  
 That prophesy in almanacks;  
 So they were pointed at by all  
 For prophets, false as those of *Baal*.

The

The said author tells us also, that upon occasion of a certain book, brought into the parliament house by some presbyterian lords, proving that the protestant bishops had no succession nor consecration, and therefore were no bishops, and consequently had no right to sit in parliament. Dr. Morton, bishop of Durham, made a speech against the said book, in behalf of himself and all the bishops then present: In which speech he endeavoured to prove their succession from the catholic bishops, who, says he, by imposition of hands, ordained the first protestant bishops, at the nag's-head, in Cheapside, as was notorious to all the world. This was reported by an ancient peer, then present in the house. See chap. 2, page 9.

These two remarkable passages, Dr. Bramhall, bishop of Derry, in his book intitled, *The consecration and succession of protestant bishops justified*; pretends to refute. He does it to the first, by only saying, "I do not believe one word of what is said of bishop Bancroft." Against the second, he brings a testimonial under Dr. Morton's hand, that he never made such a speech. He brings the like under some bishop's and noblemen's hands: "That they do not remember such a book against bishops as is there mentioned, being presented in that parliament, and therefore, that Dr. Morton could make no such speech against it." To this pretended refutation of Bramhall's the said author of the *Nature of Catholic Faith and Heresy*, in another treatise of his, intitled, "The Nullity of the Prelatic Clergy, and Church of England." Printed at Antwerp, 1659, makes a clear and most convincing reply; which being too long to be here inserted, I refer the reader to the book itself; in which, also, he will find whatsoever else Dr. Bramhall has writ in his book above-named, in defence of protestant episcopacy repelled. And also his ten reasons (as he calls them) against the nag's-head story, refuted and retorted against their pretended Lambeth consecration.

In the said treatise of the *Nullity*, &c. pag. 88, is also recorded the Lord Audley's testimony writ with his own hand, testifying to Dr. Bramhall bishop of Derry, that he, the said Lord Audley, was personally present in the house of Lords, when bishop Morton made that speech, in which he had recourse to the *Nag's-head consecration* for the validity and succession of protestant bishops as is said. Which testimony of my Lords, for the readers satisfaction, I will here put down,

• Having

The wolf cannot so trimly put-on  
The sheep skin as to pass for mutton.

I'll

Having seen a book intituled, *The Consecration and Succession of Protestant Bishops, &c.* and particularly perused that chapter called the *Vindication of the Bishop of Durham*, I find myself reflecting on some expressions therein, and the bishop of Derry (author) obliged to say something as concerned, and so have desired a place here for a few lines. Who the author of the *Treatise of Catholic Faith, &c.* fixeth on to prove his allegations touching the bishop of Durham's speech, I know not; for he told me of it before ever I spoke to him, but sure I am, if it be looked after, he may have sufficient testimony to satisfy half a dozen juries; but that which stirs me to speak in this matter, is a note I have, at the request of the bishop of Derry, given him under my hand, wherein, I say in substance the same with the author, touching the bishop of Durham's speech. As for the book against episcopacy, which was the ground of the discourse, my note only avers, it was brought into the house, but says not by whom, nor who was the author: in truth, I wondered much to find that the bishop of Durham doth deny this speech; for I cannot remember that ever I heard of, or read the story of the Nag's-Head, till that day in Parliament of my Lord of Durham, then I heard it from him; and this, I say, as I shall answer it before the judgement seat of God Almighty. And I do not remember that ever I heard the bishop of Lincoln, or any other bishop before, or since mention the Nag's-Head, or touch that story: If I had, and not named him, my Lord of Durham might have just reason to complain, but my Lord of Derry will not believe that I (for I cannot but take it to myself) do, or ever did know the bishop of Durham; so well as to swear, this was the man. If his Lordship had been an English bishop, and frequented Parliaments, he would have omitted this. Not to multiply words: I can assure his Lordship, I could as well, and surely have sworn this is the man, the bishop of Durham as his Lordship could, of Sir George Radcliffe, when he lived. Besides, his person, and place of the bishop's bench, is too eminent to be mistaken. Another expression of my Lord of Derry is, I do not take myself to be so exact an analyser of a discourse, as to be able to take my oath, what was the true scope of it. Here likewise I must beg his lordship's pardon. I know no such defect in myself; for there is not any thing more easy than to comprehend the true scope of a short plain historical discourse as this was. To conclude, as to the bishop of Durham's denial, I hope that confessing himself now of the age of 95 years, it will be held no crime to say, or improbable to believe, that one of that great age, may at least forget what he spoke so many years since. For the two certificates of the  
other

other Lords; that of the temporal, saith little to my Lord of Derry's purpose, neither with an indifferent judgment can that of the spiritual work much. For my part, I do not say, that any, or all their Lordship's, whose names are put to the certificates in the book, were in the house at this time, or if any of them were, that they took notice of what my Lord of Durham spoke: For many discords are made in Parliaments, and little notice taken of them, neither had I of this, but that it was to me a new thing. The clerk of the Parliament is also brought in to certify, though as to my note, his pains might have been spared, for I do not mention a book presented, and consequently, none to be recorded: And as for speeches, I do assure his Lordship, in the authority of an old Parliament man, that it is not the office of the clerk to record them, (his work would be too great) till it be a result or conclusion, and then he writes them down as orders, ordinance, &c.

I'll give the reader here a list  
Of the ancient bishops dispossessed:  
And who they were of these Nag's-headers,  
That in their sees set up for fathers.

It

|                         | Bishopricks.             | * Catholic<br>Bps. displaced.                 | Protestants<br>introduced. |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Province of Canterbury. |                          | Vacant by the<br>Death of Car-<br>dinal Pole. | Barker.                    |
|                         | Canterbury               | Bp. Bonner.                                   | Grindal.                   |
|                         | London.                  | Bp. White.                                    | Horn;                      |
|                         | Winchester.              | Bp. Thurlby.                                  | Cox.                       |
|                         | Ely.                     | Bp. Watson.                                   | Bullingham.                |
|                         | Lincoln                  | Bp. Bayne.                                    | Bentham.                   |
|                         | Coventry and Litchfield. | Bp. Bourne.                                   | Barclay.                   |
|                         | Bath and Wells.          | Bp. Turberwil.                                | Ally.                      |
|                         | Exan                     | Bp. Pates.                                    | Sandes.                    |
|                         | Worcester.               | Bp. Pole.                                     | Scambler.                  |
|                         | Peterborough.            | Bp. Goldwell.                                 | Davis.                     |
|                         | Asaph.                   |                                               |                            |
| Province of York        | York.                    | Abp. Heatb.                                   | Young.                     |
|                         | Durham.                  | Bp. Tonsill.                                  | Pilkinton.                 |
|                         | Carlisle.                | Bp. Ogletborp.                                | Best.                      |
|                         | Chester.                 | Bp. Scot.                                     | Downham.                   |

\* The Catholic Bishops were all deposed in July, 1559. 1  
Eliz. Vid. Stow, 639:



It was not long, before report  
 Brought news from th' Nags-head to th' court.  
 Which put her highness in a twitter,  
 But seeing 'tis, says she no better,  
 Go bring me pen and ink, and paper,  
 And seal and wax, and light a taper;  
 I'll not stir out o'th' chair I sit in,  
 'Till I have order'd all that's fitting.  
 For, since from me all power springs,  
 I'faith I'll make the best of things:  
 I'll see who 'tis that dare deny 'em  
 For bishops full as good as I am:  
 Only in Jurisdiction less  
 Than us, their *supreme bishopefs*.  
 I will go write a (y) *dispensation*  
 For all defects in *consecration*.

What's

'&c. of Parliament. I will end this short, and faithful defence,  
 ' which I have been here necessitated to make for myself with many  
 ' thanks to my Lord of Derry, for his charity, and opinion of my  
 ' ingenuity; and seeing his Lordship's inclination in this matter  
 ' is to absolve me from a malicious lye, I will absolve myself as to  
 ' the mistakes either in the person, or matter, assuring his Lordship  
 ' and all the world, there is none. Thus the Lord Audley,  
 ' pag. 89.

(y) The Queen was under an extreme necessity of dispensing  
 with all Invalidities of the condition, state and faculty of those  
 Parker's pretended *consecrators*: because she knew they were  
 only *Priests* not *bishops*: and others than such, she and they now  
 despair'd of procuring. Vid. *The Nullity of the prelatick Clergy*,  
 &c. chap. 2.

The words of her letters patents are, *Suppletur nihilominus Su-*  
*prema nostra Autoritate Regia*, &c. Supplying by our supreme  
 royal authority, &c. If any thing be or shall be wanting in  
 these things, which you are to do by your command, either  
 in yourselves, or in any of you; or in your condition, state, facul-  
 ty, which by the *statutes* of this our kingdom, or by the *laws*  
 of the church are required, or necessary: the time and necessity  
 of affairs requiring this. *Teste Regina, &c. In ejus, rei, &c.*

Mr. Mason in his book of *consecration of the bishops in the*  
*Church of England*, edit 1613, brings in this question. If his

(Parker)

What's wanting in the *consecrator*,  
 Or *consecrated* is no matter :  
 For all defects in *faculty*,  
*State and condition*, I'll supply ;  
 And by my *letters patents*, will  
 Make good what's e'er they've acted ill :  
 She said ; and set in posture right,  
 As one should be that goes to write :  
 E'er she had well set pen to paper,  
 Comes in her *thought* and spares her labour.  
 Bless me ! says she my head is giddy,  
 What I am doing's done already :  
 For, now it comes into my mind,  
 When they complain'd they could not find  
 One *popish bishop* in the nation  
 willing to give them *consecration* ;  
 I bad 'em go and try *Landaff*,  
 Or do't themselves if he stood off ;  
 And, by the *power* conferr'd on me,  
 I gave e'm *letters* to supply  
 The *power* the *consecration* wanted,  
 (Tho' 'twas *episcopal* they granted,)  
 Their *faculty*, *state and condition*,  
 Are perfected by my *commission*.  
 Besides all this, I'll not neglect  
 To make the Parliament enact  
 For good and valid, all that's done  
 In this their *consecration*.

Thus

(Parker) or their *consecrations* were found, why did the Queen  
 in her *letters patents*, directed for the *consecrating* of them, use  
 divers general words and sentences, whereby she dispensed with  
 all *causes*, or *doubts* of any *imperfection* or *disability*, that could  
 or might be objected against them ? To which he makes this ri-  
 diculous answer. She might entertain some reason in her royal  
 breast, which you and I, and such shallow heads are not able to  
 conceive: But if I might presume to give my conjecture, I sup-  
 pose she did it *ad majorem cautelam*. Thus he, p. 132.

Thus by her supreme power *Bess*  
 Made each fit for his *diocess*,  
 Gives them her orders, with injunction  
 To act in church the *bishop's function*,  
 And help in great affairs of state,  
 As popish bishops did of late.  
 This pleas'd their graces very well,  
 And to their offices they fell.  
 Some a new liturgy devise,  
 And some make books of homilies,  
 And some new articles invent  
 Of faith, and of church government;  
 And canons at the last they make;  
 Of all which in due time I'll speak.

It was not long e'er bishop *Bonner* (x)  
 Call'd into question this their honour,  
 And told them plainly that their worships  
 Were never *consecrated bishops*;  
 That their episcopal vocation,  
 Was but a *cheat* put on the nation;  
 Numb. 8. E e Orders

(x) Dr. Helyn on the 8 of q. Eliz. 1565, 1566, says: By a statute made in the last parliament, a power was given unto the bishops to tender and receive the oath of supremacy. Bonner was then prisoner in the *Clink*, or *Marshalsea*, which being in Southwark, brought him within the jurisdiction of Horn, bishop of Winchester, by whose chancellor the oath was tendered to him; on the refusal of which oath he is indicted at the king's bench upon the statute, &c. Bishop Bonner pleaded, that Horn, at the time when the oath was tendered, was not bishop of Winchester, and therefore not impowered by the said statute to make tender of the oath, by himself or by his chancellor, &c. The cause comes at last to be debated amongst the judges at *Serjeant's Inn*, by whom the cause was finally put upon the issue, and the trial of that issue ordered to be committed to a jury of the county of Surry. But then withal (says he) it was advised, that the decision of the point should rather be referred to the following parliament, for fear that such a weighty matter might miscarry by a country jury, &c.

According



*Orders confer'd by th' magistrate,*  
*Are null in law of church and state;*  
*Therefore, says he, to Robert Horn,*  
*The oath you tender me I scorn :*  
*For you must know that Horn desir'd*  
*To have good Bonner premunir'd,*  
*And therefore offer'd him the oath,*  
*And bad him swear by faith and troth,*  
*By God himself, and gospels four,*  
*That Bess, in church, had supreme power.*  
*Which he refusing, Horn thought fit,*  
*To clap him up by King's Bench writ;*  
*To which wise Bonner makes his plea,*  
*That Horn, tho' in a bishop's see,*  
*Yet is no bishop, and therefore,*  
*Could not by right claim any power*  
*To tender oaths to him; and so,*  
*What he had done was void in law.*

*This wounded Horn to th' very heart,*  
*Nor could he long conceal the smart,*  
*But fill'd his fellow-bishops ears,*  
*With crying out,—His case was theirs;*

According to this sound advice, the business comes under consideration in the following parliament, which began on the 30th of September, 1565, (anno 8 Eliz.) This parliament revived the statute of Edward VI. that authorized the form of making bishops and priests, repealed by queen Mary. [And (says Heylin) did accordingly enact: "That all persons that had been, or should be made, ordered or consecrated archbishops, bishops, priests, ministers and dacons, after the form and order prescribed in the said book; be in very deed, and also by authority hereof declared and enacted to be, and shall be, archbishops, bishops, priests, ministers and dacons, rightly made, consecrated and ordered; any statute laws, canons, or any thing to the contrary, notwithstanding."

In this last act the church (says he) is strongly settled on her natural pillars. See *Heylin*, p. 345, 346. And, *Dr. Champney's* *vocation of bishops*, p. 163. As also, *the abridgement of judge Dyer's reports*, 7 *Edw.* 234.

And they oblig'd, as much as he,  
To stand up for their *prelacy*,  
And enter into verbal fight,  
To prove their *ordination* right.  
For if, says he, they prove me no  
Bishop, they'll do the same by you.

They finding *Horn* so closely prest,  
Met to consider what was best:  
After some chat and fruitless prattling,  
They fly for aid to old judge *Catlin*;  
Begging he would defend their honour,  
Against the plea of bishop *Bonner*,  
And shew *Horn's* process had no flaw,  
But judge them bishops good in law.  
And for his fee each man was willing  
To grease his fist with twenty shilling,  
And promis'd him a better penny;  
For we'll not stick, say they, for money,  
Provided that the cause, when try'd,  
Pass on our brother *Robert's* side,  
And *Bonner* cast in premunire.—

Quoth *Catlin*, well! my lords, I hear-ye:

But justice is not to be sold,

Not am I to be brib'd with gold:

However, in so grand a cause,

I'll stretch to th' utmost all the laws:

And if I cannot make it do,

Ere't come to trial you shall know:

Then you may let the matter rest,

Or else proceed as you see best.

They thanking him, away they went,

And left him to consider on't.

Tho' he had skill in statute book,

As much as *Littleton* or *Coke*,

*Justinian's code*, and *magna chart*  
Had, and the *canon law*, by heart;  
Yet would not rashly give advice  
In cases difficult and nice;  
Or of opinions, tell what his was,  
In weighty matters, such as this was;  
Till first his fellow judges were  
Consulted in the great affair:  
And therefore tho' lame of each foot  
With that *genteel* disease the gout;  
In slippers out of door he trudges,  
To th' chambers of his fellow judges;  
Gets their opinions, one by one,  
Then pitch'd a day to meet upon,  
At his apartments, where the bishops  
Were sent for, to attend their worships.

The case (as is before related)  
In full assembly being debated;  
The judges all conclude the matter  
To be of very per'lous nature;  
And tell the bishops, that if try'd,  
It needs must go on *Bonner's* side;  
Because they could not make't appear,  
Such prelates-lawful bishops were:  
Therefore advis'd 'em for the best,  
Never to bring it to the test:  
And charged *Horn* to press no further,  
In what would scandalize their order,  
Nor ever trouble *Bonner* more,  
By off'ring oaths on such a score.

This matter whisper'd up and down,  
Was quickly spread thro' all the town;  
And every body saw the cheat,  
*Episcopacy counterfeited.*

*Horn*



*Horn* and his fellow bishops knowing,  
 That this would tend to their undoing,  
 Resolve upon another trick,  
 How to secure the bishoprick,  
 And gain themselves respect and awe,  
 Like bishops, (good at least in law;) *Gold-*  
 And it was this; away they went  
 To beg an act of parl'ament;  
 As judging it the only way,  
 To make their new-form'd kirk obey,  
 And own them without contradiction,  
 To be endow'd with jurisdiction:  
 For who is he that dare withstand  
 A statute sign'd by royal hand?  
 The parliament at their petition,  
 Enacts them bishops—gives them *mission*.  
 The act confirm'd and sign'd by *Best*,  
 Each takes him to his diocess.  
 This is in fine, the tuberous root,  
 Whence pseudo-prelacy sprung out:  
 A spurious filp, a bastard stem,  
 Begot 'tween *queen* and *sanbedrim*,  
 And to this day they keep the name  
 (Of *parliament bishops*)——

Those bishops, *as by law establish'd*,  
 (For *villanies* and *lies* the ablest;  
 And for true *cant* and seeming *zeal*,  
 The best in all the common weal;)  
 Ordain a clergy like themselves,  
 And o'er the flock they place the wolves.  
 A clergy wed to vice and wives,  
 And doctrines impious as their lives;  
 Made up o' th' basest sort of men  
 The nation had in being then.

*Bagpipers*

*Bagpipers, fiddlers, tanners, tinkers,*  
*Card-makers, (a) cobblers, common drinkers,*  
*Carters, and catchpoles, chimney-sweepers,*  
*Fishmongers, butchers, rattle-keepers,*  
*Bricklayers, blacksmiths, weavers, tailors,*  
*Gold-finders, scavengers, and jailors.*

To rail against the church of Rome,  
 To preach its downfal, and its doom,  
 And curse the pope as they were mad,  
 Was one main talent that they had;  
 And who perform'd it best, were then  
 Cry'd up for mighty gifted men:  
 And those that held for sound divines,  
 Who pelted *images* and *shrines*,  
 And bang'd the *saints* till black and blue;  
 And *Pelion* upon *Ossa* threw,  
 On top of which to plant their engines,  
 For battering heaven with a vengeance;  
 Because the *saints* and *angels* there,  
 Presume to pray for mortals here;  
 And are by God for guardians sent  
 To us of the church militant.  
 But they were had in most esteem,  
 Who did the *MASS* the most blasphemous  
 In short, their learning did consist  
 In railing, who could rail the best.  
 They plac'd the lewd'est and most witty  
 Buffoons in kirks, the best i'th' city.  
 The duller sort that scarce could read,  
 In country kirks set up and pray'd;

Stammer'd

(a) See Dr. Heylin, who says Mr. John Rastel gives this same account of cobblers, weavers, tinkers, bagpipers, &c. being put into pulpits, and keeping the place of priests and Ministers, p. 346, 347.

Stammer'd the *common prayer-book* o'er,  
 And *homilies*, well conn'd before;  
 For in the kirk they durst not come  
 Till *homily* was conn'd at home.  
 So unlearn'd thieves sometimes have got  
 Propitious *neck-verse* so by rote,  
 As to repeat it, and not falter,  
 To save condemned necks from halter.  
 Such were those new ecclesiastics;  
 A crew of scoundrel ill-bred rustics,  
 A scum of rascals, base and dull,  
 As ever fill'd a pulpit full;  
 Unless by chance, that one in ten,  
 Lifted himself 'mongst learned men;  
 For some there were, whose blockheads bore  
 Above the rest, a share of lore,  
 And these had wonderful conceits  
 O'th' hidden treasures in their pates:  
 In mystic sciences deep skill  
 They would pretend to, and know well  
 How wands discover treasure hid,  
 How blood may be from man to kid  
 Transfus'd, and kid's blood into man,  
 By means of circulation;  
 How watchful cocks do come to know  
 What time of night they are to crow;  
 How horses, cats, and dogs, and bitches,  
 By springs are mov'd like clocks and watches;  
 Why hideous shapes appear to fight,  
 And rotten sticks shine in dark night;  
 Why turkey-cocks, when boys do whistle,  
 Strut and set up their plummy bristle;  
 All these, and such like things as these are,  
 They would unriddle at their pleasure,  
 And



And solve the hardest queries that  
 Were put to them, by answers pat.  
 By occult qualities this hath ye,  
 As t'other does't by antipathy,  
 And sympathy, O strange! discovery,  
 Why he that hates one is a lover.  
 Such was the learning, such the arts  
 Of those first clergy-men of parts:  
 But much improv'd by handing down  
 To great-great-grand-son of the gown.

Do but observe, and still you may  
 Hear jolly parsons at this day,  
 (Especially when they have got  
 Their wits well warm'd with pipe and pot)  
 Discover larger (b) stock of lore,  
 Than e'er their grandfires blockheads bore,  
 Especially to country folk,  
 That gape and wonder at their talk.

They'll talk like learned *astronomers*,  
 Of living creatures made of stars;  
 As *Lyon*, *Scorpion*, *Bear* and *Bull*,  
 And other things less dangerous, As

(b) In a small treatise entitled, "The grounds and occasions of the contempt of the clergy." The reader may see their ignorance, their vain boasting and foolish pretence to learning, absurdities, profaneness and blasphemies in their sermons set out to the life from known examples.

One says, he will bring into his sermon all the circles of the globe, and all the frightful terms of *astronomy*, and make our Saviour pass through all the 12 signs of the *Zodiac*, page 53.

Another, to prove the harmony of the spheres, fancies the Moon, Mercury and Venus to be a kind of violins or trebles to Jupiter and Saturn, and that the Sun and Mars supply the room of tenors; the *Primum Mobile* running division all the time, page 62.

Another teaches his parishioners how to dissolve gold, and what chymical preparations will do it, page 52.

Another makes the body of a man like an apple, and the feet like an oyster, page 52.

As little *Twinn*s and tender *Virgin*,  
 And *Crabfish*, (but say nought of *Sturgeon*)  
 And of a *Horse* wing'd on each side,  
 (Whose *head* hangs for a sign in *Cheapside*)  
 A *Dragon*'s head and tail they find,  
 But question whether part's behind;  
 Nor can their wise men solve the riddle,  
 Because the *Dragon* has no middle.

Of deeper matters far than these  
 They can discourse with muckle ease,  
 And without help of Syllogisms,  
 Prove *metals* to have *asterisms*:  
 That *Mercury* is the *primum-ens*  
 Of *Sol* and *Luna*, that from thence  
 Old *Trimegistus*, long before 'em,  
 Extracted *stone philosophorum*:  
 And that themselves have got their skill,  
 To *transmute metals* when they will.

As *Walchius* could words imprison  
 In hollow *canes*, so they by reason,  
 Judgment, and great dexterity  
 Can bottle words as well as he;  
 And can from place to place convey them.  
 Till when they please the *reed* shall say them,  
 Will suddenly the same discharge,  
 And hail-shot syllables at large,  
 Will fly intelligibly out;  
 Into the ears of all about;  
 So that the *auditors* may gain  
 Their meaning from the breech of *cane*.

They know the languages of birds,  
 Can talk with beasts in proper words;  
 Know by the croaking of a frog.  
 More than *Agrippa* or his *Dog*;

And in *occult philosophy*,  
 Are five times better skill'd than he,  
 Besides their speculative parts,  
 Vast practis skill they have in arts ;  
 When things are stol'n, what way they went  
 Can tell, and when they'll home be sent.  
 By *chiromancy* fortunes tell,  
 And cure diseases by a *spell* ;  
 Know what is baneful, what is wholesome,  
 And can make *apoplectic balsam*,  
 And by fresh unguents made of simples,  
 Can stout red-noses free from pimples ;  
 Can bleed by *leeches*, and draw *blisters*,  
 And handy are in giving *clysters* ;  
 Can to young wenches powders give,  
 To make their sweet-hearts fall in love ;  
 And can by *talismans* and *sigils*,  
 Make cowards proof 'gainst canes and cudgels ;  
*Night-revels* hold with *bags* and *faries*,  
 Know where they dance and keep their daries ;  
 Can play strange feats with *sieve* and *shears*,  
 And talk with *ghosts*, when none appears ;  
 Work wonders by the strength of *fancy*,  
 And devils raise by *necromancy*.

As to their (*c*) *morals*, if you wou'd  
 Know whether they were ill or good ;

Guess

(*a*) You may see in the Scotch presbyterian eloquence, printed at London, in 1692 ; and, the answer to the Scotch presbyterian eloquence, printed at London, in 1693, what sort of learning, preaching, praying, &c. was practis'd ; and how abominably wicked their parsons were, in all manner of vice ; as lying, adultery, cruelty, corcery, perjury, sodomy, &c. From these here named you may guess at the morals of the rest throughout England, not only at present, but ever since the pretended reformation,



Gueſs from the qualities and birth  
 Of thoſe mechanic ſons of earth,  
 Their education and baſe breeding,  
 Till they got gowns and berter feeding,  
 Will eaſily point out the manners,  
 Of thoſe eccleſiaſtic tanners,  
 Swine-herds and tinkers, (as is ſaid  
 Above) for they were men of trade.

Befides, obſerve the upright ways  
 Of the good parſons of our days,  
 The edifying lives they live,  
 The bleſt examples that they give:  
 For, by the morals of the young,  
 Is ſhewn the ſtock from whence they ſprung,  
 The (*d*) *grand-fire's* virtues cannot fail,  
 While *off-ſpring* holds 'em by entail.

As an *entail* upon the gown,  
 With mighty care they've *handed down*  
 Thoſe *heirlooms* of exceeding price,  
*Tobacco, tankards, cards, and dice,*  
 With all the *impliments* of vice;  
 By which, and *anceſtors* direction,  
 They're grown to wonderful perfection,  
 In taſting *ale*, and *wine*, and *brandy*,  
 In *gaming*, and the art *amandi*,  
 In ſongs *obſcene*, and *tipt* diſcourſe,  
 And ſomething elſe a great deal worſe:  
 In *wheelde*, *banter*, and *rude ſcoffings*,  
 In *beſtoring* like *ragamuffins*;

F f 2

In

(*d*) In the year 1641, 1642, &c. the preſbyterians bundled up thouſands of inſtances of the like ſort againſt the biſhops and clergy of the church of England, all which they charged ſo cloſely home to them, as to force them to abdicate their uſurped biſhoprics and turn vagabonds in foreign countries. See petitions to the parliament, and other writings of that time.

In quarrels, law-suits, and contention,  
 In subtle art of circumvention :  
 In lying, swearing ; add to these  
 Rebellion, 'tis their master-piece :  
 In short, there's nothing that has ill in't,  
 But to a wonder they have skill in't.  
 Now comes the place where I should give  
 Some short account what they believe,  
 And how they stand as to their faith ;  
 But I find none that any hath ;  
 For each man holds what he thinks best,  
 And damns for *heresy* the rest ;  
 And what he holds, gives quickly o'er,  
 And takes the point he damn'd before.  
 And this he changes o'er again,  
 As fancy is in full of wane.  
 Yet under what odd names the elves,  
 Are pleas'd to congregate themselves ;  
 To shew distinction of *sect*,  
 And *herd* denote they most affect,  
 I'll tell you here, as to the tall ones.  
 And bundle up in *one*, the small ones ;  
*Atheists*, and *deists*, *unitarians*,  
*The supra* and *sub-lapsarians*,  
*Socinians* and *presbyterians*,  
*Wet* and *dry quakers*,—these are quere ones,  
 That can allow themselves the creature,  
 Be't what it will, when't pleases nature.  
 There is the (e) *high-church* and the *low-church*,  
 And the most spacious is their *no-church*,

For

(e) In the convocation that met on Feb. 6, 1700. about church matters, the two houses of convocation disagreeing about privileges and other matters, and the lower-house, or inferior clergy, insisting more magisterially upon their claim,

For they have found a new invention  
 Of *latitude* call'd *comprehension*,  
 That all the *heresies* hem in,  
 Which have since *Simon Magus* been :  
 'Tis this that I their *no-church* call,  
 Because it holds the *devil* and *all*.  
 This *comprehension* is founded  
 On *Bess's* articles, expounded  
 By *Sarum's* bishop, who from thence  
 Draws *latitude* in *literal sense*.  
 Though *faith* they have in no degree,  
 More than I here have let you see ;  
 Yet they are busied about  
 Finding *faith's* *fundamentals* out :  
 And teach that those who hold not all  
 The points of *faith* *essential*.  
 Are no good *christians*, nor *believers*,  
 Nor for *salvation* right *contrivers*.  
 But here the puzzling query rises,  
 That all their doctorship surprises :  
 What articles are (f) *fundamental*,  
 And what are not?—None of them can tell,  
 But answer thus : *It is a riddle*,  
 With which wise people will not meddle.

A

than the bishops, or upper-house thought consistent with good manners ; the bishops, in derision. nick-named them *the high-church* : the clergy. or lower-house, to be even with them, entitled them *the low-church*. So that by these two names are to be understood all the bishops and clergy, and their followers, that assume the name of the church of England. See their books and scurrilous pamphlets, published against one another at that time.

(f) Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum, in his exposition on the 39 articles, teaches, *That an article being conceived in such general words that it can admit of different literal and grammatical senses, even when the senses given are plainly contrary one to another ; yet both may subscribe the article with a good conscience, and without equivocation.* Introduction to the exposition, p. 8.



A solid answer to their flock,  
Which needs must thinking people shock.

To hear their doctor preach and write  
You who seek heav'n can ne'er come nigh't;  
Unless such points of faith you hold  
As never shall by us be told.

This needs must strike a deadly fear,  
And drive them into black despair.

Suppose the silly people say,  
(As very reasonably they may)

Alas! poor *we*! what shall we do?

Be damn'd for what we do not know!

Why won't you tell us what will save us;

But in this (*g*) utter darkness leave us?

Yur cruelty's beyond expression,

Or reach of strong imagination:

Since *Christ*, our *Saviour* did reveal 'em,

Why should his ministers conceal 'em?

They answer thus: We're not inclin'd,

T'have fundamental points *defin'd*;

Least on the one hand it should seem,

Denying salvation to them,

Who do not hold 'em (*h*) all when known,

This we are loath to do: yet own,

(*g*) Burnet. in his said exposition, writes thus: *That which makes particular men believers, is their receiving the fundamentals of christianity. page 180. We ought to settle our faith as to the great points of christian religion. &c. Here a distinction is to be made between those capital and fundamental articles, without which a man cannot be esteemed a true christian, nor a church a true church: And other truths, which being delivered in scripture, all men are indeed obliged to believe them; yet they are not of that nature that the ignorance of them, or an error in them, can exclude from salvation.*

*Here (says he) a controversy does naturally arise, that wise people are unwilling to meddle with: What articles are fundamental, and what are not?*

(*h*) *The defining of fundamental articles seems, on the one hand, to deny*

That he who misses one point, shall  
 Be damn'd, tho' ignorant of all :  
 Besides, should we tell what would save ye,  
 And all those fundamentals give ye :  
 It might seem leaving you at freedom  
 To live as if you did not need 'em,  
 Such lesser points as plainly carry,  
 The title of unnecessary.

These are the reasons that are given  
 For hiding thus the way to heaven ;  
 So foolish, silly, and absurd,  
 Ten thousand are not worth a t-rd.

And tho' they speak, as if (proud elves)  
 They understood those points themselves ;  
 Yet the true reason why they do not  
 Define 'em, is, because they cannot.  
 Let all their able doctors join  
 In *convocation*, to define  
*Faith's fundamentals*, and they'll still  
 Be at a stand—and stand they will ;  
 Because indeed, they can as soon  
*Shape out a coat to fit the moon.*

All they can do us, is to bid you pore  
 On (i) bibles till your eyes are sore,  
 And in that wilderness of letter,  
 Hunt for your faith (tho' ne'er the better.)  
 It is from thence they bid you take  
 Your faith, and your religion make ;

Just

*deny salvation to such as do not receive them all, which men are not willing to do.*

*On the other hand, it may seem a leaving men at liberty, as to all other particulars that are not reckoned up among the fundamentals.* Thus the bishop of Sarum, on the 19 article, page 179.

(i) Dr. Burnet, bishop of Sarum, in his exposition on the 10 article, teaches, that every single man has a right to search

Just as you please, each man his own,  
 Without consulting with the gown :  
 Nor are you to believe a (*k*) synod,  
 With twice five hundred doctors in it.  
 The reason that for this they give ye,  
 Is: *such a synod may deceive ye* :  
 Because our church nor can, nor will  
 Pretend to be *infallible*.

When you have fit faith to your mind,  
 As each self-judgment is inclin'd ;  
 Yet they who like it not when done,  
 May (*l*) change't again and so go on ;  
 Till in a thousand forms he turns it,  
 Like *Cranmer*, *Stillingfleet*, or *Burnet* :  
 And when you can transform no more,  
 Then *all* turn *atheists*, and give o'er.

This first allowing bible-freedom,  
 To all that could, or could not read 'em ;  
 Has authoriz'd each mad division,  
 That since old *Luther's* fall has risen :  
 For hence it is, that any man  
 May be at first a *Lutheran* ;  
 And by and by, may turn an *arian*,  
*Socinian*, or *unitarian*,

A

the scriptures, and to take his faith from them ; yet it is certain that he may be mistaken in it.

(*k*) When any synod of the clergy has so far examined a point, as to settle their opinions about it, they may certainly decree that such is their doctrine, &c.

And in this, a body does no more, as it is a body, than what every single individual has a right to do for himself.

(*l*) Every man that finds his own thoughts differ from it (*i. e.*) from a definition made by the body of the pastors, ought to examine the matter over again. But if after all possible methods of enquiry, a man cannot master his thoughts, or make them agree with public decisions, his conscience is not under bonds ; since this authority is not absolute, nor grounded upon promise of infallibility. page 195, 196.



A *zinglian*, or *calvanist*,  
 An *adamite*, or *familist*,  
 An *anabaptist*, or a *dipper*,  
 Of female neighbour to equip her,  
 A *quaker*, *hobbist*, or *cranmerian*,  
 A *jansenist*, or *presbyterian*.  
 With grace over head and shoulder,  
 Just like the water that did hold her.  
 If *comprehension* he judge best,  
 Then turn a *Gilbert Burnetist*;  
 Or he may follow *John O' Leyden*,  
 Or any other that we read on;  
 Or, if he please, may join with all,  
 And when he will with none at all,  
 And so become an *independent*;  
 Or if to make the shorter end on't,  
 He take it for the best to *hang*,  
*Cut throat*, or *drown his outward-man*,  
 To free from flesh imprison'd soul,  
 As well as magot from his poll;  
 Then he may boldly take his *swing*,  
 And go to heaven in a *string*.

Tho' every man's belief was free,  
 They, for good order did agree,  
 To patch a symbol up together,  
 Of doctrines good, and bad, and neither.  
*Parker* observing that the land,  
 For public faith was at a stand,  
 And every body made their own,  
 Since *catholic faith* was put down;  
 Calls to him all his nag's-head brethren,  
 Who at that day appointed gath'ring,  
 Unto the attentive *convocation*,  
 Thus speaks he in most solemn fashion.

Most rev'rend brothers, you must know,  
 The queen has placed *me* and *you*,  
 For pillars and for corner-stones,  
 Designing on our shoulder-bones  
 To found this great and weighty work,  
 Of building up her *English kirk*:  
 But, brethren, how can this be done,  
 While its materials, one by one,  
 Lie uncemented loose together,  
 Ready to fall, we know not whether,  
 Nor whether e'er again we find 'em;  
 Our best way, therefore, is to bind 'em  
 Close in a bundle as folk do  
 A sort of faggot sticks, or so:  
 Which must be done, as I imagine,  
 By (*m*) *articles* of our religion;  
 In which the *faith* we are to preach,  
 And *doctrines* which we mean to teach,  
 Shall be sent thro' the queen's dominions,  
*Against divers'ty in opinions*;  
 That every one may understand,  
 What sort of faith we teach the land.  
 This done, we must the people awe,  
 By *statute*, and by *penal law*,  
 To hold the doctrines we present 'em,  
 Whether they do, or not content 'em;  
 So none shall dare to deviate  
 From the religion of the state.  
 Thus, as we are in story told,  
 Th' *Arbian prophet* did of old:  
 And 'twas a politic device,  
 To fill with fools his paradise.

I fear, quoth *Horn*, this will not hinder  
 Our kirk from renting still afunder;  
 Because 'tis certain, endless ruptures  
 Must daily grow from reading scriptures;  
 While every one expounds the letter  
 In his own sense.—Well! that's no matter,  
 Quoth *Parker*, if they don't oppose  
 Our articles, nor break our laws,  
 But subscribe every article;  
 Each in his own sense, if he will:  
 For different senses we'll allow  
 Of articles and scripture too;  
 Because we can have no pretence,  
 To bind up men to our own sense,  
 Since they and we know very well,  
 That we are not *infallible*.

It will be very hard, I know-well,  
 To please each different sect, quoth *Jewel*,  
 Scarce shall we find words capacious,  
 And sentences so large and spacious,  
 As to admit of every meaning  
 A thousand sects will have 'em ta'en in.

Doubt not, says *Parker*, of our skill  
 In terms equivocal, we will  
 Use words ambiguous and dark,  
 And all such sentences we'll mark  
 Which may be wrested several ways,  
 Like *Delfic* saws in former days;  
 And make our *creed* so patly plyable,  
 That to all senses't shall be liable;  
 Like nose of wax, that may be twin'd  
 To any side one has a mind.  
 To this, the chief in every tribe  
 Of sectaries, will soon subscribe,



But tho' they do subscribe the letter,  
 Quoth *Bentham*, what are we the better?  
 This will not lessen that vast number  
 Of sects, that do our nation cumber.  
 'Tis true, quoth *Matt*, sects daily spring up,  
 And doctrines grow like any thing-up;  
 Yet what of that, if this invention  
 Do, by the way of *comprehension*,  
 Bring every sect we live among  
 To own that they to us belong?  
 In faith each member may be single, and  
 Yet all be of the church of *England*:  
 Just as all sects of reform'd saints,  
 Assume the name of protestants.

He said, and all the rest agreed  
 To fall a changing *Edward's creed*;  
 His *articles* they did refine,  
 From *forty-two* to *thirty-nine*;  
 Corrected this piece, that piece made,  
 Put forward this, that retrograde:  
 Chang'd here and there, to this and that,  
 Put in and out, they knew not what,  
 Nor where they ended or began.  
 At last comes up their *alchoran*,  
 With heads in number nine and thirty;  
 I strange they made 'em not up forty.

*King Edward's forty-two articles. See them  
 at large at the end of this canto. Queen Eli-  
 zabeth's thirty-nine articles, at large, also.*

Those *thirty-nine* they do impose,  
 (Tho' most are *negatives* and *noes*,)  
 For *faith*; yet know they not that made 'em,  
 (More than a *Turk* that never read 'em,)  
 Wherefore

Whether they're true or false; or whether  
 To be affirm'd, deny'd, or neither;  
 For how the devil should they tell,  
 Since their new church is *fallible*;  
 And yet whos'ever does avow,  
 That any of 'em is not true;  
 He's blasted with a heavy *curse*,  
 That damns him, if it do no worse.

In sixteen hundred three, or four,  
 When hampton-court dispute was o'er;  
*Canons* they made to authorise  
*Prayers, articles and homilies*,  
 And force folks under pain of curse,  
 To take for better and for worse,  
 The doctrines taught in ev'ry one,  
 Tho' perfect (o) contradiction;  
 This curse at first some vainly dreaded,  
 But now, not two in twenty heed it;  
 Because they find it falls upon  
 Both sides of contradiction.  
 So that hold either good or ill;  
 It damns, take whether side you will.  
 Compare the second homily  
 With the sixteenth, then shall you see

Flat

(o) *The 8th Homily, which is entituled, against peril of idolatry, teaches, that, 'Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned. All ages, sects and degrees of men, women and children of whole christendom, have been at once drowned in abominable and damnable Idolatry, and that by the space of 800 years and more to the destruction and subversion of all good religion universally.'*

The 16th, entituled, *Of the gifts of the Holy Ghost*, teaches the contrary doctrine, viz. *'That the Holy Ghost, the spirit of truth has been, and will be always present with the church, governing and directing it to the world's end.'* So that it never has wanted, nor ever will want, while the world endures, pure and sound doctrine. The sacraments ministred according to Christ's holy institution, and the right use of ecclesiastical discipline.

Flat contradiction lie between 'em ;  
 (You'll wonder at when you've seen 'em :)  
 And yet they must believe 'em both,  
 And all they teach, for faith and truth ;  
 Else are they by the canons smitten,  
 And headlong sent away to *Satan*.

Now let us back return again,  
 To the fore end of *Besse's* reign ;  
 And a new *liturgy* prepare  
 From *Ned's* last book of common prayer ;  
 We should be blamed, had we left it,  
 By parsons that are meanly gifted :  
 For where extempory cant  
 Is wanting, this supplies the want.

In *Almain*, 'twas no sooner known  
 That *Elizabeth* had got the crown ;  
 But those at *Frankfort* cast off mourning,  
 And now bethink 'em of returning :  
 To *England* now in shoals they throng,  
 And bring their *liturgy* along ;  
 That self-same *common-prayer*, that they  
 Had with them when they went away ;  
 The same that caus'd the strife 'tween *Cox*,  
*Whitehead*, and *Horn*, and old *Jack Knox*.

Now *Bess* surmising, this might cause  
 New fewds among dissenting foes ;  
 Calls *Parker*, and who else she thought fit :  
 No wit, says she, is like bought wit ;  
 I would not have you quarrel, sirs,  
 About your *pray'rs*, like cats, and curs,  
 As you at *Frankfort* did of late :  
 The church is mine, as well as state ;  
 So it behoves me to take care  
 About reforming of your prayer :

Therefore,



Therefore, good *Parker*, on your life,  
 See to correct that book of strife;  
 That neither sentence, word, nor sense,  
 Nor doctrine in't may give offence  
 To your weak brethren; for my mind  
 Is to have all in worship join'd,  
 Besides, take care your book be made  
 Fit for a *Romonist* to read;  
 The doctrine of the *real presence*,  
 Handle so mod'rately, that the sense  
 May not by *rubricks* seem, or *prayers*,  
 To be much different from theirs.  
 Yet on the other side you must  
 To the *reform'd* give no disgust,  
 Use therefore words so variable,  
 As to each side is applicable.  
 Thus we the *puritans* may win,  
 And bring the heedless *papists* in:  
 By wisely handing matters thus,  
 Our church will soon grow numerous,  
 Go therefore, and in spite of fate,  
 Make your religion suit the state  
*Parker*, and seven coadjutors,  
 (Like shoe-makers and's under-futors,)  
 Make haste to their reforming shop,  
 And for prayer-cobblers they set up.  
 The names of those thet (p) *Parker* took

To

(p) *Camden* tells us, that the care of correcting the Liturgy, which under king *Edward* the sixth, 'was set forth' in the vulgar tongue, was committed to *Parker*, *Bill*, *Moy*, *Cox*, *Grindal*, *Whitehead*, and *Pilkinton*, learned and moderate divines, and to Sir *Thomas Smith*, knight, a most learned gentleman. The matter being imparted to no man but the earl of *Bedford*, *John Gray* of *Pergy*, and *Cecil*. Hist. of queen *Elix.* lib. 1. pag. 16. edit. 3. 1675. and *Heylin* in his *Eccl. Restaur.* p. 277.

To help, him to correct his book,  
Were *Grindall*, *Cox*, and *Pilkinton*,  
And master *Whitehead* he was one;  
The rest were *Smith*, and *Bill*, and *May*;  
Who meeting on th' appointed day,  
E'er they took seat, the wrangling asses  
Fell into strife about their places;  
Contending each, what they were able,  
For the high end of their *round table*.  
'Till at the last speaks learned *Bill*,  
(Who in geomety had skill,  
Could tell a circle from a square,  
And measure angles to a hair.)  
My Lords, quoth he, ends are not found  
In tables made exactly round.  
But if it please you, I'll divide  
By lines of *chalk*, from side to side,  
The *circumference* into eight;  
All parts shall in the *center* meet.  
So that none can discern, if try'd,  
The highest from the lowest side;  
Thus we shall all have equal parts,  
Marry, quoth they, with all our hearts.  
Board thus divided, *Parker's* grace  
Sat down; and each one took his place.  
Giving preheminance of *order*,  
To *Parker's* highness, but no farther:  
For none allow'd him jurisdiction,  
Beyond his own Chalk of restriction.  
Seated they gravely fall to work,  
And each one, like a learned, clerk,  
With pen and ink and fullen look,  
Fell to correct the common-book.  
What any of 'em deem'd not right,

It was expos'd to others sight,  
 And very seriously debated,  
 If it should be obliterated,  
 Or from its former sense estrang'd;  
 Or only in expression chang'd,  
 Or else stand without any more  
 Done to't, than barely reading o'er.

The form of *(q)* *general confession*,  
 Was the first thing they call'd in question;  
 A piece compos'd, as wise men think,  
 By providential instinct,  
 That brought forth truths they never meant,  
 Or thought to be involved in't;  
 (So *Caiphas*, the cruel Jew,  
 Told truth, but knew't not to be true :)  
 For when reformers *went astray*  
 And *erred* from the ancient way,  
 Their fathers faith refus'd to hold,  
 Like *wand'ring sheep* broke from the fold;  
 Their pastor's counsel undervalu'd,  
 And their own fond *devices* follow'd;  
 Then 'twas they made this true *confession*,  
 Right levell'd at the reformation.  
 Not seeing the great truth hid in't,  
 They close't with this acknowledgment,  
*There is no health in us.* If so,  
 Then Wo! to protestancy, wo!  
 This brought, I say, into debate,  
 Not one saw what it levell'd at.

H h

Nor

*(q)* Their form of general confession in the common-prayer,  
 Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from  
 thy ways like lost sheep: we have followed too much the devices and de-  
 sires of our own hearts: we have offended against thy holy laws: we  
 have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have  
 done those things which we ought not to have done: and there is no  
 health in us, &c.



Nor any of them ever thought  
Of having't chang'd or blotted out.

The creeds they also over-leapt,  
And 'twas a mercy they elcapt't,  
And that the church, by alteration,  
Was not transform'd to *congregation*,  
And *catholic* to *protestant*:

But this *Mat. Parker* would not grant;  
For had correction so gone on,  
Th' *apostles creed* must thus (*r*) have run;  
And in this (*s*) manner that of *Nice*;  
The *Athanasian creed* likewise  
Must have been thus (*t*) chang'd by this trick,  
To *protestant* from *catholic*.

But *Parker*, who consider'd well,  
And could th' event of things foretel;  
Advis'd them not at all to handle  
The creeds, for fear of giving scandal.  
Christ's holy church, says he, has ever  
Been termed *catholic*, and never  
Can lose that title, nor indeed  
Admit of changing in the creed.

Yet when you make a new translation  
Of bible (*u*) put down *congregation*,  
Where ever church comes into play,  
And *catholic* cast quite away.

For in the bible 'tis no more,  
Than changing one in twenty score,

But

(*r*) I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy protestant congregation, the communion of saints.

(*s*) I believe one holy protestant and apostolic congregation.

(*t*) Whosoever will be saved, it is necessary that he hold fast the protestant faith.

(*u*) In the bible set out in the year 1560. the word church is not once to be found, but congregation always in place of it. As in St. Matthe. c. 18. v. 17. They translate, Tell the congregation, and if he will not hear the congregation, &c.

But in the creed to change it, then  
 'Twill almost be a word in ten,  
 Which must the people much alarm,  
 And doubtless, do a deal of harm.  
 Besides, the creed, folks ev'ry day,  
 Do once or twice, or ten times say;  
 So that the words being learn'd by rote,  
 Cannot so quickly be forgot;  
 Hence uncouth words will to the nation  
 Appear like terms of conjuration,  
 And scandalize our reformation.  
 Those his objections being made,  
 They acquiesc'd in what he said;  
 And let the creeds, 'thout more ado,  
 Remain just as in *statu quo*.

Take my advice, quoth *Smith* the knight,  
 (It seldom fails in things of weight,)  
 Which is, to use great moderation  
 In this our prayer-book's reformation.  
 The queen is in her heart a papist  
 We may suppose, as much as a priest;  
 She went to mass in *Mary's* reign;  
 Practis'd confession of her sin;  
 The catholic religion own'd  
 In every point: when she was crown'd,  
 Still to maintain the same she swore,  
 As other princes did before.  
 Considering which, 'tis good that we  
 To humour her do all agree;  
 Let's therefore make the common-prayer  
 As like the *mass book* as we dare;  
 In substance not, I mean in show,  
 That vulgar people may not know,  
 If to themselves 'twere but to reference,

H h 2

Wherein

Wherein to find an aglet difference.  
 He said, and up starts Gaffer May,  
 Give ear, says he, to what I say;  
 The queen thro' policy of state,  
 Has broke the oath she took of late,  
 And *mauger* popish education,  
 Resolves upon a reformation;  
 Let's therefore wairily contrive it,  
 Just as her majesty would have it;  
 That is, as near as e'er we can,  
 To please all sides and every man.  
 We'll therefore now put out, or in,  
 What may, or may not please the queen.  
 Well then, quoth *Parker* let's agree,  
 To blot out of the litany,  
 (According to the queen's commission,) *(1)*  
 This harsh unmannerly petition;  
 To wit, *(x)* *To be delivered from*  
*Th' enormous tyrannies of Rome.*  
 'Till this be out, there is no hope  
 Of gaining such as love the *Pope*.  
 'Gainst what he said was no dispute,  
 So that petition was raz'd out.  
 There is another thing beside,  
 (Which not a papist can abide,) *(2)*  
 An Hethenish *(y)* *Rubrick*: out upon't,  
 The queen will hang us, if we don't  
 Out of the book eradicate it,  
 I know she mortally do's hate it;

And

*(x)* In King Edward's litany stood this petition, 'From the tyranny, and all the detestable enormities of the bishop of Rome, good Lord deliver us.'

*(y)* This following rubrick stood in King Edward's II. liturgy, but was cast out by queen Elizabeth. And at King Charles II. restoration, it was by his convocation re-assumed, and placed in the common prayer, in favour of the presbyterians.



And well enough I understand,  
 From verses writ by her own hand,  
 That she believes the *real presence*;  
 Read you them o'er, and judge of the sense.

‘ Christ was the word that spake it,  
 ‘ He took the bread and brake it,  
 ‘ And what the world did make it,  
 ‘ That I believe and take it.

This shews she’ll hate our book of prayer,  
 If that black rubrick be left there.

Upon my soul it does more ill,  
 Than heart can think, or tongue can tel;  
 The very *Luth’rans* do not care  
 To read our books, while it stands there;  
 This *Rubrick Cranmer* did invent,  
 ‘Gainst worshipping the sacrament.

But pray-ye let us throw’t away,  
 That people, if it please ‘em, may  
 Adore our Lord as present there,  
 Or else blot out this antient (z) prayer,

For

*Whereas it is ordained in the administration of the Lord’s supper, that the communicants kneeling should receive the holy communion, which thing is well meant for a signification of the humble and grateful acknowledgement of the benefits of Christ given unto the worthy receiver. And to avoid the profanation and disorders which about the holy communion might also ensue, lest yet the same kneeling might be thought or taken otherwise; We do declare that it is not meant thereby that any adoration is done, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread or wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential presental presence there being of Christ’s natural flesh and blood. For as concerning the sacramental bread and wine, they remain still in their natural substance, and therefore may not be adored, for that were idolatry: And as concerning the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ, they are in Heaven, and not here: For it is against the truth of Christ’s true natural body, to be in more places than one at a time.*

(z) They call this prayer, the prayer of humble access. *We do not presume to come to thy holy table, O merciful Lord, trusting in our own righteousness, &c. Grant us therefore, gracious Lord, so to eat the flesh of thy dear son Jesus Christ, and to drink his blood,*

For not a man alive can see,  
What way to make them both agree.

The *prayer* we must retain, says *Bill*,  
But we'll blot this out, if you will,

(a) *In these holy mysteries*,  
Because I find the same implies,  
Christ's body and his blood are there.  
So does, say's *May*, the rest o'th' *prayer*,  
And so our (b) *catechism* too.

Quoth *Mat*, I know not what to do,  
With *catechism* we must not part,  
Because folks have it all by heart :  
Nor is it fit to vex the nation,  
By such notorious alteration.  
But raze that line out, if you will,  
Which now was noted by Sir *Bill*.

Yes, yes, says *Whitehead*, out with this  
And let the *rubrick* stand where 't is ;  
For *Calvin*, *Beza*, and good *Tyndal*,  
The real-presence never handle,  
Unless to contradict the same :  
Let's imitate those men of fame,  
And let it ne'er be said, that we  
With such apostle's disagree.  
For my part I am not like *Tyndal*  
Inflexible, says Master *Grindal* ;  
Take therefore whether side you please,  
I can comply with mickle ease.

So cannot I, quoth *Pilkinton*,

(a) *In these holy mysteries. that we may continually dwell in him, and be in us, that our sinful bodies may be clean by his body, and our souls washed thro' his most precious blood. Amen.*

(b) *In the Catechism. Quest. What is the inward part, or thing signified?*

*Answer. The body and blood of Christ, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's supper.*

Because the queen will have it done :  
 And right or wrong, you know we must  
 Obey her, marry 'tis but just,  
 Says *Mat*, so let's no more dispute,  
 But blot that wicked rubrick out.  
 This motion pleas'd not Gaffer *Whitehead* ;  
 Says *Smith*, (the man that had been knighted)  
 No matter, if the rest consent.  
 They did : and out the rubrick went,  
 So did the line *bill* noted down,  
 And *holy mysteries* they have none.

The next thing that they fell upon,  
 Was how to give communion ;  
 Whether their form should it design  
 For flesh and blood, or bread and wine.

Quoth *Parker* in King *Edward's* reign  
 We had two diff'rent forms ; but then,  
 We had two diff'rent books of prayer ;  
 The first of which we do declare,  
 The *Holy-Ghost* himself did aid  
 Our good reformers, when 'twas made :  
 In this book, while the book was good.  
 The first form of communion stood.  
 But as our gospel gather'd ground,  
 So did our common-prayers abound,  
 And up a second book of prayer  
 Rose, e'er the first reigned three year :  
*This* very boldly took the post  
 Of that made by the Holy-Ghost.

And taught a new form (*c*) of receiving      *This*

(*c*) See the order of the communion, set out by king *Edward VI.*  
 printed by *R. Grafton*, 1547.

*The form of delivering the communion according to king Edward's first  
 order of communion.*

*Rubrick.* When the priest doth deliver the sacrament of the body of  
 Christ, he shall say to every one these words following,

*The*



This (*This new nothing,*) with *thanksgiving*.  
Both forms are here ; my lords, pray see  
How th' one with t'other does agree,  
For our reformed church designs,  
That all shall take it in both kinds :  
And giving of it thus, they thought  
A likely way to bring them to't.

But pray, quoth Master *Pilkinton*,  
What shall we do ? Now there's not one  
Kind, left in *Edward's* (*d*) second prayer :  
We're ten times worse than e'er we were.  
Whereas in papist's times, they did  
Receive Christ's body and his blood.  
Under one species ; we get neither,  
Tho' both the kinds we take together.  
For, in this second form, the priest  
Pretends not to give ought of Christ.

Take

*The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee, preserve  
thy body unto everlasting life.*

Rubrick. The priest delivering the sacrament of the blood,  
shall say,

*The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee, preserve  
thy soul unto everlasting life.*

The form in king *Edward's* second common-prayer book.

*Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee ; and feed on  
him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.*

At giving the cup.

*Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and  
be thankful.*

(*d*) The form of giving the sacrament in the first liturgy of  
king *Edward* (says *Heylin*) being thought by *Calvin* and his disciples  
to give some countenance to the cross and carnal presence of Christ  
in the sacrament, was altered into this form in the second liturgy,  
that is to say, take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for  
thee, and feed on him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving.  
Take and drink this, &c. But the revisers of the book joined both  
forms together, lest under colour of rejecting a carnal, they might  
be thought also to deny such a real presence as was defended in  
the writings of the ancient fathers, upon which ground they ex-  
pounded, also a whole rubrick at the end of the communion service,  
&c. (*This is the rubrick mentioned above.*) See *Heylin*, p. 283.

Take and *eat this*, says he, but what  
 This, *this* is, he interprets not:  
 Take and *eat this*, this what, O *Parker*?  
 No substantive? sure! this is darker  
 Than riddle, that in time of old  
 Gran-dames to their grand-children told.  
 Quoth *Mat*, from what in rubrick's said,  
 I think it must be meant——*this bread*,

If so, says *Smith*, it is no more  
 When consecrated, than before:  
 What do the sacred words avail?  
 Is blessing ineffectual?  
 And how can you these words make good,  
*This is my body, this my blood*?  
 For Christ himself, ('tis very plain,)  
 Being God, could nothing speak in vain,  
 The ancient fathers understood,  
 Christ gave his *body* and his *blood*  
 Under the form of bread and wine,  
 And thought the *Eucharist* divine,  
 And by *tradition*, we from them  
 Ought to believe the very same.

At this up starts me master *Whitehead*,  
 And scratching for a while his light-head;  
 Soft firs, says he, my fancy gathers,  
 That these were errors in the fathers,  
 Not I alone imagine thus,  
 But *Calvin*, and *Carlstadius*,  
*Beza*, and *Zuinglius* by name,  
*Cranmer*, and *Bucer* say the same,  
 And in plain syllables declare,  
 That only bread and wine are there;  
 And therefore pray-ye, let us now  
 Be very cautious, what we do;

And not dissent in any case,  
 From men so largely stockt with grace;  
 Nor leave upon a light pretence,  
 The judgment of such men of sence.

*Whitehead* his spirit scarce had spent,  
 When *Bill* his stock began to vent.  
 Two diff'rent judgments in the land  
 There are, says he, I understand,  
 Those who believe 'tis chang'd from bread,  
 The first form answers to their creed:  
 And those who do deny the same,  
 The second form is fit for them,  
 What think-ye therefore if we give it  
 In both, as diff'rent men believe it;  
 And this may easily be done,  
 When folks come to communion;  
 It is but parting *yeas* from *noes*,  
 And at God's board the herd dispose;  
 So that the *yeas* on one side sit,  
 The *noes* on t'other side of it;  
 Then let the parson take his stand,  
 (It matters not at whether end)  
 And as by proper form apply'd,  
 Dispence his gifts to either side,  
 By either form alone; in troth,  
 I find we cannot please them both.

Quoth *Parker*, but since it is thus,  
 Let's make a form ambiguous;  
 Which, as they please, may be apply'd  
 To this, or to the other side.

*Parker* his speech had scarcely done,  
 When up again gets *Pilkinton*;  
 And by the motion of his thumb,  
 Prevails with *Parker* to be dumb,

Good



Good sirs, says he, be all attentive,  
 My brains are wonderful inventive,  
 And must as certainly produce,  
 As *Æsop's* mountain did his mouse,  
 I have a project in my head,  
 Will stand the church in special stead,  
 And be a means, sure as a gun,  
 To make a blessed union,  
 To the first form which *Edward* made,  
 We'll cunningly the second add,  
 And so by making both but one,  
 Administer communion,  
 By this means, each man as he list,  
 May to his palate fit the feast.  
 He said: and did a scroll present,  
 With both the forms together pent;  
 Which was approv'd on by all there,  
 And placed in the common-prayer:  
 Where all sorts of 'em, with thanksgiving,  
 Made it the *standard* of receiving.

*The form of administrating the Communion according to Queen  
 Elizabeth's Common-Prayer.*

*At giving the Bread.*

The Body of our Lord JESUS CHRIST which was given for  
 thee, preserve thy Body and Soul unto everlasting Life;  
 take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for thee,  
 and feed on him in thine heart by faith, with thanksgiving.

*At giving the Cup.*

The blood of our Lord JESUS CHRIST which was shed for  
 thee, preserve thy Body and Soul unto everlasting Life:  
 drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed  
 for thee, and be thankful.

Thus in the space of twice six year,  
 You see three diff'rent forms appear,

The reader need not think it strange,  
To find 'em thus *chop* faith, and *change*,  
When he reflects, they knew not whether  
'Twas *flesh*, or *bread* they took, or neither.

They cast away, in the conclusion,  
King Edward's form of (e) *absolution*,  
Because they thought it gave too much  
Absolving power unto the church?  
And put (f) another in its place,  
That neither power owns, nor grace.

Since here we have cast out of door  
Th' acknowledgement of churches power,  
Why also do not we part with  
That other form, says honest *Smith*,  
By which the sick absolved are?  
For the same power is owned there.  
The parson too makes them believe,  
That he has power to forgive,  
*Absolve* and pardon all transgression,  
Revealed to him in *confession*.

No! no! says *Parker*, we'll connive at  
That (g) *rubrick* for confession private;

Folks

(e) King Edward's form of absolution before receiving. After the parson has made the general confession in the name of all those that are minded to receive the communion; then, says the rubrick, shall the priest stand up, turning him to the people, say thus,

'Our blessed Lord, who hath left power to his church, to absolve penitent sinners from their sins and to restore to the grace of the heavenly Father, such as truly believe in Christ; have mercy upon you, pardon and deliver you from all your sins, confirm and strengthen you in all goodness, and bring you to everlasting life.

(f) Queen Elizabeth's form of absolution before receiving the communion. Almighty God and heavenly Father, who of his great mercy hath promised forgiveness of sins to all them that with hearty repentance and true faith turn unto him; have mercy upon you. &c.

(g) Notwithstanding their blotting out this acknowledgment of the churches power, to absolve in this place; yet, in the visitation of the sick, they let it stand in the form of absolution.

Rubrick.

Folks give the parson, when they're ill,  
 A good round legacy by will,  
 For his receiving their confessions,  
 And pardoning all their transgressions:  
 That which redounds thus to our gain,  
 Be't right or wrong, we must retain.  
 To what he said all acquiesc'd,  
 And there it stands.—gra-mercy grift.

Of other changes that they made,  
 I find not much in story said:  
 However if you list to know,  
 Take pains as I am forc'd to do;  
 And *Edward's* liturgies compare  
 With *Elizabeth's* new common-prayer.

This precious work, when 'twas in hand,  
 With so great secrecy was man'd;  
 That few could tell, 'till it came out,  
 What eight wise men had been about.  
 Mean while her highness was not idle,  
 But busy as a wench in *bridewell*,  
 After her brother *Ned's* example,  
 To make room for it in the temple.  
 Th' *epistle* and the *gospel*, she,  
 Together with the *litany*,  
 In *English* tongue caus'd to be read:  
 And then the *mass* abolished,

proceeded

Rubrick. ' The minister should not omit earnestly to move sick  
 ' persons as are of ability to be liberal to the poor, (he expects their  
 ' looking upon him as one of the number.) Here shall the sick person  
 ' be moved to make a special confession of his sins, if he feel his  
 ' conscience troubled with any weighty matter. After which con-  
 ' fession the priest shall absolve him (if he humbly and heartily de-  
 ' sire it) after this sort.

" Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church, to ab-  
 solve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy  
 forgive thee thine offences: and by his authority committed to me, I ab-  
 solve thee, from all thy sins, In the name of the Father, &c.



Not all at once : for she proceeded  
 By easy steps, that none might heed it :  
 For innovation durst not venture  
 Too-rudely into kirk to enter ;  
 But slyly crept in by degrees,  
 And drove the *mass* out, piece by piece.

Next came a (*b*) proclamation out,  
 That none should preach, pray, or dispute,  
 Or move a lip thro' all the nation,  
 In what related to salvation,  
 Nor make one single step to heaven,  
 'Till she had further orders given :  
 Religion now was at a stand.  
 As if she meant to damn the land.  
 At last up starts the (*i*) common-prayer,

Appears

(*b*) The queen set out a proclamation, by which it was commanded, that no man (of what persuasion soever he was in the points of religion) should be suffered from thence forth to preach in public, but only such as should be licensed by her authority. Which proclamation was observed with such care and strictness, that no sermon was preached at St. Paul's cross, or any public place in London, till the Easter following. (This came out in December, 1559.) Vid. Heylin, fol. 276.

(*i*) On the 24th of June, An. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1559. the public liturgy was to be officiated in all the churches of the kingdom.

There passed an act (An. Reg. Eliz. 1. 1558.) says Heylin, for recommending and imposing the book of common-prayer and administration of the sacraments, according to such alterations and corrections as were made therein, by those who were appointed to revise it. In the performance of which service, there was great care taken for expunging all such passages in it, as might give any scandal or offence to the popish party. In the litany first made and published by king Henry VIII. and afterwards continued in the two liturgies of king Edward VI. there was a prayer, to be delivered from the tyranny, and detestable enormities of the bishop of Rome ; which was thought fit to be expunged. (Then he relates the joining of the forms of communion, and expunging the rubrick as noted above. After which he tells us) that to come up the closer to those of the church of Rome, it was ordered by the queen's injunction, that the sacramental bread should be made round in fashion of wafers, used in the time of queen Mary: she also ordered that the Lord's table should

Appears in churches every where,  
 And thrusts it self into the place  
 Of the *great sacrifice*, the *mass*,  
 In temple thus th' *abomination*  
 Of ghostly death, and desolation  
 Seated it self, by violent power  
 Of *Befs* the beast, or scarlet whore,

As he, who by a sudden fright  
 Of goblin, in the dusk of night,  
 Has both his eyes set in his head,  
 As still, as if the man was dead;  
 His hair an-end, as if his skull  
 Were stuck with knitting needles full.  
 So every body stood amaz'd,  
 And as distracted, star'd, and gaz'd;  
 When such a *spectre* did appear,  
 Under the borrow'd shape of prayer.  
 But when it spoke in mother tongue,  
 And *Hopkin's* psalms in meeter sung;  
 Bless us! how all fell down before it,

And

should be placed where the altar stood; that the accustomed reverence should be made at the name of *JESUS*, music retained in the church. and all the old festivals observed with their several eves. By which compliances, and the expunging of the passages before remembered, the book was made so passable, &c. Heylin p. 203. and in p. 208. he relates the queen's injunctions more fully; and when he speaks of that, for retaining music in churches, he gives these reasons or motives why it was retained, viz. For the encouragement of the art, and the continuance of the use of singing in the church of *England*, and, for the comforting of such as delight in musick.

The Queen authorizes, and establishes this her new common-prayer, first by several injunctions, (which, say they, the Queen's majesty ministreth to her clergy) as. Injunct. 18, 33, 36, 52. Then by an act of parliament, called an act for the uniformity of prayer and administration of sacraments. The injunctions and this act were published in the 1st year of her reign, 1559. In the 8th year she confirms the said act for uniformity, by another act of parliament. See also her advertisements or articles for doctrine and preaching. Printed in 1564.

And for their *molock* did adore it :  
 The anti-priests, that took in hand  
 To serve this idol, could command  
 Of hypocritic tears an ocean ;  
 Which, with a wining feign'd devotion,  
 They would so freely vent in pulpit,  
 That others wept, and could not help it,  
 'Till cheeks were drown'd from nose to ears,  
 In floods of sympathetic tears,  
 In cant and wheedle most expert  
 They were, they wanted nought of art  
 Whereby to gain the *women*: then  
 The *women* went and brought the *men*  
 The *children*, tho' they knew not whither,  
 Follow'd to hell their *dad* and *mother* :  
 'Till common-prayer had gather'd soon  
 Nine tenth's or more in every town.

The (*k*) queen in other things thought fit,  
 To shew a little of her wit,  
 In compliment to catholicks,  
 (Shed skill in hypocritick tricks,)  
 Communion-bread made up with leaven,  
 Under king *Ned* in *cubes* was given,  
 But now her highness does declare,  
 It shall be (*l*) round as *wasers* are,  
 No more must they in gobbits shred,  
 Their old stale loaves of common bread.

When they name JESUS all must bow,  
 As catholicks were wont to do.

The *cross* in baptism yet remain'd,  
 Music (*m*) in churches she retain'd,

Not

(*k*) See the Queen's injunctions, Apud Sparrow, pag 63

(*l*) Injunction. pag. 79.

(*m*) *Whensoever the name of Jesus shall be in any lesson, sermon, or otherwise in the church pronounced, that due reverence be made by all*



Not to incite the tender motion,  
Which music raises to devotion;  
Nor for solemnity, as *David*,  
When he to God sung praise, would have it;  
But rather for encouraging  
Young lasses, and young lads to sing;  
And to please such as love the lute,  
The bag-pipe, fiddle, or the flute,  
Brave motives! (n) and denote her zeal,  
To play folks merrily to hell.

God's board, (o) she also gives command  
Should in the place of alter stand:  
Unless when people were receiving  
Their *this*, (*Et cetera*) with thanksgiving,  
The board in her own (p) chapel, she  
Adorn'd as alters us'd to be:  
With silver crucifix upon it,  
Two candles also she had on it  
Unlighted, never seen to burn,  
But as a flame in ancient urn,  
Stood still without the least decay,  
'Till *Knolles* took candle-sticks away:

K k

*Persons young and old, with lowliness of countenance, and uncovering of heads of the mankind, as thereunto doth necessarily belong, and heretofore hath been accustomed.* Injunct. 52.

(n) See Injunct. 49. and Heylin.

(o) It is ordered, that the holy table in every church be decently made, and set in the place where the alter stood, and there commonly covered as thereto belongeth, and so to stand: saving when the communion of the sacrament is to be distributed. After the communion is done, from time to time the same holy table to be placed where it stood before. *Injunct. in Spar. pag. 78.*

(p) In the Queen's chapel, says *Heylin*, the altar was furnished with rich plate, two fair gilt candlesticks with tapers in them, and a massie crucifix of silver in the midst thereof. Which last remained there some years, till it was broken in pieces by *Pach* the fool, at the solicitation of *Sir Fran. Knolles*, one who openly appeared in favour of the schism at *Frankfort*,

Goes to the kitchen-fire, and in it  
 Consumes her candles in a minute,  
 Which else, by magick art of queen,  
 Had two perpetual candles been,  
 For puritanic zeal and light,  
 Mov'd *Pach* and this advent'rous knight,  
 In spite of queen, or dread of *halter*,  
 To spoil her God's-board, or mock-alter;  
 And tumble all things to the ground,  
 That they in royal-chapel found.  
 Thus *Pach* the fool, and *Knolles* the knave,  
 Did neither *cross* nor *candle* leave;  
 Nor any thing besides, that might  
 Grace represent, or gospel-light.

One would have thought, they had by now  
 Done all, that they design'd to do  
 In the reforming of the land:  
 Reforming's never at a stand,  
 For now the zealots of the nation,  
 Desire a further reformation;  
 And fall a playing o'er again  
 Their pranks, just as in *Edward's* reign,  
 The queen grew every day more brain-sick  
 And gave at last command to ransack  
 Churches and chapels through the land,  
 And not to let an (*q*) image stand;  
 Tho' 'twas our *Saviour*, *Christ's*, or *Mary's*;  
 And yet her *own*, and *Ned's*, and *Harry's*,  
 They without scruple made and kept  
 In churches, halls, and where they slept.  
 So *Fox* raz'd from his calendar  
 Our *Blessed Lady's* name, and there,

Saint-

(*q*) Against images, see the *Queen's injunctions*, l. 23, 25, and  
*F. Parsons in his examination of Fox's Calendar*.

Saint-like, put *Bess's* in it's stead,  
In letters capital, and red.

Communion-bread must be no more  
Made in the form it was before ;  
But cut in cubic-shape of dice  
From penny-loaf and of a size  
Sometimes so large, that few could chew it,  
Without a draught of claret to it.  
Sometimes it hap't, a greedy gull,  
Would get his gullet cram'd so full,  
As made him gloure, and gasp for wind,  
'Till skill'd *Old Trot* would come behind,  
And with her fist between his shoulders,  
Thump, to the wonder of beholders,  
And by her strokes laid on in haste,  
Out of his throat did drive the paste.

And now God's-board they turn'd about,  
From east to west, from north to south ;  
And from the place where *altars* were,  
Remove it to the midst of quire ;  
And back again into the place  
Where, *alter-wise*, at first it was.  
But now its *end* and not its *side*,  
They to the eastern wall-apply'd.  
Ne'er *cock-boat* forc'd from broken *cable*,  
Was tost like their *communion-table*.

Religious ornaments they burn,  
And sacred things to ashes turn ;  
Break chalices, and corporals rent,  
Blaspheme the *blest sacrament*.  
And thus what *int'rest* first begun,  
*Zeal-puritanick* carry'd on ;  
'Till nought in fine, but desolation  
Attended this mad reformation.



At this rate church affairs went on,  
 'Till their wild reformation  
 Became to *thinking* people hateful,  
 Thousands *abhor*, what late seem'd *grateful*,  
 And back into the church again,  
 From whence they fell, return again.

The prelates finding no conforming  
 As they expected, fell a storming;  
 And casting in their minds about,  
 What way they might compel 'em to't;  
 Found naught would do, at any rate,  
 Without the help of magistrate:  
 So they resolved to address  
 Themselves to *parli'ment* and *Bess*;  
 And in such solemn sort to do't;  
 As could not fail of gaining suit.

They to their cruel (clergy, and  
 Who else in blood would have hand) }  
 Send out their pastoral command  
 To meet their graces; and to bring  
 For execution, any thing  
 That might seem proper, or could be  
 Useful in act of tragedy.  
 The *black* obey; as fast they come,  
 As soldiers call'd by beat of drum;  
 And every *parson* brings his pack  
 Of murd'ring-tools upon his back,  
 Some *scourges* bring, and some *battoons*,  
 Some come with *halberts*, *swords* and *guns*,  
 Others with *gibbets*, *halters*, *racks*,  
 And some with *gullet-knives* and *ax*,  
 And after these do others some,  
 With *lying books* and *ballads* come;

Which

Which here and there abroad they throw  
 Among the *rabble*, as they go;  
 Thereby the better to prepare 'em,  
 To murder every *papist* near 'em,  
 In rear of all this mad procession,  
 The *prelates* come with their *petition*;  
 And all the arguments they had,  
 Whereby t'excite the queen to blood.

In order thus as you have seen  
 They all prepar'd before the queen,  
 The parli'ment, and chiefs of state;  
 And thus their grievances relate.

It is not long, since fortune gave us,  
 Your self, O blessed *Bess*! to save us,  
 From *Popery*; which you have done  
 Till now, to admiration.  
 Nor doubt we but to you is given,  
 In spite of *Pope*, his *Church* or *Heaven*,  
 So guard us, and our country still  
 From their religion.—That I will,  
 Quoth *Bess*. But you supernal powers  
 Bless us, and shield what'ever's ours!  
 In name of wonder what d'you mean  
 Thus to appear before your Queen?  
 Why bring you here in such confusion,  
 Those instruments of execution?  
 Amaz'd she stops. Then they go on  
 With this their dire oration.

Know, that the *papists* every hour  
 Do gather courage, strength and pow'r;  
 And still increase and multiply  
 In numbers, most prodigiously.  
 Who fell, when you began to reign,  
 Do now return as fast again;

As

As having been impos'd upon,  
By this our reformation,  
E'er they consider'd what they'd done. }  
Besides, they preach, write, and dispute,  
And every day say *mass* to-boot,  
Which draw vast numbers of the people  
Into their chapels, from the steeple.  
Here's *Stapleton*, and Doctor *Harding*,  
Value our *Jewel* not a farthing;  
Nor Bishop *Horn* do they regard,  
More than they do a *Grecian's* beard;  
These two, and Doctor *Sanderfon*,  
Have brought our reformation  
Into contempt, and loss of credit,  
That very few of late do heed it.  
But that which grieves us, we protest,  
Twenty times more than all the rest;  
Our *articles*, and *common-prayer*  
They'll not subscribe: nor will they swear,  
*Madam* that you are *Christ's* vicegerent,  
By virtue of your crown inherent.  
But that which more disturbs our ease,  
Five hundred thousand times than these;  
The *Pope* against your self and nation,  
Has sent an *excommunication*,  
And curst us all for hereticks,  
Uncapable of bishopricks.  
And the whole church, ev'n at this day  
Tremble at his *Anathema*,  
And think't as just, as that by which  
St. *Peter* curst *Simon* the witch.  
So that, if order be not taken,  
You'll be by all the world forsaken:

Your



Your bishops too, must every man  
For *Heathen* pass, and *publican*.

In this, quoth *Bess*, what shall I do?  
We'd have, say they, your highness know  
The case is desp'rate, be't as 'twill;  
There are but two ways, both are ill:  
You must think either of *compliance*,  
Or to his curses bid defiance.

The first of these to our estates,  
The second to our souls relates.

*Complying*, is the laying down,  
We of our caps, you of your crown;  
Leaves reformation in the lurch,  
And brings us back into the church:  
Then *we*, and all our clergy must,  
From all our tythes and rents be thrust;  
And *Romish* clergy be restor'd,  
*From such an ill, defend us Lord.*

For what must we maintain our wives with?  
And what support our merry lives with?  
For our parts we're not us'd to thrashing,  
Unless it be on pulpit-cushion,  
Nor our fine wives to ought but dressing.

Again, if on the other side,  
The Pope's *Anathema's* defy'd,  
And we curst by the see of *Rome*,  
We hazard all i'th' life to come:  
For what on earth the church does tie,  
Is bound in heaven as certainly;  
And those who are excluded here  
Out of the church, can ne'er come there;  
If all those texts be true and right,  
Which scripture's *sacred pen-men* write.

At

At what you say I'm much surpriz'd,  
 And do desire to be advis'd  
 In weighty matters, such as this:  
 Pray counsel me aright, quoth *Beys*.

If we, say they, must you advise,  
 Chuse you the latter if you're wise;  
 Regard not you his *curse* a rush,  
*A bird in hand band's worth two in bush.*  
 Here we have riches, ease and laughter,  
 But know not what shall follow after.  
 Let's therefore hold what is posselt,  
 And trust the Lord with all the rest.  
 As for the *catholic religion*,  
 Extirpate it out of the region.  
 Let not a man of that opinion,  
 Remain in all your large dominion.  
 Nay, quoth the Queen, to ruin all,  
 Will speak me too tyrannical,  
 And brand my name, in deathless pages,  
 For bloody, to succeeding ages.

Your Majesty, say they, must know,  
 That all things shall be done by law:  
 If arbitrarily it was done,  
 Then good were your objection:  
 But when there's law for what you do,  
 Then 'tis the law that kills, not you.

Judges are not accountable  
 For blood tho' guiltless blood they spill,  
 Provided that they keep in bounds  
 Of law, and go on legal grounds;  
 Such *(r)* *penal laws* we will invent;  
 As death, or long imprisonment, shall

*(r)* Penal laws, Statute 1. *Elix.* c. 1. Abolishes the Pope's authority, and enacts the Queen head of the church (or as they word it) chief governess in all ecclesiastical affairs. By this and Stat. 5. *Elix.*

Shall be the punishment of those  
 That do our kirk, or us oppose;  
 We'll make it (*f*) treason to become  
 A member of the church of *Rome*  
 By law we'll bring't within the reach  
 Of death, for papists-priests to preach,  
 Say (*t*) mass or even to be found  
 In any place (*u*) on English ground.  
 Nor will we mercy have, not spare 'em  
 Who either harbour priests or hear 'em.  
 Behold the laws; for we have drawn 'em  
 In form, as here: do you but own 'em  
 By your declaring your consent;  
 And then they're *acts of parliament*.

We've also Brought these tools, you see,  
 Into your presence purposely;  
 That by the *Penal laws* and these,  
 You may *hang* and *head* them when you please.

L 1

The

c. 1. Those who maintain the jurisdiction of the see of *Rome*, incur a premunire. In that one Stat. the oath of supremacy was imposed: first refusal of that oath is a premunire. The second refusal, and also the second maintaining jurisdiction of the see of *Rome* (if convicted) is high treason.

(*f*) Stat. 13. Eliz. c. 2. To obtain or use any bull of absolution, or reconciliation from the bishop of *Rome*, or absolve or be absolved thereby, shall be high treason. The comforters and maintainers of such offenders shall incur a Premunire, and their counsellors misprision of treason.

(*t*) Stat. 23. Eliz. c. 1. To say mass, is the forfeit of 200 marks, and one year's imprisonment. To hear mass is the forfeit of 100 marks and one year's imprisonment. By this act, every person repairing not to church, according to Stat. 1. Eliz. c. 2. shall forfeit twenty pounds a month.

(*u*) Stat. 27. Eliz. c. 2. All Jesuits and priests, and other ecclesiastical persons, born within any of the queen's dominions, and ordained or made such by the jurisdiction of the see of *Rome*, which come into or remain in any of the said dominions shall be adjudged guilty of high treason; and their receivers, aiders, and maintainers, shall be adjudged felons, without benefit of clergy. With a great many more which you may find at large in the statute books.



The *Pope*, you see, has smitten us all,  
 With his keen sword spiritual;  
 Thereby expecting but in vain,  
 To bring us back to him again:  
 And make us all obedient  
 To faith, and to church government:  
 But this we'll never more endure,  
 Tho' he from Christ derive his power.  
 We therefore pray you, potent *Bess*!  
 Revenge us on his holiness.  
 Grasp temp'ral weapon in your hand,  
 Smite all the papists in the land:  
 Bestir yourself: about you lay,  
 Like *Joan of Orleans* in fray,  
 And neither Lord nor beggar spare,  
 Nor age, nor sex, nor friend forbear;  
 But pitiless as death go on,  
 And hack, and hang, and hew 'em down:  
 With these our instruments of blood,  
 As wood-men do their under-wood.

Then at her feet, (these words being said,)  
 Their *Penal-laws* and tools they laid,  
 And bade her go and use the same,  
 In *Nero's* and the devil's name:  
 For in your deeds can be no flaw,  
 While you do nothing but by law.

Nay, if I be secur'd by law,  
 I care not what it is I do,  
 Quoth she, I therefore give consent  
 To all your acts of parl'ment;  
 And with those instruments you bring,  
 I'll lay about like any thing.  
 No magistrate in all the land,  
 But shall have halters in his hand,  
 And jails and gibbets at command.

} She

She said, then authoriz'd her men-all,  
 To execute her *statutes-penal*.  
 And priests and Jesuits were martyr'd,  
 Cut up, beheaded, drawn and quarter'd.  
 Such hast the cruel butchers made  
 To rip them up, ere they were dead;  
 That one might see them sometimes look  
 On their own hearts, from body took;  
 And hear the pious martyrs pray  
 For those that tore their hearts away.  
 For then the way of taking life,  
 Was first half-hanging, then the knife  
 Ript open the blest martyr's breast;  
 His heart and liver, and the rest  
 Of inward parts, into the fire  
 They flung;—Thus did those saints expire.

Of those beatified, one  
 Was reverend father *Campion*  
 That learned *Jesuit*, who bore  
 Long time his Chackles in the *tower*.  
*Cerwin*, *Short*, *Briant*, victims fell,  
*Johnjon* and *Fourd*; I mourn to tell,  
 That scarce the knife with these had done,  
 When *Philby*, *Kirby*, *Richardson*,  
*Nelson*, and *Cotham*, *Hansy*, *Mayn*,  
*Kirkman*, and *Lacy*, *Thompson*, *Payne*,  
*Thirlkel*, and *Hawood*, suffered,  
 So *Bell*, and *Hart*, and *Haddock* did;  
 With *Emford*, *Nutter*, *Muncen*, *Fen*,  
 And other (x) priests, a numerous train;  
 Who dying for the faith of Christ,  
 Increa'd the holy martyrs list.

L 1 2

Nor

(x) There suffered above 130 priests, besides others. F. Parsons  
 in discus. pag. 197.

Nor suffer'd priests alone, for then  
 They sacrific'd the gentlemen;  
 Of lesser rank many were try'd,  
 And of both sexes numbers dy'd.  
 In *York*, the good dame *Chutbrey's* breath  
 They stopt, by *pressing* her to death.  
 He who but harboured a priest,  
 Past for a *traitor* at the least;  
 And who was known to hear the *Mass*,  
 Must for an impious *felon* pass:  
 Such laws those *Herods* did invent,  
 To murder all the innocent.

Besides the blood profusely spill'd,  
 All prisons in the land were fill'd,  
 Where cruel usage stench and whips,  
 And hunger slaughter'd them in heaps.  
 In short, not many scap'd the Jaws  
 Of all-devouring *penal-laws*,  
 But either were depriv'd of bread,  
 Or thrown in jails or murdered.  
 For 'twas design'd by queen and state,  
 Religion to eradicate.  
 But by a power divine, their malice  
 Has still been curb'd, as that of *Hell* is.

By plots, and letters counterfeit,  
 By cunning trick, and subtil cheat.  
 By suborn'd evidence, and lies,  
*Leicester* (y) and *Walsingham* devise

Strange

(y) Camden in his history of the life of queen Eliz. edit. 3. says of the Lord Paget, Arundel and other catholics, that were forced to fly the land. that they heavily complained of the subtil artifices of Leicester and Walsingham: that strange tricks and cheats were invented, and secret snares so closely laid: that they must, whether they would or no. and before they were aware, be involv'd in the guilt of high treason. And (continues he verily there were at this time



Strange traps t' ensnare the *innocent*,  
 for traiters to the government;  
 As *Leyburn*, *Arden*, *Paget*, and  
*Norfolk*, and good *Northumberland*,  
 And *Arundel* his son, and *Shelly*.  
 And lementable 'tis to tell-ye,  
 That the black venom of their spleen  
 Was shed against their lawful queen,  
 The pious *Mary* queen of (x) *Scots*:  
 For, when thro' *Knox* and *Murrey's* plots,  
 Expell'd her land, she hither fled  
 For refuge, and a promis'd aid;  
 In barb'rous and unnat'ral manner,  
 ('Gainst laws of nation, justice, honor,  
 And *promise to her of protection*  
*Against the scottish insurrection,*)

She

time some subtil ways taken to try how men stood affected: counterfeit letters were privily sent in the name of the queen of Scots and the fugitives, and left in papists houses: spies were sent abroad up and down the country, to take notice of peoples discourse, and lay hold of their words; reporters of vain and idle stories were admitted and credited, hereupon many were brought into suspicion, and amongst the rest, Henry earl of Northumberland, his son Ralph earl of Arundel pag. 294.

(x) Again says Camden, such as bore a mortal hatred against the queen of Scots, took occasion to hasten her death. And to strike the greater terror into the queen (Elizabeth,) they caused false rumours and terrifying reports daily to be spread all over England, viz. that the Spanish fleet was landed at Milford Haven. That the Scots were broken into England, that the queen of Scots was escaped out of prison, and had raised an army; that the northern parts were up in rebellion. That there was a new conspiracy on foot to kill the queen (Elizabeth) and set the city of London on fire; yea that the queen (Elizabeth) was dead, with other such like stories. Pag. 376.

Again, upon the account of difference in religion, the hot protestants thought that the queen of Scots, though her title were most undoubted, yet because she was of another religion, was to be rejected. pag. 73. Others that she should at once be deprived both of regal authority and of life, and put to death. And this *Knox* and some ministers of the word thundered out of the pulpits, pag. 95.

She was into a prison thrown  
 By *Bess* that had usurp'd her crown.  
 Where eighteen years confin'd she lay,  
 Beset with miseries ev'ry way;  
 'Till she was freed by cruel death,  
 And sent to joys above from pains beneath.  
 The ax more merciful in this,  
 Than cruel and perfidious *Bess*.

The warrant (a) signed by the chief  
 Head of their kirk, to take her life;  
*Buckhurst* and *Beal*, the earl of *Kent*.  
 A canting dean, and bishop went,  
 To put that final resolution,  
*The writ of death*, in execution.  
 Madam, say they, from court we come,  
 To bring you notice of your doom;  
 Lo here the warrant for your death,  
 Sign'd by your good queen *El'zabeth*.  
 Prepare you then, for we must see  
 Your head cut off immediately.

I am no subject to your (b) law,  
 Says she, but since the matter's so;  
 Come welcome death, the gate to bliss,  
 My *Lord* for me dy'd on the cross;  
 And shall not I with joy, embrace this death  
 For my redeemer, and his holy faith?

Welcome

(a) With such scar-crows and affrighting arguments as these they drew the queen's (*Eliz*) wavering and perplexing mind to that pass that she signed a warrant for putting the sentence of death in execution. pag. 379.

(b) When the warrant of execution was read, she undauntedly (says Cam.) and with a composed spirit made this answer. I did not think the queen my sister would have consented to my death, who am no subject to your law and jurisdiction, but seeing her pleasure is so, death shall be to me most welcome. Neither is that soul worthy of the high and everlasting joys above, whose body cannot endure one stroke of the executioner,

Welcome a thousand times the fatal stroke,  
She said; and made her ready for the block.

Where when with tears she did desire  
To have her *(c)* *confessarius* by her,  
To give the *holy sacrament*;  
No, no! cries out the earl of *Kent*,  
No Sacrament, no priest's forgiving:  
We kill but half, while half is Living.  
The Body is but half the Man,  
The Soul the other half: Why then  
Shou'd we not punish this be'ng faulty  
As that? It's the whole Man that's Guilty.  
In Sin they jointly Act together,  
Hence we must Punish both, or neither:  
Let's then *Beebad* the outward Man,  
And Damn the Inward if we can.  
First, we must carefully prevent  
Her taking of the Sacrament;

No

*(c)* She desired she might have conference with her Confessor. For her Confessor it was flatly deny'd that he should come at her, and the Earl recommended unto her the Bishop, or the Dean of Peterborough to comfort her; when she refusing, the Earl of Kent in a hot burning zeal to religion turning towards her, breaks forth these words, among other speeches, Your life will be the death of our religion, as contrariwise your death will be the life thereof. At this she asked Burgoin her Physician whether he did not now find the force of truth to be great? They say (quoth she) that I must die, because I have plotted against the Queen's life, yet the Earl of Kent tells me that there is no other cause of my death, but that they are afraid of their religion because of me. Neither hath mine offences against the Queen, but their Fears because of me, drawn this end upon me. Cam. pag. 383, 384, 385. Baker in his Chronicle says that the Lord Buckursh and Beal were sent to the Queen of Scots, to let her understand that sentence was pronounced against her, and confirmed by Parliament, and that the execution of it was earnestly desired by the Nobility and the Commons; intimating, that if she lived, the religion received in England could not subsist. Pag. 373.



No *Confessarius*, I protest,  
 Shall at her Death her Soul assist.  
 You, my Lord Bishop, or Dean (d) *Fletcher*,  
 Go try if you can over-reach her:  
 If you her Ancient Faith can Shock,  
 At the last Moment on the Block,  
 And fill her Soul with Clouds of Doubt,  
 Then she'll be Damn'd without dispute.  
 At this, away goes th' Wicked Dean,  
 To preach strange Doctrines to the Queen;  
 And offers her in the Conclusion,  
 His Common-Pray'r-Book's *Absolution*.  
 But Dean and Bishop she rejects  
 With Scorn, and all they say Neglects;  
 Telling them she will hold till Death,  
 The *Catholick* and *Roman* Faith.  
 At this the Earl of *Kent* from Seat  
 Starts up, and tells her in great Heat,  
 Madam, *Your Life will be the Death*;  
*Your Death the Life, of our New Faith*.  
 No more her Persecutors said,  
 Before a (e) *Crucifix* she pray'd,

## Lifting

(d) When at the block, Fletcher dean of Peterborough, began a long speech, touching her life past, present, and to come. She interrupted him once or twice, and prays him not to trouble himself, protesting that she was firmly fixed and resolved in the Antient Roman Catholic Religion, and for it was ready to shed her last blood. Cam. pag. 384.

(e) She requested, says Baker, that she might have some Catholic priest to administer the sacrament to her, but was denied, which some deemed, not Inhuman only, but tyrannical and heathenish. She falling stown upon her knees, and holding up an ivory Crucifix in her hands, prayed with her servants in latin, out of the office of the Blessed Virgin. Prayers being ended, she kissed the Crucifix, and signing herself with the sign of the Cross, said, As thy arms, O Christ, were spread forth upon the Cross, so embrace me with the open arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins. And laying  
 down

Lifting her heart and hands to heaven,  
 Begg'd all her sins might be forgiven,  
 Into our Saviour's hands she recommended  
 Her pious soul, and thither it ascended  
 From her calm breast! whose head upon the block  
 Struck off, her soul fled at the second stroke,  
 But let us leave this purple flood,  
 And those tempest'ous seas of blood;  
 And of more pleasant matters sing,  
 'Till the *Hibernian* mountains ring.

Remember that above 'tis said,  
 That every one that could but read,  
 Were by the queen put into gowns,  
 And made the teachers of the towns;  
 A wonderous easy way of earning  
 Their bread; who would but wish for learning!  
 This hopeful trade inclin'd the muddy-  
 Dull-blockheads to begin to study;  
 And *Weavers, Taylors, Carters, Colliers,*  
 Got their dull brood set up for scholars,  
 In expectation that as soon  
 As they could read, and get a gown,  
 They might pick up a handsome living,  
 Without ought else of parents giving;  
 But this at last fill'd all the land  
 With fable knights, o'th' little band;

M m

And

down her head upon the block she repeated the psalm, Domine in te speravi ne confundor in æternum; see Baker pag. 373, 374, edit. 7. Camden adds, that she repeated many times, Into thy hands, O Lord I commend my spirit, and her head was striken off at two strokes. The dean crying-out, So let Queen Elizabeth's enemies perish: the earl of Kent answering amen, the people sighing and sobing. He also gives her character in these words, a lady fixed and constant in her religion, of singular piety towards God, invincible magnanimity of mind, wisdom above her sex, and admirable beauty. Pag. 385.

And smirking parsons did abound,  
 As gants are wont in fenny ground,  
 'Till benefices ne'er so bad,  
 For one in ten could not be had;  
 So that they were, for want of bread,  
 Half starved, and gown as bare as thread.  
 When lo the providence of queen,  
 (Whose eye, all-seeing, this had seen;) giving  
 Compassion took on her poor learned,  
 That had no food but what they earned;  
 Nor work to set themselves about,  
 Whereby to earn what belly fought;  
 Unless by spunging up and down  
 'Mong brother-clergy of the town:  
 Bethought herself, not far off lay  
 An *island* (f) in the western-sea,  
 Stor'd with good eatables great plenty,  
 Cheese, butter, eggs a penny twenty;  
 Curds, cream, and hotted bonna-clabber,  
 Wou'd make a hungry parson caper.  
 This by deep skill in politics,  
 She found would feed her canonicks:  
 For yet, tho' so great plenty, there  
 No parson was, nor common-prayer:  
 Therefore bids *Cecil* edicts write  
 To *Ireland*; (so that island hight,) This hope  
 That they should quit thro' all the region  
 Their ancient faith, for new religion,  
 And in their churches entertain  
 Her *common-prayer*, and *clergy-men*. Doll-block

She

(f) Let us now pass over into Ireland, (says Heylin) where we shall find the queen as active in advancing the reformed religion, as she had been in either of the other two kingdoms (England and Scotland.) pag. 300.



She also sends out her command  
 To every parson in the land  
 That wanted living, and lay idle,  
 To get a pray'r-book and a bible,  
 And make them ready out of hand,  
 For mission to a foreign land:  
 Full glad they were to hear of work,  
 And that their province in the kirk,  
 Was to convert an unknown land,  
 That not a word could understand,  
 Nor knew the language of their prayers,  
 Or preaching, more than they did theirs;  
 (For miracles do not belong  
 To protestants, nor gift of tongue.)  
 However this they heeded not,  
 But every man his *bible* got,  
 And *common-prayer*, to read them o'er  
 In *English* on the *Irish* shore.

Provided thus they haste away,  
 Each on his back his *omnia*;  
 To wit, bread, cheese, and other meat,  
 (For travellers must often eat.)  
 But as for cloaths, they had no more  
 Than only what they daily wore;  
 Which one may guess was e'en but bad,  
 When one o'th' sprucest thus was clad:

A long crown'd hat on head he wore,  
 Hung down behind, and cockt before;  
 A beneficial hat, for when  
 A faucy wind, or shower of rain,  
 Assaulted him on either ear,  
 He turn'd the hanging side on't there;  
 And when the rain beat in his face,  
 He turn'd it still to th' grieved place,

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 (For travellers must often eat.)  
 But as for cloaths, they had no more  
 Than only what they daily wore;  
 Which one may guess was e'en but bad,  
 When one o'th' sprucest thus was clad:

A long crown'd hat on head he wore,  
 Hung down behind, and cockt before;  
 A beneficial hat, for when  
 A faucy wind, or shower of rain,  
 Assaulted him on either ear,  
 He turn'd the hanging side on't there;  
 And when the rain beat in his face,  
 He turn'd it still to th' grieved place,



Yet tho' it hung before his sight,  
Holes it had in't to give him light;  
So that he never mist his way,  
If so he wore it all the day.  
He'd under it a fatten cap,  
Made of his grand-fire's doublet-lap;  
And edg'd within with shred of white,  
Turn'd outwards obvious to sight,  
Much like a *sergeant's coif* 'twas made,  
In which he preach'd and slept and pray'd.  
A shirt he had, made of course harden,  
A collar-band not worth a farthing,  
And little cuffs round either wrist,  
And woolen mittens on each fist,  
Which luckily supply'd the place  
Of handkerchief, to wipe his face:  
For things superfluous he had none,  
More than *Diogenes* had on.  
As for the cassock on his back,  
'Twas party-coloured, the ground, black;  
For when in any part worn out,  
On went, of any colour, a clout.  
To cover all, he wore a black  
Cannock garment on his back;  
By father wove, and mother spun,  
Call'd in the days of yore a gown;  
But now so rent, like *Swisses* breeches,  
That how to nam't no author teaches:  
Yet long enough it was, they say,  
Sometimes to sweep the dirty way.  
As to his ornament of foot,  
On one of them he wore a boot;  
But on the other had a shoe,  
Hid by his coats, that none might know:

And

And 'twas not unadvis'dly neither,  
That boot and shoe were worn together;  
For, as sometimes it hapt, when he  
Fell into gentile company;  
The cleanly shoe wou'd soon appear,  
Which careful boot had saved from mire;  
For ditch he always plumb'd with boot,  
Thereby to keep the other out.  
As for his stockings, authors do  
Give small account, whether one, or two,  
Some think but one, which was helpt out  
By supplimental leg of boot.  
About his waist he wore a *zone*,  
Kept all things fast that he had on,  
A useful fursingle it was,  
Fasten'd with buckle made of brass,  
Which as his paunch was full, or swamp  
He'd wider make, or straighter cramp,  
By letting out a hole, or so,  
Just as he found his belly grow;  
Before him at is girth did hang,  
Inkhorn and pen-case, in a string;  
Ruler and pencil too, that, made  
Of broken arrow, this of lead;  
Tools that he could not be without,  
So wisely carry'd them about,  
What else he had I think I may  
Cut off with an *et cætera*;  
As being things of little worth,  
That likewise hung at belly girth.  
Provided thus for long voyage,  
Having no other equipage,  
Save stick of bavin for his horse,  
And little snap-sack at his arse,

With

With fare-ye-wells, and shaking hands,  
 He takes his leave of all his friends.  
 And, as 'tis usual Laving cryed  
 A while, he makes for water-side.  
 Had you at *Le'erpool* been, or *West-*  
*Chester*, O heav'ns! you wou'd ha' blest  
 Yor self and crost and sign'd your eyen,  
 Such shoals of parsons to have seen,  
 As thither from all parts were skipping  
 For *Dublin*, and staid there for shipping.

Being come at last ashore in (g) *Dublin*,  
 They all the country fell a troubling:

For

(g) King Harry VIII. broke the Ice (says Heylin) by taking to himself the title of supreme head on earth of the church of Ireland, exterminating the pope's authority, and suppressing the monasteries and religious houses. In matters doctrinal and forms of worship, as there was nothing done by him, so neither was there much endeavoured in the time of king Edward. And whatsoever was done, was presently undone again in the reign of queen Mary. But queen Elizabeth having settled her affairs in England, and undertaken the protection of the Scots, (who as he tells us, p. 299. had bound themselves by their superscription to embrace the liturgy and all the rites and ceremonies of the church of England, which for a time remained the only worship for the kirk of Scotland) conceived herself obliged in point of piety, that Ireland should also be made partaker of so great a benefit. A parliament is therefore held on the 12th of January (An. Reg. 2. 1560) where passed an act restoring to the crown the ancient jurisdiction over all ecclesiastical and spiritual persons: By which statute were established, both the oath of supremacy and the high commission as before in England. There also passed an act for the uniformity of the common-prayer, with a permission of saying the same in Latin, in such church or places where the minister had not knowledge of the English tongue. But for the translating it into Irish there was no care taken either in this parliament, nor any following.

For want whereof, as also for not having the scriptures in their native language, most of the natural Irish here retained there old customs, and adher'd to the church of Rome. The people by that statute are required under several penalties to frequent their churches, and to be frequent at the reading of the English Liturgy, which they understand no more than they do the mass.

By



For as a leprosy does spread  
 To sole of foot from crown of head;  
 Or like a pestilential air;  
 Those parsons, and their *common-prayer*  
 Spread *Ireland* over in a trice,  
 As thick as *Egypt* was with *lice*,  
 And more molesting were by far  
 Than *frogs*, or *lice*, or *locusts* there.

The public *mass* was put to flight,  
 As day is banish'd by the night;  
 A work perform'd, not by the dint  
 Of parson's *prayer*, or *argument*;  
 But by a strongly armed power,  
 Provided by the queen before.

An easy way to make folk come  
 To kirk when summon'd by a *drum*.  
 Yet all they heard when they came there,  
 Was, in strange tongue, a *common-prayer*.

As polish'd parsons without blushing,  
 Will cant and bawl, and cuff their cushion,  
 Correcting others for the sin  
 Themselves are deepest plung'd in:  
 So here in *England* none more keen  
 Than parsons, bishops, and the queen,  
 To cry the *mass* down, 'cause (they said)  
 The priest in unknown language pray'd:  
 And yet themselves their prayer-book-sent,  
 To such as knew not what it meant.  
 And it was read, and *psalms* were sung,  
 And sermons preach'd in unknown tongue

Among

By which means the Irish were not only kept in continual ignorance, as to the doctrines and devotions of the church of England, but we have furnished the papists with an excellent argument against ourselves for having the divine service celebrated in such language as the people do not understand. Thus Dr. Heylin in his hist. Pag. 300:

Among *wild-Irish*: where not one  
 Knew what they said; but cry'd *O bone!*  
*O bone!* they cry'd, and shak'd their heads  
 With grief to change their *mass* and *beads*  
 For what they knew to be a prayer,  
 No more, (poor souls! than *Banks* his mare,

It would have pleas'd-ye to have seen  
 Some of those *English* parsons, when  
 They took possession of the steeple,  
 And fell a praying 'mongst the people.  
 Behold one in a country kirk.  
 Performed thus his Sundays work.  
 Making his entry into desk,  
 He turn'd his book to Sundays task,  
 Stroak down his beard, compos'd his face,  
 And gets him set in proper place;  
 Let fall the casements of his eyes,  
 Thereby to make 'em leave the skies;  
 'Till being turn'd to downward look,  
 He sets 'em open on his book:  
 All which perform'd: In graceful tone,  
 Thus he his liturgy begun.

*At what time sinners do repent*  
*Et cætera* (for on he went,  
 As if his rev'rence were inspir'd.)  
 The people mightily admir'd,  
 And at his antick gestures gaz'd,  
 But at his language most amaz'd;  
 And grieved to the very soul,  
 To change their priest for such an owl.  
 At last being all brimful of tears,  
 And he at this part of his prayers,  
*We ha' done what we ought not to have done.*  
 Out breaks *O-bone! O-bone! O-bone:*

From

From all parts of the congregation,  
Which struck him into admiration,  
And made him, thro' excess of fear,  
Break off in middle of his prayer,  
With trembling lips, and face as pale  
As death, tho' lately flusht with ale;  
But having ceased their *O-Hone*,  
And nought of harm to parson done,  
He like a man o'er-came his fear,  
And re-assumes his book of prayer;  
With which and in his former tone,  
He very leisurely went on;  
'Till being come to, *Open thou*  
*Our lips.* Another *Hub-ub-boo*  
Sounded from all sides of the kirk,  
And scar'd him from his godly work,  
From desk and all, and made him fly  
As fast as ever he could hie;  
'Till stopt by *Sexton* as he ran;  
(The *Sexton* was his country-man,  
And of his cloth too; but for want  
Of benefice, was then content  
To say *Amen*, and set out *Psalms*,  
Make *graves*, and into kirk to call 'em  
By sound of bell, when e'er the time  
Pointed to him the hour of *chime*.)  
But stopt, I say, and seeing no ill  
Meant by the noise, for all sat still;  
He came at last out of his fits,  
And gather'd up his scatter'd wits;  
Assum'd new courage, and grew brisk,  
And took his journey to his desk:  
Where being seated in his chair,  
*Gives Laud and praise*, and falls prayer;  
NUMB. x.                      N n                      When



When lo another *bil-lil-lil-im*,  
 (Which he mistook for kill-kill-kill-him,)  
 So stun'd him that he could not pray,  
 One word, but strove to get away:  
 But apprehending that his case,  
 Was worse a thousand times than 'twas;  
 A sudden trembling seized each limb,  
 His senses fail'd his eyes grew dim,  
 And in a cold sweat down he fell,  
 (Alive or dead he could not tell.)  
 Which they perceiving, came and made  
 Their usual noise, as for the dead;  
 For so they thought he was, (poor man)  
 And thus the *Dirge* they began.

Oh! *Hob-bub-boo!* (for all did weep,  
 To see the parson dead asleep,)  
 What made you die? oh! dear *Aroon*,  
 What made you go away so soon,  
 And leave thy tythes behind? *Hub-boo!*  
 Had'st thou not tythe of calf and cow,  
 Of lambs and ewes, and new shorn fleece,  
 Of honey, wax and bees, and geese?  
*Ob-bone!* tythe-duck, and sow, and pigs,  
 Tythe-chickens, hens, and *easter* eggs,  
 Hay, corn, and what in gardens grow;  
 Thou tythe our *wives*, and *daughters* two:  
 And was't not all enough, *dear joy!*  
 But thou must needs take pet and die?  
*O bone! O bone!* alas! poor man!  
 He'll ne'er read common-pray'r again.  
*O bone! O bone! bub-bub-boo,*  
*Lil-lil-lil-lil-lil-lil-lil-loo!*

This note awakes him from his dream,  
 And up he sets a horrid scream,

With

With open mouth, and starting look,  
*I'm took!* (yells he) *I'm took!* *I'm took!*  
 For he deceived in his dream,  
 Thought as he fled they follow'd him;  
 And they no wiser, tho' awake,  
 Thought it the Parson's spirite that spake,  
 Crying, *O bone!* he walkes again;  
 Hark! how his spirit does complain?  
 Lo! how't appears with ghastly look?  
 Yelling with horrid shrieks——*I'm took!*  
 As if those ugly fiends that dwell  
 Below, were dragging him to *hell*.

At which, struck with a pannick fear,  
 They left the kirk and parson there,  
 And scamper'd, e'en as they were mad,  
 Each one to that poor home he had.  
 When by and by th' amaz'd *parson*,  
 Being set, by *sexton's* help, his *arse* on,  
 And found some signs of life appear,  
 Groans out, *alas!* *my common-pray'r*,  
 His book, good man! ran in his head,  
 Now that he was no longer dead.

By this time *Madge* his wife was come,  
 Who had a-while before stept home,  
 As soon as she perceiv'd him rattle,  
 To fetch her *Aqua-vitæ-bottle*;  
 With which she rubb'd (for she was wise,)  
 His temples, nostrils, and his eyes;  
 As well conceiving, that the steam  
 Piercing his pores would comfort him;  
 And so it did: for at the lenght  
 He found an increase of his strenght:  
 Then to his lips *madge* held the bottle,  
 On which he suckt, as child at duddle,

Which cheer'd far more his fainting heart,  
Than if she chaf'd without a quart.  
By such endeavours 'twas not long,  
E'er he got perfect use of tongue,  
Relating what his soul had seen,  
The while it in a trance had been;  
Did many wonderful stories tell,  
Of passages observed in hell;  
How goblins came, threefold and thick,  
With open mouths to eat him quick:  
Yet, when at point, they started back,  
Because he was ragg'd and black,  
And smelt so rank of nat'ral balsam,  
That they believ'd he was not wholsom.  
Thus on he talk't, yet smell could he-do,  
In imitating *Don-Quevedo*:  
Because his memory was bad,  
And no familiar *fiend* he had,  
That was so kind as t' explicate  
The customs of th' infernal *state*;  
Or insight give him into things  
Touching its government and kings:  
The reason given him for this  
Was, lest discovering thing to *Bess*  
Relating to their government,  
She might perceive some weakness in't,  
And thence presume to go about  
The turning of *Belzebub* out,  
And set herself up *head-supreme*  
O'er all dominions under him.  
*Madge* finding him talk thus at random,  
Dreaded some else might understand 'em;  
As if, relating what h'd seen,  
He did reflect upon the Queen;

Speaks



Speaks therefore thus to *sexton* trusty,  
Friend you are strong, and I am lusty,  
Let's try, I pray, if we can get him  
Home to his bed : for if we let him  
Sit raving here, in this wild manner,  
He'll treason speak to his dishonour ;  
Which if the magistrate but know,  
'Twill cost his life, and ours lives too.  
This said, his arms about her neck  
She gets ; at low parts of his back  
The *sexton* lifts, 'till round her waist  
She gets his legs to hold him fast :  
Thus, *like the Devil upon Dun*,  
*Madge* with her burthen marches on ;  
The *sexton* lifting still behind.  
That side to which the weight inclin'd,  
Be'ng thus in safety home convey'd,  
He gets his supper, and to bed :  
For always, whether *well*, or *ill*,  
His stomach was *infallible*.  
*Their church itself was never so*  
*Infallible, as parson's maw.*

*The End of the FIRST VOLUME.*

## King EDWARD'S 42 Articles.

*Articles agreed upon by the Bishops and other learned Men in the convocation held at London, in the year 1552. For the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and establishing consent touching true religion.*

Published by the King's Authority.

## ARTICLE I.

*Of faith in the holy Trinity.*

**T**HERE is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts or passions; of infinite Power, wisdom, and goodness; the maker and preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in the unity of this Godhead there are three persons, [ ] one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

## II.

*The word of God made very man.*

The Son, which is the word of the Father [ ] took man's nature in the womb of the blessed virgin, of her substance: so that two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and Manhood, were join'd together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very Man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men.

## Queen Elizabeth's 39 Articles.

*Articles agreed upon by the archbishops, and bishops, of both provinces, and the whole clergy, in the convocation holden at London in the year 1562, for the avoiding of diversities of opinions, and establishing consent touching true religion.*

Published by the Queen's Authority.

## ARTICLE I.

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**T**HERE is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts and passions; of infinite power, wisdom and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in the unity of his Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

## II.

*Of the word or Son of God, which was made very man.*

The Son, which is the word of the Father, begotten from everlasting of the Father; the very and eternal God, of one substance with the

*the Father*: Took man's nature in the womb of the blessed virgin of her substance, so that two whole and perfect natures, that is the Godhead and Manhood, were joined together in one person; never to be divided: whereof one is Christ, very God and very Man: who truly suffered, was dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men.

*King Edward's Third Article.*

*Of the going down of Christ into Hell.*

As Christ died for us and was buried; so also it is to be believed that he went down into hell: For his body lay in the grave till his resurrection, but his soul being separate from his body, remained with the spirits which were detained in prison, that is to say, in Hell. and there preached unto them, as witnesseth that place of Peter.

*Queen Elizabeth's Third Article.*

*Of the going down of Christ into Hell.*

As Christ died for us, and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into hell. [ ]

*King Edward's Fourth Article is the same with this of Queen Elizabeth's*

*Queen Elizabeth's Fourth Article.*

*Of the Resurrection of Christ.*

Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again his body, with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the profession of of man's nature, wherewith he ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until he return to judge all men at the last day.

*Queen Elizabeth's Fifth Article is not in King Edward's book of Articles.*

*King Edward's Fifth Article.*

*The doctrine of the Holy Scripture is sufficient to Salvation,*

Holy scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, although sometimes it may be admitted by God's faithful people, as pious and conducing unto order and decency, yet is not to be required of any man, that it should be believ'd as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation, [ ]

*What follows in Queen Elizabeth's Article is not in King Edward's.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Fifth Article.*

*Of the Holy Ghost.*

The Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son, is of one substance, majesty, and glory with the Father and the Son, very and eternal God.

*King Edward's Sixth Article.*

*The Old Testament is not to be rejected.*

The Old Testament [ ] is not to be rejected, as if it were contrary to the New, but to be retained. Forasmuch as in the Old Testament as in the new, everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only mediator betwixt God and Man, being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, who feign, that the old fathers did look upon only for transitory promises. [ ]

*Queen*



*Queen Elizabeth's Sixth Article.**Of the sufficiency of Holy Scriptures of Salvation.*

Holy scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, [ ] is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. *In the name of the holy scripture we do understand those Canonical Books of the Old and New Testament, of whose authority was never any doubt in the Church.*

*Of the names and number of the Canonical Books,*

*Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, the 1st book of Samuel, the 2d book of Samuel, the 1st book of Kings, the 2d book of Kings, the 1st book of Chronicles, the 2d book of Chronicles, the 1st book of Esdras, the 2d book of Esdras, the book of Esther, the book of Job, the Psalms, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes or preacher, Canticles or song of Solomon, Four Prophets the greater, Twelve Prophets the less.*

And the other Books (as *Hierom* saith) the Church doth read for example of life, and instruction of manners; but yet it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine: such as these following.

The 3d book of *Esdras*, the 4th book *Esdras*, the book of *Tobias*, the book of *Judith*, the rest of the book of *Esther*, the book of *Wisdom*, *Jesus the Son of Syrach*, *Baruch the prophet*, the *Song of the Three Children*, the *History of Susanna*, of *Bel and the Dragon*, the *Prayer of Manasses*, the 1st book of *Maccabees*, the 2d book of *Maccabees*.

All the books of the New Testament as they are commonly received, we do receive, and account them canonical.

*King Edward's Seventh Article.**The Three Creeds.*

The three Creeds, *Nice Creed*, *Athanasius Creed*, and that which is commonly called the *Apostles Creed*, ought thoroughly to be received; [ ] for they may be proved by most certain warrants of the holy scripture.

*Queen Elizabeth's Seventh Article,**Of the Old Testament.*

The Old Testament is not contrary to the New: for both in the Old and New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ, who is the only mediator between God and Man. being both God and Man. Wherefore they are not to be heard, which feign that the old fathers look only for transitory promises. Although the law given from God by Moses, as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind christian Men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any common-wealth, yet notwithstanding no christian man whatsoever is freed from the obedience of the commandments which are called Moral.

*King*

*King Edward's Eighth Article.**Of Original sin.*

Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk, and at this day is affirmed by the Anabaptists, but it is the fault and corruption [ ] of every man, &c.

*The rest of this Article is the same with that of Queen Elizabeth's.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Eighth Article.**Of the three Creeds.*

The three Creeds, *Nicene Creed*, *Athanasius Creed*, and that which is commonly called the *Apostles Creed*, ought thoroughly to be received and believed; for they may be proved by most certain warrants of holy scripture.

*King Edward's Ninth Article.**Of Free Will.*

( ) We have no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God, without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will and working with us, when we have that good will.

*Queen Elizabeth's Ninth Article.**Of Original or Birth Sin.*

Original sin standeth not in the following of Adam (as the Pelagians do vainly talk) ( ) but it is the fault or corruption of the nature of man, that naturally is engendered of the off-spring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore in every person born into the world. it deserveth God's wrath and damnation: and this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God. And though there is no condemnation for them that believe and are baptized, yet the apostles doth confess, That concupiscence and lust hath of itself the nature of sin.

*King Edward's Tenth Article.**Of Grace.*

The grace of Christ, or the Holy Ghost which is given by him, doth take from man the heart of stone and giveth him a heart of flesh. And though it render us willing to do those good works which before we were unwilling to do, and unwilling to do those evil works which before we did, yet is no violence offered by it to the will of man, so that no man when he hath sinned can excuse himself, as if he had sinned against his will, or upon constraint, and therefore that he ought not to be accused or condemned upon that account.

*Queen Elizabeth's Tenth Article.**Of Free Will.*

The condition of man after the fall of Adam is such, that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works, to faith and calling upon God. Wherefore we have

no power to do good works pleasant and acceptable to God; without the grace of God by Christ preventing us, that we may have a good will, and working with us, when we have that good will.

*Note, that King, Edward's 9th, Of Free Will, answers to this 10th, of Queen Elizabeth's. And Edward's 10th, Of Grace, is not in Queen Elizabeth's book.*

*King Edward's Eleventh Article.*

*Of the Justification of Man*

Justification by faith only in Jesus Christ, in that sense wherein it is set forth in the homily of justification, is the most certain and most wholesome doctrine for a christian man.

(\*Faith only) Dr. Heylin was so incensed at the word ONLY, that he chose rather to pass for a corrupter of the Article than to have it appear in his edition of the 39 Articles, and so left it quite out, See Hist. pag. 354.

*Queen Elizabeth's Eleventh Article.*

*Of the Justification of Man.*

We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by faith, and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore that we are justified by \* faith only, is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the homily of justification.

*This 12th Article of Queen Elizabeth's, is not in King Edward's book.*

*King Edward's Twelfth Article.*

*Works before Justification.*

Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit. &c.

*This 12th Article is the same with that 13th Article of Queen Elizabeth's.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Twelfth Article.*

*Of Good Works.*

Albeit that good works which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification, cannot put away our sins, and endure the severity of God's judgment: yet they are pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, and do spring out necessarily of a true and lively faith, inasmuch that by them a lively faith may be as evidently known, as a tree discerned by the fruit.

*King Edward's Thirteenth Article.*

*Works of Supererogation.*

Voluntary works, besides, over and above God's commandments,

*This is the same with the 14th of Queen Elizabeth's.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirteenth Article.*

*Of Works before Justification.*

Works done before the grace of Christ, and the inspiration of his spirit, are not pleasant to God; forasmuch as they spring out of faith in Jesus Christ, neither do they make men meet to receive grace, or (as a school-author say) deserve grace of congruity: Yea, rather, for that they are not done as God hath commanded and willed them to be done, we doubt not but that they have the nature of sin.

*King*



*King Edward's Fourteenth Article,  
None but Christ without sin.*

Christ in the truth of our nature was made like unto us, &c. *As in Queen Elizabeth's 15th Article.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Fourteenth Article.  
Of works of Supererogation.*

Voluntary works, besides over and above God's commandments, which they call works of supererogation, cannot be taught without arrogancy and impiety. For by them men do declare, that they do not only render unto God as much as they are bound to do: but that they do more for his sake, than of bounden duty is required. Whereas Christ saith plainly; when ye have done all that are commanded to you, say, we are unprofitable servants.

*King Edward's Fifteenth Article.  
Of the Sin against the Holy Ghost.*

Not every deadly sin, willingly committed after baptism, is sin against the Holy Ghost, and unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost, we may depart from grace given, and fall into sin, and by the grace of God we may arise again and amend our lives. And therefore they are to be condemned which say, they can no more sin as long as they live here, or deny the place of penance to such as truly repent.

*Queen Elizabeth's Fifteenth Article.  
Of Christ alone without sin.*

Christ in the truth of our nature was made like unto us in all things (sin only excepted) from which he was clearly void both in his flesh and in his spirit. He came to be a Lamb without spot, who by sacrifice of himself once made, should take away the sins of the world: and sin, as St. John saith, was not in him. But all the rest (although baptized and born again in Christ) yet offend in many things, and if we say, we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

*King Edward's Sixteenth Article.  
The Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.*

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is then committed, when any man out of malice or hardness of heart, doth fully reproach and persecute in an hostile manner, the truth of God's Word, manifestly made known unto him. Which sort of men being made obnoxious to the curse, subjects themselves to the most grievous of all wickednesses, from whence this kind of sin is called unpardonable, and so affirmed to be our Lord and Saviour.

*Queen Elizabeth's Sixteenth Article.  
Of Sin after Baptism.*

Not every sin willingly committed after baptism is the sin against the Holy Ghost, and unpardonable. Wherefore the grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as fall into sin after baptism. After we have received the Holy Ghost, we may depart from grace given, and fall into sin, and by the grace of God we may arise again

again and amend our lives. And therefore they are to be condemned which say, they can no more sin as long as they live here, or deny the place of forgiveness to such as truly repent.

This king Edward's 16th article is not in Queen Elizabeth's book. And here is place enough to give the reader the reason why it was omitted.

*Note then,* That King Edward's article was designed against the Emperor Charles V. who at that time was in wars against his rebellious subjects, the Lutheran. and other heretics who had rebelliously taken arms against him for the propagation of their new gospel. And therefore the framers of the article resolved to make him and all loyal subjects that assisted him in that war, blasphemers and unpardonable sinners against the Holy Ghost. And to this end designed the sin against the Holy Ghost in this odd and malicious manner as you see in the article. But Queen Elizabeth and her article makers knowing themselves to be now turned reproachers and persecutors of catholics; considered that the articles would strike with the same force (only turn the tables) against themselves, that it was at first designed to do against the Emperor and his catholic subjects and therefore left it quite out of the Queen's book of articles.

*King Edward's Seventeenth Article.*

*Of Predicition and Election.*

Predetermination unto life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret unto us, to deliver from curse and damnation, those whom he hath chosen [ ] out of mankind, to bring them by Christ to everlasting salvation as vessels made to honor. Wherefore they which he endued with so excellent a benefit of God, he called according to God's purpose, by his spirit working in due season; they through grace obey the calling, they be justified freely, they are made sons of adoption, they are made like the image of the only begotten Jesus Christ, they walk religiously in good works, and at length by God's mercy they attain to everlasting felicity.

As the godly consideration of predetermination and election in Christ is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly Persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their minds to high and heavenly things, as well because it doeth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation, to be enjoined through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God: so for curious and carnal persons, lacking the spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predetermination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the Devil doth thrust them either into desperation or into wretchedness of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation. Furthermore, though the decree of predetermination be unknown to us, yet must we receive God's promises in such wise as they

they be generally set forth to us in holy scripture; and in our doings that will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the word of God.

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Predestination to life is the everlasting purpose of God, whereby (before the foundations of the world were laid) he hath constantly decreed by his counsel, secret to us, to deliver from curse and damnation, those whom he hath chosen in Christ out of mankind, and to bring them by Christ unto everlasting salvation as vessels made to honor. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called according to God's purpose, by his spirit working in due season. They through grace obey the calling, they be justified freely, they be made sons of God by adoption, they be made like the image of his only begotten son Jesus Christ: They walk religiously in good works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity.

As the godly consideration of predestination and our election in Christ is full of sweet pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons, and such as feel in themselves the working of the spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their mind to high and heavenly things, as well because it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation, to be enjoyed through Christ, as because it doth fervently kindle their love towards God: So for curious and carnal persons lacking the spirit of Christ, to have continually before their eyes the sentence of God's predestination, is a most dangerous downfall, whereby the Devil doth thrust them either into desperation or into wretchedness; of most unclean living, no less perilous than desperation. Furthermore [ ] we must receive God's promises in such wise, as they were generally set forth to us in holy scripture; and in our doings that will of God is to be followed, which we have expressly declared unto us in the word of God.

*King Edward's Eighteenth article.*

*Everlasting salvation to be obtained only in the name of Christ.*

They also are to be accursed, &c. as in Queen Elizabeth's article.

*Queen Elizabeth's Eighteenth Article.*

*Of obtaining eternal salvation only by the name of Christ.*

They also are to be accursed, that presume to say, that every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law, and the light of nature. For holy scripture doth set out unto us only the name of Jesus Christ, whereby men must be saved.

*Tbi,*



*This King Edward's nineteenth article is not in this place of Queen Elizabeth's book; but the latter part of her seventh article is made up of the former part of this.*

*The latter part of this article is now where in Queen Elizabeth's Book, King Edward's Nineteenth Article.*

*All Men are bound to keep the Precepts of the Moral Law.*

Although the law given from God by Moses as touching ceremonies and rites, do not bind Christian men, nor the civil precepts thereof ought of necessity to be received in any common-wealth; yet notwithstanding no christian man whatsoever is free from the obedience of the commandments which are called moral. \* Wherefore they are not to be heard which teach that the holy scriptures were given to none but to the weak, and brag continually of the spirit, by which they do pretend, that all whatsoever they preach is suggested to them, though manifestly contrary to the holy scripture.

*Queen Elizabeth's Nineteenth Article.*

*Of the Church:*

The visible church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's Ordinance; in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same. As the church of Jerusalem, Alexandria and Antioch hath erred, so also the church of Rome have erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith.

*King Edward's Twentieth Article.*

*Of the Church.*

The visible church of Christ is a Congregation of faithful men, &c. as in Queen Elizabeth's.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twentieth Article.*

*Of the Authority of the Church.*

The church hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith. And yet it is not lawful for the church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's word written; neither may it so expound one place of scripture, that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore although the church be a witness and keeper of holy writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation.

*King Edward's Twenty first Article.*

*Of the Authority of the Church.*

[ ] It is not lawful for the church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's word written, neither may it so expound one place of scripture that it be repugnant to another; wherefore although the church be a witness and keeper of holy writ, yet as it ought not to decree any thing against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce any thing to be believed for necessity of salvation.

*Queen*

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-first Article.**Of the Authority of General Councils.*

General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes, and when they be gathered together (forasmuch as they be an assembly of men, whereof all be not governed with the spirit and word of God) they may err and sometimes have erred even in things pertaining unto God. Wherefore things ordained by them as necessary to salvation, have neither strength nor authority, unless it be declared that they are taken out of holy scriptures.

*King Edward's Twenty-second Article.**Of the Authority of General Councils.*

General councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes, &c. as in Queen Elizabeth's.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-second Article.**Of Purgatory*

The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardons, worshipping adoration, as well of images as of relicks, and also invocation of saints is a fond thing vainly invented and grounded upon no warrant of scripture, but rather [ ] repugnant to the word of God.

*King Edward's Twenty-Third Article.**Of Purgatory.*

The doctrine of the school-men concerning purgatory, pardons, Worshipping, and adoration as well of images as of relicks, and also invocation of saints is a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of scripture, but rather perniciously repugnant to the word of God.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-Third Article.**Of Ministering in the Congregation.*

It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office of public preaching or ministering the sacraments in the congregation, before he be lawfully called and sent to execute the same. And those we ought to judge lawfully called and sent, which be chosen and called to this work by men, who have public authority given unto them in the congregation, to call and send ministers into the Lord's vine-yard.

*King Edward's Twenty-Fourth Article.**No Man to Minister in the Church except he be called.*

It is not lawful for any man to take upon him the office, &c. It is the same with Queen Elizabeth's twenty-third article.

*Note,* The reader may gather from the articles that both in King Edward's time, and long after, they held only choosing and calling (without episcopal ordination) sufficient to qualify ministers for the Lord's vineyard. Burnet B. of Sarum speaking of only a company of laymen, says, that if such a body (of laymen) should by a common consent desire some of their own number to minister to them in holy things, this is not condemned nor annulled by the article: For we are sure, says he, that not only those who penned the articles, but the body of this church for above half an age after did acknowledge the

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the foreign churches so constituted, to be true churches as to all the essentials of a church, see his exposition on this twenty-third article pag. 259.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-Fourth Article.*

*Of speaking in the Congregation in such a Tongue as the People understandeth.*

It is a thing plainly repugnant to the word of God, and the customs of the primitive church; to have public prayers in the church; or to minister the sacraments in a tongue not understood by the people.

*King Edward's Twenty-Fifth Article.*

*All things to be done in the Congregation in such a Tongue as is understood by the People.*

It is most fit and most agreeable to the word of God, that nothing be rehearsed in the congregation in a tongue not known unto the people. which Paul hath forbidden to be done, unless some be present to interpret.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-Fifth Article.*

*Of the Sacraments.*

[ ] Sacraments ordained of Christ, be not only badges and tokens of christian mens profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses and effectual signs of grace and God's good will towards us, the which he doth work invisibly in us; and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him. There are two sacraments ordained of Christ our Lord in the gospel; that is to say, baptism and the supper of the Lord. Those five, commonly called sacraments, that is to say, confirmation, penance, orders, matrimony, and extrem unction, are not to be counted for sacraments, of the gospel; being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the apostles; partly are states of life allowed in the scriptures, but yet have not the like nature of sacraments with baptism, and the Lord's supper: for they have not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God. The sacraments were not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them. And in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation, [ ] but they that receive them unworthily, purchase to themselves damnation, as St. Paul saith.

*King Edward's Twenty-sixth Article.*

*Of the Sacrament.*

Our Lord Jesus Christ gathered his people into a society, by sacraments very few in number, and most easy to be kept and of most excellent signification, that is to say; baptism, and the supper of the Lord. [ ] The sacraments are not ordained of Christ to be gazed upon, or to be carried about, but that we should duly use them; and in such only as worthily receive the same, they have a wholesome effect or operation; not as some say, ex opere operato, which terms as they are strange and utterly unknown to the holy scripture, so do they yield a sense which favoureth of little piety, but of much superstition: but they that receive them unworthily,  
receive

receive to themselves; damnation. The sacraments ordained by the word of God, be not only badges or tokens of christian mens profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses, effectual signs of grace, and God's good will towards us by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken but also strengthen and confirm our faith in him.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-sixth Article.*

*Of the Unworthyness of the Ministers which hinder not the Effect of the Sacraments.*

Although in the visible church, the evil be ever mingled with the good; and sometimes the evil have chief authority in the ministrations of the word and sacraments; yet forasmuch as they do not the same in their own name, but in Christ's, and do minister by his commission and authority, we may use their ministry both in hearing the word of God, and in receiving the sacraments. Neither is the effect of Christ's ordinance taken away by their wickedness: nor the grace of God's gifts diminished from such as by faith, and rightly do receive the sacraments ministered unto them, which be effectual because of Christ's institution, and promises, although they be ministered by evil men. Nevertheless it appertaineth to the discipline of the church, that inquiry be made of evil ministers; and that they be accused by those that have knowledge of their offences, and finally being found guilty, by just judgement be deposed.

*King Edward's Twenty-seventh Article.*

*The Wickedness of the Ministers takes not away the Efficacy of Divine Institutions*

Altho in the visible church, the evil be ever mingled with the good, &c. As in Queen Elizabeth's twenty-sixth article.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-seventh Article.*

*Of Baptism.*

Baptism is not only a sign of profession and mark of difference, whereby christian men are discerned from others that be not christened; but it is also a sign of regeneration, or new birth, whereby, as by an instrument, they that receive baptism rightly, are grafted into the church; the promises of the forgiveness of sin, of our adoption to be the sons of God by the holy ghost, are visibly signed and sealed; faith, is confirmed, and grace increased by virtue of prayer to God. † *The baptism of young children is in any wise to be retained in the church as most agreeable with the institution of Christ.*

*King Edward's Twenty-Eighth Article.*

*Of Baptism.*

† *This Article is the same with that of the Twenty-seventh of Queen Elizabeth's, till it comes to the last Period or Sentence, which is as follows.*

† The custom of the church for Baptizing young children, is both to be commended, and by all means to be retained in the church.

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-Eighth Article.*

*Of the Lord's Supper.*

The supper of the Lord is not only a sign of the love that christians



tians ought to have among themselves one to another ; but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death : insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy writ ; but it is repugnant to the plain words of scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions. [ ] The body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the supper, only after a heavenly and spiritual manner : and the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the supper, is faith. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up and worshipped.

*King Edward's Twenty-Ninth Article.*

*Of the Lord's Supper.*

The supper of the Lord is not only a sign of love that christians ought to have amongst themselves one to another ; but rather it is a sacrament of our redemption by Christ's death : insomuch that to such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ, and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ. Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by holy writ ; but is repugnant to the plain words of scripture [ ] and hath given occasion to many superstitions. [ ] Since the very being of human nature doth require, that the body of one and the same man cannot be at one and the same time in many places, but of necessity must be in some certain and determined place ; therefore the body of Christ cannot be present in many different places at the same time, and since (as the holy scriptures testifies) Christ hath been taken up into heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the world, it becometh not any of the faithful to believe or profess that there is a real or corporal presence (as they phrase it) of the body and blood of Christ in the holy eucharist. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up or worshipped.

*This Twenty-Ninth Article is not in King Edward's Book.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Twenty-Ninth Article.*

*Of the wicked which Eat not the Body of Christ in the use of the Lord's Supper.*

The wicked and such as be void of a lively faith, although they do carnally and visibly press with their teeth (as St Austin saith) the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, yet in no wise are they partakers of Christ ; but rather to their condemnation, do eat and drink the sign or sacrament of so great a thing

*Nor is this 30th. one of King Edward's Articles.*

*King Edward's 30th Article is the same with the 31st of Queen Elizabeth's, only it has not the Word Blasphemous in it.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirtieth Article.*

*Of both Kinds.*

The cup of the Lord is not to be denied to lay-people ; for both parts

parts of the sacrament by Christ's ordinance and commandment, ought to be ministered to all christian men alike.

*King Edward's Thirty-First Article.*

*A single Life is imposed on none by the Word of God.*

Bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's law, either to vow the estate of a single life, or to abstain from marriage.

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-First Article.*

*Of the one Oblation of Christ finished upon the Cross.*

The offering of Christ once made, is that perfect redemption, propitiation and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual: and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone: wherefore in the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain and guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits.

*King Edward's Thirty-Second Article.*

*Excommunicated Persons are to be avoided.*

*This Article is the same with the 33d of Queen Elizabeth's.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Second Article.*

*Of the Marriage of Priests.*

Bishops, Priests and Deacons are not commanded by God's law, either to vow the estate of a single life, or to abstain from marriage: therefore it is lawful for them, as well as for all christian men, to marry at their own discretion, as they shall judge the same to serve better for godlinefs.

*King Edward's Thirty-Third Article.*

*Of the Traditions of the Church.*

It is not necessary that traditions and ceremonies. &c. *This is the same with Queen Elizabeth's 34th Article, till it come to the words that are added after weak brethren, viz.— "Every particular or national church, &c. which sentence is not in King Edward's book.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Third Article.*

*Of excommunicated Persons, how they are to be avoided.*

That person, which by open denunciation of the church, is rightly cut off from the unity of the church, and excommunicated, ought to be taken of the whole multitude of the faithful, as a Heathen and a publican, until he be openly reconciled by penance, and be received into the church by a judge that hath authority thereunto,

*King Edward's Thirty Fourth Article.*

*Of the Homilies.*

[ ] The homilies lately delivered and commended to the church of England by the King's injunction, do contain a godly and wholesome doctrine [ ] and fit to be imbraced by all men; [ ] and for that cause they are diligently, plainly and distinctly to be read to the people. [ ]

*None of the Names of the Homilies are in King Edward's Articles.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Fourth Article.*

*Of the Traditions of the Church.*

It is not necessary that traditions and ceremonies be in all places

one or utterly alike, for at all times they have been divers, and may be changed according to the diversity of countries, times, and men's manners, so that nothing be ordained against God's word. Whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely doth openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the church, which be not repugnant to the word of God, and be ordained and approved by common authority, ought to be rebuked openly (that others may fear to do the like) as one that offendeth against the common order of the church, and hurteth the authority of the magistrate, and woundeth the consciences of weak brethren.— \* Every particular or national church hath authority to ordain, change and abolish ceremonies or rites of the church, ordained only by men's authority; so that all things be done to edifying.

*King Edward's Thirty-Fifth Article.*

*Of the Book of Common-Prayer, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.*

The book lately delivered to the church of England, by the authority of the King and parliament, containing the manner and form of public prayer, and the ministration of the sacraments in the said church of England, as also the book published by the same authority for ordering ministers in the church, are both of them very pious, as to the truth of doctrine; in nothing contrary but agreeable to the wholesome doctrine of the gospel, which they do very much promote and illustrate. And for that cause they are by all faithful members of the church of England, but chiefly of the ministers of the word, with all thankfulness and readiness of mind to be received, approved, and commended to the people of God.

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Fifth Article.*

*Of Homilies.*

[ ] The second book of homilies, the several titles whereof we have joined under this article, doth contain a godly and wholesome doctrine [ ] and necessary for those times, as doth the former book of homilies, which were set forth in the time of Edward the VIth. And therefore we judge them to be read in churches by the ministers, diligently and distinctly, that they may be understood of the people.

*The Names of the Homilies.*

1. Of the right use of the church.
2. Against peril of idolatry.
3. Of repairing and keeping clean of churches.
4. Of good works, first of fasting.
5. Against gluttony and drunkenness.
6. Against excess of apparel.
7. Of prayer.
8. Of the place and time of prayer.
9. That common prayers and sacraments ought to be ministered in a known tongue.
10. Of the reverend estimation of God's Word.
11. Of alms-doing.
12. Of the nativity of Christ.



13. Of the passion of Christ.
14. Of the resurrection of Christ.
15. Of the worthy receiving of the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.
16. Of the gifts of the holy ghost.
17. For the regation days.
18. Of the state of matrimony.
19. Of repentance.
20. Against idleness.
21. Against rebellion:

*King Edward's Thirty-Sixth Article.*

*Of the Civil Magistrate.*

The King of England is after Christ the supreme head on earth of the church of England and Ireland. The bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England. The civil magistrate is ordained and approved by God, and therefore is to be obeyed, not only for fear of the wrath, but for conscience sake [ ] civil or temporal laws may punish christian men with death for heinous offences. It is lawful for christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate to wear weapons, and to serve in the wars.

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Sixth Article.*

*Of Consecration of Bishops and Ministers.*

The book of consecration of archbishops and bishops, and ordering of priests and deacons, lately set forth in the time of King Edward the VIth, and confirmed at the same time by authority of parliament doth contain all things necessary to such consecration and ordering; neither hath it any thing that of itself is superstitious and ungodly. And therefore whosoever are consecrated and ordered according to the rites of that book, since the second year of the forenamed King Edward unto this time, or hereafter shall be consecrated or ordered according to the same rites: we decree all such to be rightly, orderly, and lawfully consecrated and ordered.

*King Edward's Thirty-Seventh Article.*

*The Goods of Christians are not common.*

*This Article is the same with Queen Elizabeth's 38th.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Seventh Article.*

*Of Civil Magistrates.*

The Queen's Majesty [ ] hath the chief power in this realm of England and other her dominions, under whom the chief government of all the estates of this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in all causes doth appertain; and is not, nor ought to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction. [ ] 'Where we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief government, by which title we undertand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended: we give not to our princes the ministering of God's word, or of the sacraments; they which think the injunctions also lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen, do most plainly testify: but that only prerogative, which we see to have given always to all godly princes in holy scriptures by God himself, that is, that they should rule all estates and degrees,

committed

committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil doers. The bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England.—The laws of the realm may punish christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences.—It is lawful for christian men at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons and serve in the wars.

*King Edward's Thirty-Eighth Article.*

*It is lawful for a Christian to take an Oath.*

*This differs not from Queen Elizabeth's 39th Article.*

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Eighth Article.*

*Of Christian Men's Goods which are not common.*

The riches and goods of christians are not common, as touching the right title and possession of the same, as certain anabaptists do falsely boast. Notwithstanding every man ought of such things as he possesseth, liberally to give alms to the poor, according to his ability.

*King Edward's Thirty-Ninth Article.*

*The Resurrection of the Dead is not past already.*

The resurrection of the dead is not past already, as if it belonged only to the soul, which by the grace of Christ is raised from the death of sin, but is to be expected by all men in the last day: For at that time (as the scripture doth most apparently testify) the dead shall be restored to their own bodies: flesh and bones: to the end that man, according as either righteously or wickedly, he hath passed his life, may according to his works receive rewards or punishments.

*Note.* Queen Elizabeth's faith-makers holding, that good works are not meritorious (as in their 11th article) were forced to omit this 39th of King Edward's, because it teaches, that men receive rewards, &c. according to their works.

*Queen Elizabeth's Thirty-Ninth Article.*

*Of a Christian Man's Oath.*

We confess that vain and rash swearing is forbidden christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ and James his apostle, so we judge that christian religion doth not prohibit, but that a man may swear when the magistrate requireth, in a cause of faith and charity, so it be done according to the prophets teaching, in justice judgment and truth.

*King Edward's Fortieth Article.*

*The Souls of Men deceased do neither perish with their Bodies.*

They who maintain that the souls of men deceased do either sleep without all manner of sense to the day of judgment, or affirm that they die together with the body, and shall be raised there with at the last day, do wholly differ from the right faith, and orthodox belief, which is delivered to us in the holy scriptures.

*King Edward's Forty-First Article.*

*Of the Millenarians.*

They who endeavour to revive the fable of the Millenarians are therein contrary to the holy scriptures, and cast themselves down headlong into Jewish dotages.

*King*

*King Edward's Forty-Second Article.**All Men not to be saved at last.*

They also deserve to be condemned, who endeavour to restore that pernicious opinion, that all men (tho' never so ungodly) shall at last be saved; when for a certain time, appointed by the divine justice, they have endured punishment for their sins committed.

*The End of King Edward the Sixth's Articles.*

As in Queen Elizabeth's articles, you must know that the original manuscript of them, that were signed by both houses of convocation, (Anno 1562.) do differ in many places from the printed editions: as in the third article, in the print there is only this, as Christ died for us and was buried, so also it is to be believed that he went down into hell: but in the original and subscribed manuscript, the rest of the article is set down at large, as in King Edward's article. They believed the doctrine of Limbus patrum in the manuscript but disbelieved it in the print, tho' not a year between them.

The 20th article in the manuscript is but the 28th in the print. Their title is the same, i. e. of the Lord's Supper. But that of the manuscript (like King Edward's 29th) does so confine and shut up our saviour Christ in heaven, as not to allow it by any means possible for him to be present in the blessed sacrament. No, nor on earth, 'till the day of judgment. But this foolish, impious and blasphemous conceit, is left out in the printed article.

In the year 1571, in a synod holden at London the bishops of both provinces considering that neither King Edward's articles, nor their own subscribed manuscript of 1562, nor the printed editions which they published to the people, were right; they resolved to review and make a second publication of them, which they did, altering it from the original manuscript and printed editions, in above three score places. A catalogue of which, the bishop of Sarum (Dr. Burnet) gives us in his exposition of the 39 articles, he calls them but small alterations, and indeed many of them are so very small, that one would think they made them meereley for the itch of change. Yet others of them are not so small but can easily bear reflections. For instance, they added to the 20th article, these words; 'The church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.' Yet they were neither in their original manuscript, nor printed editions. 'I cannot find (says Burnet) in what year they were put in the printed copies.'

Here's a remarkable change, congregation (in 10 or 11 years time) metamorphosed into church, with authority in matters of faith.

At their fall from the catholic church, finding it as great a madness to pretend to, as impossibility to get the name church, especially having no bishop to give colour to such a title, they were forced to sit down under the contemptible name of congregation. And for this reason raised the very word church out of their bibles (as is shewn below) and put the word congregation in its place. But by and by, their number increasing; the Queen [excluding the catholic bishops; thrusting these her pretended bishops into their chairs; giving



giving them their bishopricks, consequently a pretence to their dignities and authority; enacting them bishops by act of parliament (Stat. 8. Eliz.) and finally establishing all by laws: then they became ashamed of their original title: they quarrel with congregation, out of their bible goes congregation; in again comes church: congregation must needs be church of England, and have power to censure, judge and condemn heresies and hereticks, and all such sectaries as fall from it, as if it were indeed the very catholic church itself. And to support and authorize this pretended power, they have made it an article of their faith, that the church hath authority in controversies of faith, meaning their now called church of England; if their pretended church can claim this authority, then it is certain they cannot deny it to the church they left, consequently they must own the condemnation of their errors and heresies by that church, just and lawful.

The articles are authorized by act of parliament in 13 Eliz. c. 12. And by these following canons.

Cap 5. Whosoever shall hereafter affirm that any of the thirty-nine articles agreed upon by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy in convocation holden at London in the year of our Lord 1562. (for establishing consent touching true religion) are in any part superstitious or erroneous, or such as he may not with a good conscience subscribe unto: let him be excommunicated ipso facto; and not restored but only by the archbishop after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors, can. 36. obliges the clergy to subscribe to them all.

It is here to be remarked, that the book of articles mentioned by the canons, can be truly meant of no other but only the original manuscript, made in the year 1562, or a true copy of it. Now that manuscript has laid ever since dormant in Corpus Christi college in Cambridge, utterly unknown to the people, and a true copy of it was never yet in print. The bishop of Sarum sets down 8 or 9 remarkable differences between that manuscript and those printed editions now extant, one of which, is the aforesaid addition to the 29th article. Of which he says, this alteration of importance was made in the year 1571.

And yet the printed editions are entitled, articles agreed upon, &c. in the year 1562. (as the *MS*, is) but it is a false and unduly imposed title: on purpose to make the young subscribing clergy and the people believe that the printed copies do in all things agree exactly with the original *MS*.

Thus a false unauthorized copy of protestant articles of faith is obruded upon the people and ignorant clergy, under the notion and title of a true one, which in plain terms is; The imposing a lie upon them, and binding them by canons to believe it under pain of excommunication.

ENGLAND'S

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## C A N T O III.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*I sing the scripture's new translations,  
 And bibles under three impressions,  
 The advantage sectaries had thence,  
 By wresting it to private sense.  
 Of counter scuffles next I tell  
 That 'tween reformed kirks besel.  
 Objections 'gainst the common prayer,  
 And ornaments that bishops wear.  
 Of Wandsworth-Junto, and of classes  
 Form'd here and there in divers places,  
 Of Hatton's leek to save his life  
 When Hawkin's fell by Burchet's Knife  
 How Bess old witgift consecrates;  
 How church affairs he regulates  
 How whitgift's hamper'd by a fell  
 Hot headed puritan call'd Beal,  
 How he and bishops nine or ten,  
 Their grievances tell to the Queen:  
 She kindly promises redress;  
 But then comes death and summons Bess.  
 In t'other world she meets her dad,  
 Eager to know what news she had;  
 After some thundering discourses,  
 But vanish in a cloud of curses.*

**A** Rosicrucian Virtuoso.  
 Wou'd undertake (strange he wou'd do so)  
 By number measure weight and time,  
 To make a new *Materia Prime*:

Q q

And

And *form* it too, as he thought fit,  
 Into more shapes than have been yet.  
 And state 'em all in true perfection,  
 By philosphick wit's *projection*;  
 But must have this his undertaking  
 Perform'd by tools of his own making;  
 For not a *white smith* nor a *black*,  
 Could frame such things as he would lack f  
 Only himself, that did conceive  
 The work, could tell what he would have.  
*Furnace* he fram'd with his own hand,  
 His *glasses*, *athanore* and *sand*,  
 Hi *retorts*, *limbecks*, *crucibles*,  
*Sublimatories*, and his *stills*,  
 His *manica hypocratis*,  
 And stranger tools by far than this;  
 His *Ballances*, his *measures*, *weights*,  
 His *rule* to square his things to rights,  
 His *chizels*, *gauges*, *wimbles*, *saws*,  
*Maul*, *wedges*, *axes* free from flaws,  
 To split and hew his *atoms* with  
 (Things subtiler than fishes breath)  
 And bring his *matters* into *form*,  
 As folk from *cream* do *butter* churn.

Just so these new reformers acted  
 When in their faiths they grew distracted;  
 Each his deep head for *matters* traces;  
 Thro' *vast imaginary spaces*,  
 On which to freme a *new religion*,  
 To fit all fancies in the region.  
 Yet e're the work they undertook  
 They first prepar'd their *bible book*,  
 Fitting it for a tool to cut-out  
 Such *forms of faith* as they wou'd put out  
 Thus *Lutber*, thus *Casteleo*,  
 Thus *Beza*, *Knox*, and many moe  
 Made such translations as they thought  
 Wou'd suit the doctrines each man taught.  
 Tho'



Tho' every one's faith differ'd from  
 Each other's, all from that of *Rome*,  
 On this account one master *Tyndal*  
 Sets out his bible ; but old *Grindal*  
 And other elders, two or three,  
 Of *Nag's-Head* confraternity,  
 Thought it not right in every part,  
 (Tho' *Tyndal* was a man of art)  
 And therefore put in *Bess* head  
 To have another version made.

She grants, and calls a *convocation*  
 Of the choice bishops in her nation,  
 Wherein, disorder to prevent,  
*Parker* himself sat president.  
 The full assembly being met,  
 And on their proper benches set,  
*Parker* with rev'rend look and wise,  
 From *tripple-footed stool* did rise ;  
 (For *core* wrought out of wooden bowl,  
 By turner's chizel, was his stool,  
 Plac'd at the head of two long planks,  
 On which his fellows sat in ranks,  
 Or lines resembling certain fowl,  
 Which, when on wing, fly *cheek by-jowl*)  
 Standing upright I say his grace,  
 To sitting posture skrew'd his face,  
 And stroak'd his whiskers, that the hair  
 Might let his hidden lips appear ;  
 Bows to both ranks of convocation,  
 Then utters thus his wise oration.

My Lords and rev'rend clergy who  
 Are here, I doubt not but you know  
 How learned clerks in days of yore  
 Writ, preach'd, and pray'd, and ne'er gave o'er ;  
 Such was their zeal and charity  
 Tho' ev'n in days of popery ;  
 Why then shall we neglect to write  
 Who overflow with gospel-right ?  
 Why may not we become as famous

(a) Parker To after-times and get a name as  
 with his An Remarkable as any yet  
 tiquitates Bri- That since th' apostles times have writ?  
 tanicæ. Matter we have enough to write on,  
 (b) Jewel For my part I have lately light on  
 writes his A- some ancient *manuscripts*, from which  
 pology. Stories of note I mean to fetch;  
 (c) St. Hierom, in his Which pound together in one volume,  
 preface to the *British antiquities* (a) I'll call 'em  
 New Testa- But whatlo'er we write, the scope  
 ment dedicat- Of all must be, against the pope.  
 ed to Pope You who are in contention skill'd,  
 Damascus; & And right or wrong, will never yield;  
 in the end of You who in argument's defence  
 his catalogue writes thus to  
 the Pope. Can *Fathers* quote in any sense,  
 ' You con- And change their words by dext'rous stroke,  
 strain me to Contrary quite to what they spoke:  
 make a new Come master *Jewel*, you and *Horn*  
 work of an Are th' only men for such a turn.  
 old, that I at- But when you write, this caution take,  
 ter so many And don't forget it for my sake,  
 copies of scrip- When *ordination* comes in play,  
 tures dispers- Take as light notice as you may;  
 ed through But wave their argument, and bring  
 the world, I For your discourse, some other thing,  
 should sit as a And let it never once be nam'd  
 certain judge By *whom, where, how*, we were *ordain'd*.  
 which of them I would have reasons put in print  
 agree with the To please such as are discontent  
 Greek. I have With this our present reformation.  
 restored the Apologies (b) will please the nation.  
 New Testa- But, brethren, yet a greater matter  
 ment to the I must to all your graces utter,  
 truth of the Pope *Damascus*, I understand,  
 Greek, and Gave to (c) *Sr. Hierom* a command  
 have translat- The scatt'ed scriptures up to gather  
 ed the old ac- Into one volume, which the father  
 cording to witnesses of  
 the Hebrew. this work, that I have changed nothing from the Hebrew.

Was willing here and there to seek,  
 And turn'd the *Latin* from the *Greek*  
 And *Hebrew* tongues, long time ago,  
 I think twelve hundred years or more.  
 And *Rome* this version does allow  
 For most *authentic* and true;  
 But verily from end to end  
 It does the *Roman* faith defend.  
 Nor contradicts in any place  
 One single point that they profess;  
 Of which 'tis fitting we consider:  
 And therefore why we are call'd hither.  
 Is to adopt a new *translation*

To this new faith we teach the nation.  
 Join all your wits in one to do't,  
 Mine shall not fail to help you out,  
 But mind what copies you translate,  
 That of (d) *St. Hierom* now I hate,  
 Take therefore some *Greek* copy, which  
 You may with greater freedom stretch,  
 Because but few are skill'd so well  
 In *Greek* and *Hebrew*, as to tell  
 When from the *originals* you vary;  
 Thus *Tyndal* did in days of *Harry*,  
 Pray therefore also read well o'er  
 That version *Tyndal* made before,  
 Be critical, and every line  
 Of the *originals* refine  
 From what may favour popery,  
 Or with our own text disagree.  
 For *comma's* sometimes *periods* change,  
 A *letter* may the sense estrange.  
 Words add, words alter, words transplace,  
 And the word which you like not, 'rase;  
 Whole sentences you may transplant,  
 And new ones make too, when you want;  
 Blot chapters out cast books away,  
 Or brand them with *apocrypha*,

(d) *St. Augustin* thus  
 commends  
 this translation  
 of *St. Hierom's*. In these  
 our days *Hierom*  
 a priest, a  
 man most  
 learned and  
 skillful in all  
 the three  
 tongues, who  
 not only from  
 the *Greek*, but  
 from the *Hebrew*, translat-  
 ed the same  
 scriptures in-  
 to *Latin*,  
 whose learned  
 labour even  
 the *Jews* con-  
 fess to be true.  
*Vid. de Civit.*  
*deli. 18 & Ep.*  
*80. ad Hierom.*  
*& lib. 2. Doct.*  
*Christi.*

One



One thing especially, I pray,  
 Let not the word *church* come in play,  
 Nor *catholic*, but turn the one  
 From *church* to *congregation*;  
 The other into *general*:  
 For 'tis ridiculous to call  
 Ourselves a *church*, or make pretence  
 To *catholic* in any sense.  
 In short, our bible must be made,  
 Fit for all *protestants* to read;  
 Who will, as soon as you have done it,  
 With diligence begin to con it,  
 Till growing quick by frequent reading,  
 As practis'd lawyers are by pleading,  
 May papists now and then confute,  
 However match them in dispute:  
 Nay, I assure you, this translation  
 May so be made as turn the nation  
 From ancient popery, unto  
 What faith we please to set up now.  
 Or let them their religions draw  
 From thence, it matters not a straw;  
 For if but popery they miss,  
 All's one to us whatever 'tis.  
 This said, he'd little more to say;  
 And *DIXI* lighting in his way,  
 A word as common as to breath,  
 To end his declamations with,  
 He said it; and being once begun  
 To end his speech, he held his tongue,  
 To this grave speech not one objection  
 Was made, but straight by his direction  
 They fell a setting out *translations*,  
 And chang'd them in their next impressions;  
 All different none of 'em true;  
 And which to stick at no man knew.  
 Here some took one, and there another,  
 And some were for them all together:

For

For all were publish'd with *allowance*,  
 And had authority for *true-ones* ;  
*Ibo' sure when contradictions meet*  
*Both of 'em cannot be i'tb' right.*  
 This made King *James* the first avow  
 Of all their bibles none was *true*.  
 Yet worle than these, was that invented  
 By *Knox* and at *Geneva* printed.  
*Bess's* and *Knox's* were not all  
 'Tween *James* the first and *Harry's* fall :  
 But 'tis not worth my time to read 'em,  
 Nor yours, and therefore never heed 'em,  
 More than to judge from diff'rent rules  
 Of faith, how all could save their souls.

*Corruption's* found in those translations,  
 And some few gross *falsifications*,  
 I'll in the (e) margin here rebearse  
 From *bible*, *chapter*, *book* and *verse*.

(e) Queen Elizabeth had no sooner left the catholic church, but she and her pretended bishops published a translation of scripture under the title of the holy bible in English, according to the translation that is to be read in churches. Anno 1560.

In this and other impressions, they

Their have left out

the word catholic, which used to stand in the title of several epistles in the new testament, and for any thing known to the contrary, had been their title ever since the apostles time that writ them. As the catholic epistle of James, the catholic epistle of Peter, of John and of Jude. But in their bibles of 1598, 1599, they took in the word general instead of catholic. The general epistle of James: the epistle general of Peter, &c. Nor would they to this day, ever re-ad the word catholic into any of their bibles.

To blot out catholic they knew would be to small purpose while church stood in the bible. And therefore in this said bible of 1560, they took care that the name church should never once sound in the poor deluded peoples ears: for, from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations, it is not once to be found; but congregation in the place of it: as in St. Matth. chap. 1. ver. 17. 'Tell it unto the congregation. If he neglect to hear the congregation, let him be to thee as an heathen and a publican. Ephesians c. v. 25. 27. "Love your wives as Christ loved the congregation. A glorious congregation, &c. 1. Tim. c. 3. 15. The house of God, which is the congregation of the living God, the pillar and ground of truth.

As they obliterated the catholic church, so did they also the name priest, turning it into elder. and priesthood into eldership. As in St. James, c. 5. "If any be diseased among you let them call for the elders of the congregation: bible 1560, Acts, c. 14. When they had ordained to them elders by election in every congregation, bible 1560.

These

These words, by election, were thrust into the text by Tindal in K. Henry VIII's time, and retained in it by Cranmer and all the pretended reformers of K. Edward VI's reign, so here in Q. Elizabeth's bible, as may be seen in those editions of 1560, 1577, 1598, 1599. Nor were they obliterated till K. James the first made a new translation; whence it is evident that the church or congregation of England in those times held and taught that election only, without any episcopal consecration or ordination, was sufficient to make bishops and priests. We are therefore very certain, that if Matt. Parker, Q. Elizabeth's first pretended archbishop of Canterbury, had been truly consecrated by catholic bishops, so that he could justly have laid claim to the character of bishop by divine right and apostolical succession: if I say, he had been thus truly consecrated a bishop, it is certain that he, Grindal, Whitgift, Jewel, Horn, and the rest, would not thus wretchedly have corrupted their bibles, in direct opposition to the character and divine institution of holy orders, by making the text ordain them by election. Nor would they have published this vain doctrine of election, or only calling and sending, without the least mention of other sort of ordaining, in the 23d of the 39th articles. Nor would they have also, in the 25th of their articles, made it even a point of their faith, that orders is no sacrament, nor has any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God: by which they are obliged to profess and believe, that the visible sign or ceremony of imposition of hands (though themselves use it) is not ordained of God; and therefore, at the best, can stand them in no more stead than a bare sign of election. And thus they may elect a man to the office of a constable of a parish, if they please. Nor would they ever have contented themselves with those naked forms of consecration and ordination devised by the Zuinglians in K. Edward the sixth's time, which have neither the name bishop or priest in them, nor any other word equivalent to the same, to denote either character or office.

Nor finally, would they, to disgrace the sacrament of holy order, have falsely translated gift instead of grace. As in 1 Tim. c. 4. v. 14. bible 1598, 1599, they make St Paul say, 'Despise not the gift which is in thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the company of the eldership.' And in bible 1560. 2 Tim. c. 1. v. 6. 'I warn thee that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee by the putting on of my hands.'

All which considered, it is to be wondered that archbishop Abbot, and his chaplain Mr. Francis Masson, should so confidently publish to the world (in the 13th year of the reign of King James I.) a certain register, or records, to shew that Matt. Parker was truly consecrated at Lambeth. But for this I refer the reader to what is said of the Lambeth records in King James the first's reign (canto 4.) when they first appeared. See also the Nag's-head consecration in canto 2. All which you may coufer with what is said concerning their making new forms of consecration and ordination in King Charles the second's reign, (canto 4.) rejecting those made by the Zuinglian gospellers in King Edward the sixth's time.

Against



Against the real Presence of the body and blood of Christ in the blessed sacrament of the altar, they change the word blessed and blessing into given thanks on purpose to take away our Saviour's divine benediction or consecration of the holy sacrament. See St. Matt. c. 26. v. 26. and St. Mark, c. 14. v. 22. Where the true text is, 'Jesus took bread, and blessed and brake and gave to his disciples, saying, take eat, this is my body, &c.

But they falsly translate thus, Jesus took bread, and when he had given thanks he brake it, &c.

Against confession, in St. James c. 5. v. 16. they translate acknowledge your faults, instead of confess your sins one to another. Bible 1560, 1598, 1599.

Against the sacrament of penance, they change the word penance into repentance, to take away all penitential and satisfactory works. As in St. Mat. 3. St. Luke 10. and in all other places thro' their bibles.

To dishonour and disgrace our blessed lady the mother of God, they turn the angel's salutation, St. Luke c. 28. which was hail full of grace, into hail thou that art freely beloved. Bibles 1577, 1598, 1599.

To dishonour the sacred images of our blessed Saviour and his saints, they turn they word idol into image: as in Exodus 20. v. 4. 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, say they; whereas, according to the Hebrew, it is, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing. The 70 interpreters, to keep the true sense of the Hebrew text, translated it into Greek, thus, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven idol.

Again 1 John 5. 'Babes keep yourselves from images. 'It should be from idols. (I have seen this writ upon their church walls, to fear them with images even from their cradles. (They as absurdly call a covetous man a worshipper of images, Ephes. c. 5. v. 5. bible 1560. Their bible of 1599, corrects it thus, 'A covetous person, which is an idolater.

Again, 2 Cor. c. 6. v. 16. which is, 'What agreement hath the temple of God with idols. They translate, 'How agreeth the temple of God with images. And 1. Cor. 10. v. 7. where the apostle says, 'Neither become you idolaters, &c. They falsly turn it to, 'Be not worshippers of images. Bible 1560.

Against limbus patrum and purgatory, they absurdly translate grave instead of hell; as in Acts 2. v. 27. 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in grave. And Psalm 86. v. 13. instead of lower hell, they say lowest grave. Bibles 1598, 1599. So in many other places.

Against apostolical traditions, they turn'd the word traditions into ordinances and instructions; as in 2 Thessal. c. 2. v. 15. and c. 3. v. 6.

Besides their corrupting their bibles against all or most points of catholick doctrine, they even change the ancient, catholick, and accustomed use of words of scripture into new devised terms: as for church, congregation; for charity, love; for priest, elder and minister; for eucharist, thanksgiving, for grace, gift; for sacrament, mystery; for baptism, washing; for penance, repentance; for angel, messenger;

messenger; for apostle, embassadour; for Christ, anointed; for holy ghost, holy wind.

It is not my business here to enumerate all their heretical corruptions; I therefore refer the reader to Dr. Gregory Martin's book, entitled, a discovery of the heretical translations of the bible: it was printed at Rhemes, Anno 1582. See the catalogue or table of corruptions found in the bibles of 1562, 1577, 1579. You will find it in the end of the Remish testament. See also the errata to the protestant bible, in 1688.

Their *bibles* thus fit to a hair,  
 They bound 'em up 'twixt *Psalms* and *prayer*,  
 And in one volume quickly spread 'em  
 O'er all the land for folk to read 'em,  
 And their religions thence to take  
 Just as themselves were pleas'd to make.  
 To kirks, with *bibles* under arm  
 Like *bag pipes*, from each country farm.  
 They trudge, each plough man had his book,  
 In which the text and proofs to look,  
 As parsons, in the pulpits quote 'em,  
 Which so much pains and study took 'em.  
 That little else they gain'd from him  
 Than hearing proofs, and seeking them:  
 And he to profit most was held,  
 Whose bible was the biggest swell'd  
 With double leaves he had turn'd down,  
 At places by the parson shown.

Return'd from kirk, the pious flock,  
 Of texts and proofs stor'd with a stock,  
 Would fall a-seeking out from thence  
 To every text a proper sense.  
 From Lord to beggar none were idle,  
 But all employ'd in text of bible.  
 The zealous *lady* and her *woman*  
 Found senses out that were not common;  
 And for *sound* doctrines, set 'em out  
 To all the neighbourhood about;  
 Who, from authority of *madam*,  
 Believ'd 'em true, and glad they had 'em

To

To mix with points of faith, already  
Gain'd by themselves from scripture study;  
As judging *madam's* would set off.  
With better grace their homely stuff.

So *Moll* the kitchen-wench was stor'd  
With doctrines learned from the word,  
And would set up to teach the *groom*,  
Or any else that pleas'd to come.  
The 'prentice boys of ev'ry trade  
Before 'em had their bibles laid,  
On which their understandings fed,  
While with their hands they wrought for bread.

The *weaver*, nodding at his loom,  
Could bring a text for ev'ry thrum,  
Prove it forbid, *From the beginning*,  
To weave up *wollen* yarn with *linen*.  
The housewife search'd for texts as plain  
For contradicting this again;  
And when she could not find 'em, thought  
Some cunning rogue had stole them out:  
For she had dreamed long ago,  
*From the beginning 'twas So*.

*Swit's* fell with *fidlers* in contention,  
About their handicrafts invention.  
Whether of more *antiquity*,  
And who more *noble* in degree:  
For both alledg'd the text shew'd plain  
Their pedigree from *Tubal Cain*.  
Till parson's wife, to end dispute,  
The hidden sense of text found out,  
And solv'd between 'em thus the riddle;  
*Tubal* an *anvil* had, for *fiddle*,  
And for his *fiddle-stick* a *hammer*,  
That struck the *treble*, *mean*, and *tenor*,  
And *base* too; if base notes were then  
Us'd by such honourable men  
And he by whom a hammer's made,  
You'll grant must be a smith by trade,



(f) Concerning these, see Cambd. p. 453. Hence follows he was first a smith,  
The fidler was convinc'd herewith.  
And this was all we ever read on  
That bible disputants agreed on.  
(g) Henry Nicholas of Leyden, chief of the family of Love, as he call'd his sect. Their bibles cannot reconcile  
Parsons themselves, when once in broil,  
Or any else fallen into wrath  
About self-found-out *points of faith*.  
They taught, For every one has leave to cite  
that those only Texts to his fancy, *wrong or right*,  
were elected, And put what sense he pleases on 'em :  
and should be saved, who This brought ten thousand sects among 'em  
were admitted And rais'd up in all places preachers,  
into that family ; and all the *Hammond and Kett* set up for teachers.  
rest reprobates *Carlisle* and (f) *Bannister*, and *Glover*,  
and to be damned. Did each a different faith discover ;  
They held it So *Hacket*, *Arbington* and *Brrown*,  
lawful to deny Had diff'rent faiths, each man his own ;  
upon their oath, before a And so had *Harrison* and *Barow*,  
magistrate, And *Snake*, and *Wigston*, *Payn*, and *Parlow* ;  
whatsoever Another sort did more approve  
they pleased. Of (g) *H. N's family of love*.  
This H. Nicholas writ *Humes*, *Paget's Gifford's catechisms*  
English books Rent Protestantcy, into schisms ;  
under the titles And every leader had his sect  
of the gospel Of disagreeing subjects packt ;  
of the kingdom ; the Yet to the bible all pretended,  
prophecy of And what they held, swore it defended,  
the spirit of The Bishops, as before is said,  
love ; the publishing of Allowing each his book to read,  
peace upon And in what sense he pleas'd to take it ;  
earth. See And, for his faith, from thence to make it ;  
Campd p 248 They after could have no pretence  
To bind folk up to th' *Parson's* sense :  
Nor *parsons* would submit their reasons  
To the sense of their *diocesans*,  
Or th' archest bishop in the land ;  
This put their graces to a stand.

Thus

Thus when those *Nagg's-head* bishops found  
 Themselves beginning to loose ground,  
 And their authority to decay,  
 And all their *herds* to run astray,  
 A thing they knew must needs undo 'em,  
 And, if not stopt, be fatal to 'em;  
 They beg the Queen t'espouse their cause,  
 And help them out by *penal laws*:  
 To which the yielding fell to bang  
 With *crab-tree* some, and others hang;  
 To death she roasted (*b*) *Matthew Hammon*,  
 Broil'd *Kett* like slice of bacon-gammon,  
 And set a twitch on *Hacket's* weason,  
 And starv'd poor *Coppinger* in prison.  
*Thacker* she hang'd with other *brownists*,  
 On gallows trees as high as *crow-nests*;  
 And burn'd two (*i*) *anabaptist* teachers  
 That *Bedlam* should have had for preachers,  
 And might have held forth at the rate  
 That *Noll's* old porter did of late.

This rough proceeding of the Queen  
 Turn'd all the petty sects to spleen.  
 Letting her bishops loose upon 'em,  
 And hardening those bull-dogs on 'em,  
 Who had no mercy nor compassion  
 On such as own'd not their profession,  
 Provok'd 'em till to deadly wrath,  
 'Gainst *prayer-book*, *discipline* and *faith*;  
 Especially the *puritans*:  
 And these were join'd by other clans,  
 So that they made a (*k*) numerous party  
 Of sturdy combatants, and hardy;  
 Such as the bishops never yet  
 Could beat, or force to fly the pit.  
 And now's a proper place to tell  
 What bickerings between 'em fell  
 In *Bess's* reign, for afterward  
 They fought more bloodily and hard,

(*b*) *Mat-  
 thew Ham-  
 mond*, burnt  
 at *Norwich*  
 Anno 1579.  
*Francis Kett*,  
 burnt at *Nor-  
 wich* Anno  
 1588. See *Ro-  
 gers* in his ex-  
 planation of  
 the 39 articles  
 art. 2 p. 9 See  
 also *Hollin-  
 head* and  
*Stow*.

(*i*) The  
 22d of July,  
 two Dutch-  
 men, anabap-  
 tists, were  
 burned in  
*Smithfield*,  
 who died in  
 great horror,  
 and roaring  
 and crying.  
*Howe* upon  
*Stow*, p. 679.

(*k*) Many  
 (says *Heylin*)  
 were raised to  
 great prefer-  
 ment, who  
 having spent  
 their time of  
 exile in such  
 foreign  
 churches as  
 followed the  
 platform of  
*Geneva*, re-  
 turned so dis-  
 affected to epis-  
 copal govern-  
 ment, and to  
 the rites and  
 ceremonies

As here

by law esta- As shall be shewn if I go on  
 blished, as not  
 long after fill- To sixteen hundred forty-one.  
 ed the church Deep naturalists, if all be right  
 with most sad That they from curious searches write,  
 disorders. Do tell of dire antipathies  
 Nothing was 'Tween scaly snakes and aspen-trees;  
 more consider 'Tween toad and spider, frog and mouse;  
 ed in them 'Tween cat and cur in empty house;  
 than their zeal 'Tween wolfs and sheeps guts made in tberms;  
 against popery 'Tween charms and proper counter-charms:  
 and their abili- Greater antipathy than these  
 ties in learn- ing to confirm  
 that zeal. On 'Tween bishops is and presbyters  
 which account For this is now the name they hold  
 we find the Who were call'd puritans of old.  
 Queen's pro- John Calvin first began the war  
 fessor in Ox- 'Gainst Bishops, and the common-prayer;  
 ford to pass a- Knox Prosecuted it at Frankfort,  
 mongt the Till he had like to have been hang'd for't.  
 nonconform- From Calvin's school came Whittington,  
 ists; and Sampson, Cartwright, and Hardiman;  
 Cartwright, And these in England carry'd on  
 the lady Mar- The war that Calvin had begun;  
 garet's in And gave assistance to John Knox,  
 Cambridge, In Scotland 'gainst the orthodox  
 to prove an (By the name orthodox they now  
 unextinguish Would fain be styl'd; because they know  
 ed firebrand to They never can, by art or trick,  
 the church of Steal the church-title catholick )  
 England, Thus 'twas (as you before had read)  
 Whittington That presbyterianism bred,  
 the chief ring- Its  
 leader of the  
 Frankfort  
 schismaticks,  
 preferred to  
 the deanery of

Durham from thence encouraging Knox and Goodman in setting up presbytery and sedition in the kirk of Scotland. Sampson advanced unto the deanery of Christ-Church, and turned out again a few years after, for an incorregible nonconformist. Hardiman, one of the first twelve prebendaries of Westminster, deprived soon after for throwing down the alter and defacing the church. Thus Heylin, p. 287.

(1) Coleman, Burton, Hallingham, Benson, and others who with burning zeal professing a more sincere religion, allowed nothing but what



Its (l) off-spring, now, a rampant cattle,  
Enter again the lists of battle  
\*Gainst *bishops common-prayer*, and *princes*,  
As fierce as monsters in romances,  
Encountering sometimes man for man,  
Then all at once, as *clan* and *clan*.

The Earl (m) *Leicester* heads the faction,  
But subtly keeps out of Action;  
Sets *Cartwright*, *Fox*, and *Kneustub* on:  
*Snape*, *Udal*, *Penry*, *Egerton*,  
And *Hardiman* themselves prepare  
To attack the prelates and their prayer.  
Lord *North* and *Knolles*, and *Walsingham*,  
Add fuel daily to the flame.  
For these long'd now to be at work  
In purging o'er again the *kirk*,  
Aiming thereby to lay their hands  
On bishops, revenues and land.

Old bishop *Grindal*, that arch traitor,  
A presbyterian by nature  
And never friend to common-prayer,

was drawn from the fountains of holy scriptures or out of an affectation of a more pure discipline, novelty, or dissension, openly called in question they received discipline of the church of England, the liturgy, and the vocation of bishops; yea condemn them, as favouring too much of the Romish religion (with which to have any communi-

on, they cried out was impious) using all the means they could, that all things in the church of England might be reformed according to the pattern of the church of Geneva. Incredible it is how much the followers of this sect increased every where, through a certain obstinate wilfulness in them, indiscretion of the bishops, and secret favour of certain noblemen, who gaped after the wealth of the church. Which sect began presently to be known by the odious name of puritans. Camd. Pag. 107, Edit. 3.

(m) Dr. Heylin tells us, that the puritans were encouraged underhand by Leicester, North, Knolles, and Walsingham, who aimed apparently at the ruin of bishops and cathedral churches: and that Grindal archbishop of Canterbury, sought all things to promote the presbyterian designs, making great alterations in the church of England. A breach happened (says he) betwixt Grindal and Leicester that mighty patron of the puritan faction, occasioned by Grindal's denying at the Earl's request, to alienate his house and manor of Lambeth, that it might serve for a retired place to that mighty favourite. And hereunto he contributed farther, by refusing to grant a dispensation to marry one that was near of kindred to him, Leicester, exceedingly vexed, left all the passages which before were shut against Grindal's enemies, free and open; whereupon they acquainted the Queen

Queen what Tho' now in *Canterbury's* chair,  
 neglect there Sat as asleep, without once heeding,  
 was of the pub- Unless to help on their proceeding.  
 lic liturgy in And, what in greater courage put 'em;  
 most parts of The *Queen* herself connived at 'em:  
 the kingdom, Till *Grindal* had denied *Leicester*  
 what ruin and A cottage house scarce worth a *tester*  
 decay of churches, what in-  
 novations Hight *Lambeth*; which the *Earl* requested  
 made already Because 'twould hold a little bed stead,  
 and what more And serve him for a summer-house,  
 projected; by When heats of court were out of use:  
 which she And had besides a little garden,  
 would be eas- And some out-lands that were not barr'd in,  
 ed in time of In which he might ( the weather fair )  
 all cares of go- Take the cool morn and evening air.  
 vernment and This *Leicester* beg'd that the archbishop  
 find the same Wou'd alienate unto his worship:  
 to be transfer- But *Grindal* wisely beg'd his pardon,  
 ed to the puri- And to himself kept house and garden.  
 tan consisto- Another boon *Leicester* beside  
 ries. See Hey- Of *Grindal* beg'd, but was deny'd;  
 lin's history And it was this, he lov'd a lady,  
 of presbytery Gay as a cow-slip on a *May day*;  
 p. 271. And But in prohibiting degrees,  
 historical col- Perhaps his sister, or his neice,  
 lections, p. It matters not a farthing whether,  
 312. Nor need you care a straw if neither,  
 Seeing she was so nigh relation,  
 They could not wed 'thout *dispensation*;  
 So beg'd of *Grindal* to dispense  
 With this his marriage of the wench.  
 But sullen *Grindal* this deny'd him.  
 And *Leicester* ru'd that e'er he try'd him:  
 Thus broke their friendship: *Grindal* never  
 Had after that the least of favour,  
*Leicester* gives ear to all complaints  
 Against him and his fellow saints,  
 Telling the Queen that their increase

Wou'd

Wou'd soon disturb her churches peace:  
 She blames false *Grindal* for neglecting  
 The publick worship, and protecting  
 Those that did open war declare  
 'Gainst bishops and their common-prayer:

Griev'd at this check, tho' but a slight one,  
 In greater fury now they fight on,  
*Martin-marr-prelate* (n) he steps out,  
 A giant terrible and stout,  
 With him a *dwarf* (o) to undermine  
 The bishops walls of *discipline*,  
 Grub up the ground-work and shake loose  
 The pillars of their sandy house:  
 These issu'd out of *Penry's* brain  
 And *Udal's* fruitful pericrane.  
 Another fierce as either went  
*Admonisher* (p) to the parliament:  
 And after this another (q) came  
 As *champion* to defend the same.  
 Thus these grim warriors in print  
 In neck of one another went.  
 With full design to lay for dead  
*The order of the horse's head.*

In rear of these fell (r) *Cartwright* comes  
 Beating with fist his *pulpit-drums*,  
 'Till *Cambridge* beaux of all degrees,  
 For *camblet coats* left *surplices*;  
 And made 'em ready to dispute  
 For turning *prayer* and *prelate* out.  
*Benson* and *Hallingham* and *Burton*  
 Began to squake like *bogs of Norton*,  
 And by their grunting up and down  
 Scar'd common pray'r-books from the town.  
 In place of which they usher'd in  
*John Calvin's* wholesome discipline,  
 Mounting their pulpits in their frocks,  
 To preach down crofs and weathercocks.  
 The lofty pride of crowned steeple  
 Was bad example to the people,

(n) A bitter  
 libel writ a-  
 gainst the pre-  
 lates.

(o) Admini-  
 stration of the  
 discipline.

(p) The ad-  
 monition to  
 the parlia-  
 ment.

(q) And the  
 defence of the  
 admonition.  
 See Baker in  
 Q. Eliz.

(r) Now  
 comes *Cart-  
 wright* on the  
 stage, on  
 which he acted  
 more than any  
 of the puritan  
 faction: he  
 coming from  
 Geneva, (to  
 which place  
 he had fled be-  
 fore, from the  
 shame of being  
 worsted in a  
 disputation  
 before the Q.  
 at Cambridge  
 by one *Pres-  
 ton*) became  
 more practical  
 or pragmati-  
 cal rather,  
 condemning  
 the vocation  
 of archbishops  
 and bishops,  
 archdeacons  
 and other ec-  
 clestiaſtical of-  
 ficers; the  
 adminiſtrati-

Whole

on



on of the sa- Whole faith and worship, and their manners,  
 crament, and Ought to be void of pomps and honours,  
 observation of And in simplicity profess  
 other rites and Without the trappings of the beast ;  
 ceremonies. Or ceremonies vain and pompous,  
 And buzzing these conceits But kept within the gospel compass.  
 into the heads This superstitious common-prayer,  
 of many young And all its ceremonies are  
 preachers, and But dry devotions for the *saints*,  
 scholars of the And *purser* sort of protestants,  
 university, he That by their godly lives do merit  
 drew after him The gift of praying by the spirit.  
 a great num- The *cross* made in the infant's forehead  
 ber of disciples (All godly protestants abhor-it)  
 and followers; Is superstition, so are *crosses*  
 among whom In kirk garths, and in market-places.  
 he prevailed so far, by his Who was it, but a *Pope* that sent  
 practices, but The *cross* to *Ethelbert* of *Kent*,  
 much more By those that first baptiz'd our nation?  
 by a sermon 'Tis then, you see, a Popish fashion  
 which he preached on Brought at the first from *Babylon*,  
 a Sunday morn Down therefore with it, down, down, down,  
 in the college Tho' *Rome's* expositors do tell us  
 chapel, that in The *cross* that sacred *sign* and *seal* is  
 the afternoon With which twelve thousand souls were *sign'd*;  
 all the fellows Of ev'ry *tribe* of *Jacob's* kind ;  
 and scholars And that the *angel* teal'd with it  
 threw aside Of other nations infinite.  
 their surplices And tho' the devil shun the *cross*,  
 (which by the statute of the house they Of other nations infinite.  
 were bound to wear) and As did the *angel*, *Balaam's* ass,  
 went to the di- Yet nought can make us more secure  
 vine service Than what we have, the *gospel-pure*.  
 only in gowns and caps.

But he not

Nay,

content with that which he had done in the college, puts up his disciples  
 into all the pulpits in the university ; where he and they, inveigh  
 most bitterly against the government of the church, and the gover-  
 nors of it ; the ordination of priests and deacons, the liturgy, and the  
 rite thereof. *Historical Collections*, pag. 107. For which he cites  
*Heylin's History of presbytery*, pag. 263.

Nay, though they say *redemption* was  
 Accomplished upon a cross,  
 And, if we believe 'em can  
 Prove it the *sign o'th Son of man*,  
 Which at the last day we shall see  
 Come in the clouds in majesty,

Yet give no ear, beloved, pray-ye,  
 Nor let their arguments dismay-ye,  
 But slight whatever they can say  
 In its defence, and throw't away.  
 Nor *cross* your little children more  
 When they're baptiz'd, but give it o'er.  
*Is't fit that we shou'd e'er come nigh it,*  
*When even the dev'l himself does fly it?*

To give the *bride* a wedding ring  
 Is an abominable thing;  
 Worse than the wedding of the sea is  
 By superstitious dukes of *Venice*,  
 Who with great ceremony fling  
 Into the sea a little ring,  
 Holding for that day, during life,  
 The gulph for spouse (the better wife)

But *with my body I thee worship!*  
*Lord*, what idolatry in courtship!  
 'Tis next adoring stock or stone,  
 For woman's but a moving one.  
 What man is then so dull a clod  
 To think his wife a living *God*?  
 Why therefore shou'd he in this manner  
 The mighty *Lord of Hosts* dishonor,  
 And give a woman what, in fine,  
 Is due to *God*, worship divine?  
 Papists themselves will never grant  
*GOD's* worship to the *biggest saint*;  
 Shall we then who lead purest lives  
 Make *common idols* of our wives?  
 Adore not therefore such a one,  
 The gospel we rely upon,  
 Bids us to honour *God* alone.

But }

(s) Baker But worship women! O beloved,  
tells us, that We find no bible-text to prove it.  
Coleman, *Good-Friday's fast, and Christmas-feast,*  
Burton, Hal- Are not in holy writ exprest.  
lingham, Ben  
son, and others The *fast of Lent*, that old tradition,  
making pro- Is but a popish superstition.  
fession of the 'Tis true they're of an ancient standing,  
pure religion And from th' *apostles* came by handing  
would allow of Down to our times as we must own  
nothing but 'Cause no beginning of 'em's known.  
what was di- But dear beloved, do not heed 'em,  
rectly taken Since in the bible you don't read 'em.  
out of scrip- For keeping of those days they call  
ture; openly The feast of *Peter, John and Paul,*  
condemning Of *Mary, Thomas, Philip, James,*  
the received And all that kalendar of names  
discipline of That in the common-pray'r book stand,  
the church of We find in scripture (s) no command.  
England, to- Nor is there one text in the bible  
gether with That bids us any day keep idle,  
the church li- Unless the *Sabbath*: and for it  
turgy, and the In (t) *Exodus* there's something writ,  
very calling But in that tex it is exprest  
of bishops, as That we may labour all the rest.  
favouring too 'Tis true the day we *Sabbath* call,  
much of the Is, of the sev'n, the last of all,  
Romish reli- Th' ungodly call it *Saturday*,  
gion; protest- They work on't, and on *Sunday* pray;  
ing in the pul- So we; in *them* it is a breach  
pits that it was Of what the holy scriptures teach:  
an impious But not in *us*. 'Tis true we find  
thing to hold It has been held time out of mind.  
any thing in Tho' some will say, if this we grant  
common with 'Twill authorize the *feast* of many a *saint*;  
the church of Well, well, beloved, tho' they do,  
Rome: and Yet in your answer let 'em know,  
used all dili-  
gence to have  
the church of  
England re-  
formed in  
every point  
according to  
the church of  
Geneva,  
Chron. p.



That, to the Lord's elected all things  
Are free, the great and eke the small things,  
So that the saints may well allow  
What the *ungodly* must not do.

The bowing at the name of *JESUS*,  
(A popish custom) does not please us:  
For what's a name but a bare sound?  
And where is any scripture found  
That bids us worship sounds of words?  
The *bible* no such text affords.  
Or when we read the character  
What see we but an *image* there?  
Or something upon paper printed,  
By which our *Saviour's* represented.  
Which in effect is just the same  
With that which we an *image* name:  
For to th' imagination both  
The same thing represents in troth.  
If we should then bow when we frame  
Thoughts of him from the sound of *name*,  
Or *name* expressed by the letter,  
Pray what are we, beloved better  
Than papists; for they do no more  
But in his *name* and *image* him adore.  
And if this then in papists be,  
As we affirm, idolatry,  
The same it needs must be in us  
To worship J--E--S--U--S.  
We know 'tis said, *all knees shall bow*  
*In heaven, earth, and hell below*  
At naming of this *sacred name*  
Yet surely we shall be to blame  
If we stand cringing every foot  
The common-prayer-book puts us to't:  
And if not always when we hear it,  
Why should we bow at all, or fear it?  
We own, indeed the devils *fear*,  
*And tremble*, when this *name* they hear,

And

And could be glad 'twere in their nature  
 To love him too : but that's no matter.  
 We're not so fond as t' imitate  
 Thole *fiends* we rather ought to hate:  
 Beloved let us then give o'er,  
 And never worship *JESUS* more.

Besides this common-prayer-book pesters  
 Us with a thousand antic gestures ;  
 As kneeling when we take communion ;  
 A thing as fond, in our opinion,  
 As if we shou'd fall on our knees  
 When we at home eat *bread and cheese*.  
 For certainly you're not so mad  
 To think the *bread* and *wine* a God.  
 Why therefore kneel you down before it,  
 Or shew as if you did *adore* it ?  
 In our conceits it'es more proper  
 To take it sitting on your crupper,  
 As you are wont your other meat,  
 When you at home your dinners eat.

The *papists* have a better plea  
 Than you ; when they adore't they say  
 It is no longer bread and wine,  
 But *changed* by the *word divine*  
 Into the *body* of our Lord ;  
 And therefore *ought* to be ador'd.

We must confess Christ said he wou'd  
 Give unto us his *flesh* and *blood*,  
 To eat and drink, that thereby we  
 Might with himself *united* be,  
 And afterwards, but who'll believe it ?  
 Made good his promise and *did* give it.  
 As in a certain text express'd,  
 That says, when he the species blest,

(v) St. Matth. *This is my body, this my blood.* (v)

26,

But this must not be understood  
 As *papists* take it for a *truth*,  
 Tho' spoken by our Saviour's mouth :

For

For from another text as plain  
 We partly thus object again,  
*How can this Man give us to eat*  
*His flesh and blood for drink and meat?* (x) (x) St. John  
 And this authority's enough 6.  
 To over-weigh the other proof,  
 Because the *Jews* were thinking men,  
 And Christ but one, when they were ten,  
 Perhaps a dozen, or a score,  
 It matters not, if less or more,  
 For they by far out number'd him :  
 And where most *votes* are, side with them.  
 Gowns, rochets, lawn-sleeves, and that gear  
 Which bishops and their clergy wear.  
 Have no authority at all  
 In scripture : but we read that *Paul*  
 Wore a short cloak upon his back  
 At *bolding forth* : its colour black,  
 As we suppose, or grey or brown :  
 For this in scripture's not put down.  
 Yet plain it is as to its shape,  
 'Twas like a mantle with a cape :  
 Which, when at *Ephesus* forgot,  
 We judge he held forth in his coat.  
 So that, dearly belov'd, of these  
*Cloak, mantle, coat*, take which you please,  
 But never use that vain attire  
 Which the proud clergy so admire.  
 Nor do their trappings only grieve us,  
 Their *tyranny* is most mischievous :  
 They keep our *kirks* at under more  
 Than all the *Popes* did heretofore ;  
 Pretending to a jurisdiction  
 By *right divine* from their *election* ;  
 And exercise dominion o'er  
 Us *presbyters*, with boundless pow'r ;  
 Not suff'ring us to pray or preach,  
 But in dry forms, that they must teach

In



In common-prayers, and homilies,  
 And any other way they please;  
 As if from them, and not the Lord,  
 The *saints* were to receive the word.  
 Whereas the *elect*, now are free  
 To practise *gospel-liberty*,  
 And not to have the *spirit* stinted,  
 By forms which human art invented.  
 'Tis true (if all be true that's said)  
 A certain *form* of prayer was made,  
 And in plain words, by Christ himself,  
 Taught and deliver'd to the twelve:  
 But brethren, tho' Christ did as much,  
 'Twas in the *childhood* of the church,  
 When his apostles knew not how  
 To pray by *inward light* as we do now.  
 Forms deafen the predestin'd ears,  
 But never cause soul-melting tears,  
 As those are wont of special worth  
 Which we extempore breath forth  
 From an inflam'd zeal-burning mind  
 Sufflated by the (*y*) *holy Wind*.

(*y*) In their  
 first bibles  
 they called the  
 spirit of God,  
 the wind of  
 God; the  
 Holy Ghost,  
 the holy wind.

And which is worse than all that's noted  
 When our young sisters, well devoted,  
 Chance (as they call't) to go astray,  
 That is with godly brothers play.  
 Their *spy-knaves* have no better sport  
 Than to inform the bishop's court:  
 From whence comes out first a *citation*,  
 And then an *excommunication*.  
 And when at last they get you in  
 They'll fleece you to the very skin;  
 And when the stock you have is done  
 You must do penance, not till then;  
 But, brethren, who can suffer this  
 When not a saint but has his *miss*?  
 'Tis therefore fitting we begin  
 To oppose those mighty men of sin,

Till

Till they are willing to incline  
To better forms of *discipline*,  
And cast their *common-prayer* away,  
With all its *stubble*, *wood*, and *Hay*.

Th' effect of what they preached thus  
Quickly appear'd, and thus it was,

The chiefest heads of all their sect  
Did a (z) *presbytery* erect  
Which grand assembly I conceive  
To be a company of grave  
Gray-bearded *Elders*, the most sage  
Their sect afforded in that age;  
Men not unlike (if I right guess)  
Old Inn-keepers among the *Swiss*.

These being in assembly met,  
Of all their wits made one huge wit,  
Which set to work, fell to refine  
Their *worship*, *prayer*, and *discipline*,  
Till these could easily endure  
A *bible-test* for they were pure.  
To all the kirks they sent commands-forth,  
Entituled *Orders made at Wandsworth*:  
For *Wandsworth* was the famous place  
Where this *convention* formed was.  
All the affairs this council sat on  
Opposed were by one Sir *Hatton*;  
A mighty man that time in court,  
And *Chancellor*, as some report,

(z) A *presbytery* was erected on the 20th of November 1572, at a small village in Surrey called Wandsworth: the first establishment they endorsed by the name of the orders of Wandsworth; in which the elders names are agreed on, the manner of election declared, the approvers of them, their officers agreed on also, and described. Sir Christopher Hatton was at that time in special favour of known aversness to the Earl of Leicester, and consequently

Nor no friend to the puritan

faction. This obstacle must be removed one way or other. This office Burchet undertakes upon this opinion; that it was lawful to assassinate any man who opposed the gospel; but he mistakes the man, and stabs one Hawkins desperately with a poinard, conceiving him to be Hatton: but by the terror of a proclamation, and the execution of this Burchet, they were restrained from practising any further; Hist. Collections p. 310. he cites Heylyn's History of presbytery. This Sir Christopher Hatton was captain of the guard, vice-chamberlain, one of the Privy-council, and was made Lord-chancellor, &c. See Hows upon Stow, p. 741.

T t

Nor was there any noble peer  
 Had more than he queen Bess's ear,  
 Nothing could be at *Wandsworth* hatched,  
 But *Hatton* had a way to catch it.  
 What *Leicestir*, *Knolles* or *Walsingham*  
 Promoted, *Hatton* cros'd the same:  
 The *Wandsworth* sages this perceiving,  
 Fell all a plotting and contriving  
 How to remove without delay  
 This block of courtier out o' th' way,  
 But found it could not well be done,  
 Without *assassination*.  
 The case of conscience fairly stated,  
 And by their *casuists* debated,  
 "Whether it were lawful for to murder  
 "To make the gospel go the further.  
 With one consent the answer give,  
 Deciding in the affirmative,  
 By dictate of their inward light;  
 And so resolv'd to kill the Knight.  
 They pitch'd on for this deed most cursed  
 A grim stanch ruffan called *Burchet*.  
 One pure from sin, and worldly fortune:  
 Yet wore a dagger, but a short one.  
 The desperate tool had its abode  
 Under a cloak of th' elect mode,  
 Which always kept it out of sight,  
 Thus arm'd he goes in quest of Knight:  
 But meeting in convenient place  
 One *Hawkins*, both in garb and face  
 Like *Hatton*, *Burchet* falls to work,  
 And does in *Hawkins* stick his durk.  
 It was not long before report  
 Reach'd all the ears in town and court,  
 And gave account what *Burchet* did.  
 (Such deeds as these are seldom hid)  
 Who being seiz'd and clap'd in fetters  
 Discover'd his *Wandsworth* abbeters;

And



And told the arguments they brought  
That moved him (poor fool) to do't,  
In short they hang'd him for his wages,  
And drove out all the *Wandsworth* lages:

This bloody deed, and dreadful clamour  
Made *Bessy* (as indeed became her)  
To stir her stumps and look about her  
At things within, and things without-door;  
And settle in th' archbishop's chair  
Old *Whitgift*, with his common-prayer;  
With orders to reform abuses,  
Both in the church, and private houses.

But 'ere, good man, he would be seen  
In *primate's* chair the *pontiff* Queen  
Was pleas'd (if all be true that's said)  
To lay her hands upon his head.

Quoth he, your (a) Majesty (and kneel'd)  
Head of our church is, therefore yield  
To consecrate me: for your power  
Is more than *PETER's* I am sure,  
At least to us, divided from  
The *apostolic see* of *Rome*.

On your blest'd brow is stamp'd the mark  
Of pope and supreme patriarch:  
At this the Queen her ear inclin'd,  
And with sweet looks and speeches kind  
Told him she took it well that he  
Regarded her *supremacy*.

For, tho' a woman, I am sure,  
Says she, the *Pope* has no such power.  
For by our doctrine it is plain  
The *Prince* (tho' female) may ordain.  
*Absolve*, and *consecration* give:

Which if you cannot well believe,  
Behold the *keys*, for your conviction,  
Of *order*, and of *jurisdiction*,  
Which did belong to two late kings,  
I carry at my apron-strings.

(a) See an old book called the Catholic Apology; writ long before that of the Lord Castlemans, which has the same title.

She said and look'd down to her knees,  
 Where the authoritative *keys*  
 Hung both together in a chain,  
 Such as *Dutch usfrouws* hang 'em in;  
 Which having reach'd she let him see  
 First one, and then the other key;  
 Assuring him they were the same  
 That from her predecessors came.  
 By *Ned* and *Harry* wrested from  
 The *Pope* when they made war with *Rome*.  
 He own'd they were and said he knew 'em,  
 She needed not take pains to shew 'em  
 At which her Majesty expands  
 The thumbs and fingers of her hands;  
 And is a solemn manner laid  
 All her ten *digits* on his head;  
 Holding them there till she had done

(b) The  
 Queen ac-  
 quaints Whit-  
 gift, that she  
 determined to  
 discharge her  
 self from the  
 trouble of all  
 church go-  
 vernments,  
 and leave  
 them wholly  
 to his care;  
 but notwith-  
 standing he  
 must resolve  
 not only to  
 assert the epis-  
 copal power,  
 but also to re-  
 store the uni-  
 formity in  
 worship. Hist.  
 Coll. p. 316.  
 from Heylin's  
 History of  
 presbytery,  
 p. 303.

These words of jurisdiction.  
 "Take thou (b) authority to *preach*  
 "God's word sincerely, and to *teach*  
 "Or *force* the people to become  
 "In faith and worship uniform.  
 "To *bind* and *lock* take thou the *keys*,  
 "And rule thy *flock* by *awful* ways.  
 This said, she bade the bishop's grace  
 To *Canterbury* hye a-pace,  
 And see who durst his power oppose;  
 Then up the potent prelate rose,  
 And fell, by strong compulsive power,  
 So mend what was amiss before.  
*Conformity* to such a stretch  
 He screw'd that wider grew the breach;  
 For those who seem'd conjoin'd of late  
 In the same *chaos*, separate,  
 As not content to keep in *union*  
 Upon such hard terms of communion:  
 But rather choose to quit the *steeple*,  
 And preach in *barns* among the people.

Whilst

Whilst *Whitgift*, on the other side,  
 Permitted none in *kirk* to bide  
 That durst refuse his *common-prayer*,  
 Or the least ceremony there :  
 But sharply lash'd 'em all away,  
 With his nine-tail'd *anathema* ;  
 A sort of *whip* before untry'd  
 Upon a *puritan's* back-side.

(c) This treating of 'em thus severely,  
 Set 'em a praying late and early,  
 That some great De'el would break his neck ;  
 Or, *korab*-like, earth eat him quick.  
 With greater fury now than ever  
 To cross his measures they endeavour ;  
 Set pen and ink, and (d) *Beal* to work.  
*Beal* was a keen and active spark  
 In hunting jesuits up and down,  
 And seeking *priests* o'er all the town ;  
 Which property as *Leicester* said,  
 Was all the good tricks that he had.  
 Yet was his talent more than this,  
 He hated *protestants* no less ;  
 For all their *bishops* and their *priests*  
 He took for little *antichrists*.  
 This mov'd *Walsingham* and *Leicester*  
 To edge on that tell cur to pester  
 Old bishop *Whitgift*, by explaining,  
 By writing, railing, and defaming  
 Church-government, and common-prayer,  
 And the strange garb their bishops wear.  
 Which *Beal* performed in such sort,  
 As pleas'd the puritans of court.

His deeds could not have by the Queen  
 At any rate been overseen,

If most eager puritan, trained up by *Walsingham*, to draw dryfoot after priests and jesuits, his extream hatred to those men being looked on as the only good quality that he could pretend to. He conceived that the bishops were to be esteemed no other than the sons of Antichrist. See Heylin's History of presbytery, p. 302. apud Hist. Col. p 317.

(c) The brethren moved heaven and earth, the court and country, and all the clergy and laity to come to their assistance in this time of their trial. By means whereof they raised so strong an opposition against *Whitgift's* proceedings, that it put him to great difficulties.

(d) Some great men about the court who had engaged themselves in the puritan quarrels, thought best to stand a while beyond the curtain, and set *Beal* upon him, of whose impetuosity and edge against him they were well assured. This *Beal* was in himself a

If most eager puritan,



(e) By Cal- If *Leicester, North and Walsingham,*  
 vin's letters And *Knolls,* had not protected him :  
 to Grindal, For when complaints against him came,  
 and the friends they had about As soon as *Bessy* heard his name,  
 the Queen, She'd answer, *never mind fond Beal,*  
 way was given *His indiscretion springs from zeal.*  
 to such of the Thus wink'd at, and encouraged, he  
 French nation Grew insolent to th' highest degree,  
 on as had re- And claw'd old *Whitgift* and his *surplice,*  
 paired hither, And *common-prayer* book to a purpose.  
 to enjoy the Nor was it only *Beal* alone,  
 freedom of For the whole brotherhood fell on,  
 their own re- Grapling with *Whitgift*, with intent  
 ligious, to have To wrest from him church government.  
 a church unto But finding 'twould not do by force,  
 themselves. Resolve to steer another course.  
 They could In (e) *Grindal's* days came flocking hither  
 not but re- *Swedes, Dutch and Danes,* in shoals together,  
 member those *French Hugonots, Genevians* too,  
 many advan- Such as had little else to do  
 tages which But seek their bread in foreign lands,  
 John a Lasco, Under the trade of vagabonds.  
 and his *Calvin, Knox, Beza, Peter, Martyr,*  
 church of Such as had little else to do  
 strangers, af- But seek their bread in foreign lands,  
 fforded to the Under the trade of vagabonds.  
 Zuinglian *Calvin, Knox, Beza, Peter, Martyr,*  
 gospellers, in Blew loud from the *Genevian* quarter,  
 the reign of Desiring all to fall to work  
 King Edward In modelling the *English kirk.*  
 the Sixth. Letters they write, in pressing sort,  
 They got a To several grandees of the court,  
 French That they would move the *female bead*  
 church settled To pity the *Genevian breed,*  
 upon Calvin's To pity the *Genevian breed,*  
 principles, That were come hither from afar  
 in London. To beg some o'er-worn house of prayer,  
 Upon the  
 news of this  
 success, both  
 French

As

and Dutch repaired to England, planting themselves in the sea towns, and openly professing the reformed religion; under which covert they disguised their several heterodoxies, and blasphemous dotages; and endeavouring to disperse their heretical doctrines, and to empoison the people. They erected many French and Dutch churches in the maritime ports, which they infected with some of their phrenesies. See Hist. Col. out of Heylyn's Hist. of presb. p. 270.

As *John a Laske* did of late  
 When blessed *Edward* rul'd the state.  
 This *John* brought o'er a crew of *Poles*  
 Of bodies lean but *starved* souls,  
 'Till they got kirks wherein to eat,  
 From *Laske's* mouth, the *gospel-meat* ;  
*Ned* gives the *Savoy* to the men,  
 To feed both souls and bodies in,  
 Who soon got each a double chin.  
 Now they from hope, of like success,  
 Beg the like favour of Queen *Bess* ;  
 And that her highness would allow 'em,  
 By granting public churches to 'em,  
 Freely to preach God's holy word  
 As they receiv'd it from the Lord.  
*Leicester*, and *Knoll*, and *Walsingham*,  
 In *Calvin's*, *Knox's*, and *Beza's* name,  
 Beg her to yield to their request.  
 And churches grant to their oppress.

How can I yield to this? quoth she ;  
 Their faith and ours do not agree,  
 Their worship and their discipline  
 Can never suit (ye know) with mine.

Madam, quoth *Cecil*, give me leave  
 To speak a word ar two ; you have,  
 My Lord (quoth *Elizabeth*) go on.  
 Says he, those men's *religion*,  
 'Tis true from our's differs quite,  
 Yet notwithstanding both are right :  
*Their's* right to *them*, so (f) *our's* to *us*,  
 Which easily is proved thus ;  
 By their faith *they*, by our's *we*.  
 Are sav'd, as *our divines* agree :  
 Hence certainly both faiths are true,  
 For *false* faith cannot save you know.  
 God's word to divers people hath  
 Reveal'd quite different points of faith ;  
 Nay, tho' both true, sometimes they vary  
 So far as to be quite contrary.

}

(f) M. John  
 Chamberlain  
 in his present  
 state of Eng-  
 land, edit. 21.  
 printed in  
 1740, agrees  
 well with this  
 discourse of  
*Cecil's*. 'The  
 church of  
 England, says  
 he, is truly  
 transcendent.  
 It hath the  
 grand mark of  
 the true  
 church, which  
 most Europe-  
 an churches  
 seem to want,  
 and that is  
 charity to-  
 wards other  
 churches: for  
 it doth not so  
 engross Hea-  
 ven to its own  
 professors, as  
 to damn all o-  
 thers to hell.  
 Page 54.

So

So *Luther's consubstantiation*  
 God ne'er reveal'd to the *belvetian*,  
 Nor to the *Scotch* nor *English nation*:  
 Yet by the *Saxon, Dean, and Swede*,  
 'Tis held the best point in their creed;  
 And by *the book of God* reveal'd  
 To them, tho' yet from us conceal'd:  
 So those who do deny the same,  
 The contrary's as *true* to them.  
 And thus thro' ev'ry article  
 Of faith, all may hold what they will,  
 Provided that all sides agree  
 To damn the *Pope* and *popery*.  
 And this I'm sure those strangers do,  
 As much as either I or you.  
 Besides, what Point to day is true,  
 Perhaps to-morrow is not so:  
 For when the *contrary's* reveal'd,  
 By it the former truth's repeal'd:  
 For instance, my own faith has been  
 Just what wou'd please the King, or Queen.  
 For when but young, it is confess'd  
 I was brought up a *romanist*;  
 But when King *Harry* fell from *Rome*,  
 And got a new faith made at home,  
 I to his judgement did incline;  
 And as *his* faith chang'd so did mine.  
 He dead, the child his son, King *Ned*,  
 His father's faith abolished,  
 And made a new one of his own;  
 I was of this, while't pleas'd the crown:  
 But when Queen *Mary* came to reign,  
 I was a *catholic* again.  
 And when your grace came to the *throne*,  
 I follow'd your religion.  
 The cause of changing in this fashion,  
 Was in each reign *fresh revelation*.

[You



You must confess, the while they stood,  
 Each different faith was very good,  
*Wholesome* and *saving* in its day.  
 'Gainst this the Queen found nought to say,  
 But yields, and public churches grants  
 To those *Calvinian errant saints*.  
 By this means *English* presbyters,  
 Under the cloak of foreigners,  
 Got also public churches here,  
 Maugre old *Whitgift* and his prayer;  
 And, in short space, their off-spring grew  
 To be a mighty numerous crew.  
 In all *sea-ports* up churches sprung,  
 Stor'd with a pure and zealous throng,  
 That were prepar'd, on all occasions,  
 To vex poor *Whitgift* with invasions.

Tho' at this vast prodigious bigness  
 Their body grew in length and thickness,  
 Yet had it not a common *head*;  
 And, wanting this, a body's dead:  
 The elders, who considering this,  
 And scorning such a *head* as *Bess*,  
 Or that her bishops shou'd bear rule  
 Over a gospel-free-born soul,  
 Bethink 'em how to bring to pass  
 Church-government by way of *class*;

A *classis* is a pretty *synod*  
 Of *elders* pack'd a dozen in it,  
 Or sometimes fewer, sometimes more,  
 Gin't please 'em they may have a score;  
 Only when more, there's more debate  
 In that *ecclesiastic state*:  
 Because new points of faith may appear  
 To one, which nineteen saw not there;  
 For *saints* have their degrees of light.  
 He who observes it first must try't  
 By a dispute with all the rest,  
 To see if't bides the *bible-test*.

U u

However,

However, they must have zeal  
 For *discipline* and *common weal*;  
 And seem'd like gifted *godly men*,  
 Tho' in the bottom *rogues in grain*.  
 Such are fit (g) members for the *classes*,  
 Tho' otherwise as dull as asses.

(g) See Heylyn's  
 Hist. of Presb. p. 213.  
 and Hist. Col. p. 324.

Their general *classes* was in *London*,  
 By this great things were *done* and *undone*!  
 For all the other *classes* did  
 Depend on this, as ears on head,  
 So that what through the other past  
 Must be approv'd by this at last.

Those *classes* being acquainted well with  
 Lord *Burleigh*, thought him best to deal with;  
 About new *forms* of pray'r and worship,  
 Which now they had a mind to brush-up.  
 Fit persons therefore they select,  
 To bring the matter to effect,  
 Who to grave *Cecil* make address,  
 And thus the *sophy* they carefs.

Great ruler of the *church* and *state*.  
 Next under her whose happy fate,  
 Is both to govern *sea* and *land*,  
 And hold two nations in her hand,  
 Which she can toss like tennis-balls,  
 One *down*, one *up*, as t'other falls.  
 To you, great Sir, we legates from  
 Our *classic* brethren greeting come.

Whereas of late a reformation  
 Was made by th' wisdom of the nation;  
 And happy we it was begun,  
 If't had but thoroughly gone on  
 Till all the beast-heads had been lop'd off.  
 And every popish error crop'd off,  
 But those, alas, who first went from  
 The *Pope*, and left the church of *Rome*,  
 Came loaded each one with his pack;  
 Of superstitions on his back;

You'll

You'll in their common-prayer-book find 'em  
(If e'er you use it, pray ye mind 'em :)

Therefore, wise Sir, our supplication  
Is for a thorough reformation ;

And that the church of *England* may  
Fling all her popish-geer away,

And in her public worship join  
With *us* in *prayer* and *discipline*.

Our form's refin'd like gold, its pure,  
And can the scripture-test endure.

Our *classes* Sir, beg you'll incline

The Queen t'embrace our discipline

And form of prayer, and ev'ry where

Cry down her present common-prayer ;

And we, her suppliants, shall pray

That she may live *for ever and ay*.

Quoth *(b) Burleigh* (who it does appear,  
Was an obliging courtier,)

I'll do whatever I can do

For your new form of prayer and you.

Let's see the book of which you mean,

That I may shew it to the Queen ;

And, by the interest I shall make,

I do not doubt but It will take.

My Lord, the book of which we speak,  
Say they, we have it yet to make.

Our *classes* have not yet begun

To get our *form of worship* done ;

Not have our elders, tho' at work,

Finish'd the *discipline* of kirk.

U u 2

But classes quar-  
relled at these

alterations, and resolved therefore on a new model, which should have nothing of the other : and against this the fourth class was able to make as many objections as has been made against the first. So that no likelihood appearing of any other form of worship, either better or worse, to be agreed upon between them, he dismissed their agents for the present, with this assurance, that whensoever they could agree upon any liturgy, which might be universally received amongst them, they should find him very ready to serve them in the settling it. See Heylin's Hist. of Presbytery, apud Hist. Coll. p. 318.

*(b) Lord Burleigh*, upon some complaint made against the liturgy by some of the brethren, required them to compose another, such as they thought might generally be accepted by them. The classes thereupon devised a new one, agreeable in most things to Geneva, but this draught being offered to the consideration of the second classes there were no fewer than 600 exceptions made against it, and consequently so many alterations be made therein before it was to be admitted. The third



But soon as *discipline* and *worship*  
Are fit to come before your Lordship,  
Our chiefeſt elders, as is meet,  
Shall lay them at your mighty feet.

*Cecil*, who ſmil'd but once a year,  
At this could hardly chuſe but ſeer,  
To ſee them beating thus the air  
For an imaginary prayer  
That yet their maggot had not hatch'd.  
So with this answer they're diſpatch'd;  
Go frame your book as you would have it;  
Bring me one, to the Queen I'll give it:  
But 'ere you bring it, ſee it paſſes  
The approbation of all *classes*,  
That further conteſt may ariſe none.  
This was his answer, and a wiſe one,  
For he foreſaw 'twou'd never paſs,  
Without diſpute, in any *class*.

Away they go, pleas'd with his answer,  
As much as ladies in romance are  
When reſcued from *enchanted* caſtles  
By errant knights, that ſtorm the *baſtiles*.  
To work they fall, and with great care,  
Frame a new *discipline* and *prayer*,  
Reſembling much *Geneva's* platform;  
For they devoted were to that form,  
As fitteſt for a common weal.  
And now its *trial* of *ordeal*  
It muſt endure, and ſmoothly paſs.  
Untouch'd at all, through every *class*;  
And if the higheſt at the laſt  
Approve it, then it's *trial's* paſt.

The firſt *class* made it, ſo it paſſes  
The firſt, but not the *second classes*:  
For this *class* made, when having ſeen it,  
Six hundred alterations in it.  
The *third class* found, when well inſpected,  
Six hundred faults more uncorrected.

Thence

Thence to the *fourth class* it was sent;  
 This was the furthest journey't went.  
 They doomed it to the common house,  
 Where't lay expos'd to private use,  
 As being very fit it shou'd,  
 While' leaf on't lasted, do some good;  
 Else had the labour of the men  
 That first contriv'd it been in vain.

Next (i) *Walsingham*, who did pretend,  
 At every turn, to be their friend,  
 Takes under hand their baffled cause,  
 In hopes to manage't with applause.  
 The way that he propos'd to do't,  
 Was, if he cou'd but bring 'em to't,  
 For each side to incline a little,  
 Till, by degrees, they meet i'th' middle:  
 He sends away, with great respect,  
 For the chief leaders of their sect;  
 Those he advises to comply,  
 For sake of *uniformity*,  
 With *Bess's* English *liturgy*,  
 Upon condition that it shall  
 From popery be purged well,  
 I'll undertake in *Bess's* name,  
 Three things shall be expung'd the same;  
 The first is, *kneeling* at communion,  
 That gulph between the church's union,  
 The *cross* in *baptism* is the next,  
 And since you're at the *surplice* vext,  
 'T shall come no more on back of parson,  
 But is fine wife, that smock has scarce one,  
 For private use shall have the linen:  
 The rest of pray'r-book there's no sin in.  
 Subscribe it then, Sirs, I advise;  
 Bless'd be the *class* that first complies.

(i) *Walsingham* tries his fortune next, in hopes to bring them to allow of the English *liturgy*; on the removal of such things as seem'd most offensive: and thereupon he offer'd, in the Queen's name that the three ceremonies at which they seem'd most to boggle, that is, to say, kneeling at the communion; the surplice; and the cross in baptism, should be expunged out of the book of common prayer, if that would content them. But thereunto it was replied, that they would have a total abolition of the book without retaining any part or office in it, in their next new nothing.

They

Which peremptory answer did much alienate his affection from them. Heylin's History of Presbytery, page 302. Historical Collection page 319.

(k) Calvin They answer him in surly manner,  
 also gave in Without the least regard to honour,  
 his censure We'll have no part of prelates prayers,  
 long before, But *blot out* all whatever's theirs :  
 there are many foolish trifles The book we'll totally abolish,  
 in it.

(l) A scandalous libel, So, be this all you have to say,  
 in the nature Farewel (quoth they) and go their way.  
 of a dialogue, As this rude answer and uncivil,  
 is published *Walsingham* gave 'em to the Devil.  
 and dispersed in most parts Soon after this they fell to scribble  
 of England in A scandalous ill-natur'd (l) libel,  
 which the state And sent it out amongst the *mob*  
 of the church In manner of a *dialogue* ;  
 is pretended to be laid open. For so 'twas called, to display  
 They likewise The *English* kirk, and open lay  
 had prepared Its faults and where it was defective ;  
 their way to A most malicious invective.  
 the parlia- A form of *worship* they got penn'd,  
 ment then sit- And *discipline* hung at its end,  
 ting, Anno And a *petition* tacked to it,  
 1586, by tel- And a *petition* tacked to it,  
 ling them, Which to her Majesty was writ :  
 ' That if the reformation A letter also they compile,  
 they desired In a severe and threat'ning stile.  
 were not granted, they

All

should betray God, his truth, and the whole kingdom. That they should declare themselves to be an assembly wherein the Lord's cause could not be heard ; wherein the infelicity of the miserable could not be respected ; wherein truth, religion, and piety, could bear no sway ; an assembly that willingly called for the judgment of God upon the whole realm ; and finally, that not a man of their seed should prosper, be a parliament man, or bear rule in England any more.' This necessary preparation being thus premised, they tender to the parliament a book of the form of common-prayer, by them desired, containing also, in effect, the whole pretended discipline, so revised by Travers ; and their petition in behalf of it was in these words following, to wit ; May it therefore please your Majesty, that the book hereunto annexed, and every thing therein contained, may be from henceforth used through all your Majesty's dominions. But in this they were able to effect nothing. Heylin's History of Presbytery, page 161. apud Historical Collection, page 322.



All which to Queen and parliament  
 Six old grave elders did present,  
 In a demure and canting strain,  
 And hundred cringes; but in vain:  
 For *Whitgift's* party of black-coats,  
 Had in the senate major votes,  
 And bid the elders, in a Jeer,  
 To come again another year.  
 Derided thus, away they haste,  
 And tell the *classes* all that past;  
 Which into gall turn'd all the blood  
 Of the enraged brotherhood.

They all unanimously join  
 To execute their *discipline*,  
 And settle their *Genevian worship*,  
 Without the leave of Queen or bishop,  
 Or further asking the consent  
 Of council, court, or Parliament.

But *Whitgift*, who was always waking,  
 Spy'd in good time, their undertaking.  
 And, by his power, and careful heeding,  
 The current stopp'd of their proceeding.  
 Yet not so well, but soon its course  
 Broke out again with greater force:  
 For as a gun with powder cramm'd,  
 The closer down the same is ramm'd.  
 When taking fire, breaks out thence  
 With so much greater violence.  
 So, more these firey fairs were curb'd  
 The more they bishops they disturb'd,  
 And put their kirk to greater trouble  
 Than e'er they did before, twice double.

For near the end of *Bessy's* reign,  
 When time had almost eat the Queen,  
 And age had drank her spirits up,  
 Till she lay sleeping like a *top*  
 That boys have whip'd about until,  
 As if for ease, it stands stock still.

She

(m) Article. She heedless grew of church and faith,  
 'The body of Christ cannot be present in many different places at the same time, and since (as the holy scriptures testify, christ hath been taken up into Heaven, and there is to abide till the end of the world, it becometh not any of the faithful to believe or profess that there is a real or corporal presence &c. See King Edward 29th article. The words in the Latin article are: Christus humanæ naturæ veritatem perpetuo retinet quam uno & definito loco esse, &c. quum igitur Christus in cœlum sublatus, ibi usque ad finem sæculi sit permanens, atque inde, non aliunde venturus sit, ad iudicandum vivos & mortuos,  
 And puritanic's active wrath.  
 Affairs ecclesiastic lewes  
 To *Leicester, Kolls*, and other knaves,  
 Such as to *Whitgift* and his party  
 Bore no good-will nor kindness hearty.  
 These with their country friends transact,  
 To get a house of *commons* pack'd.  
 Of godly members, such as stood  
 'Gainst *Whitgift* for the *brotherhood*.  
 And now petitions from all places  
 Came swarming in against their graces,  
 From prentice-boy to good your worship,  
 I let's have no *common-prayer* nor *bishop*.  
 This was the daily cry of *London*:  
 In short the bishops had been run-down,  
 If *Whitgift* had not us'd his skill  
 To hinder the designed ill.  
 First thing he does, to pray'r he falls,  
 Spreads out ten claws shod with long *nails*,  
 And thus invokes. *Lord* prithee now  
 Or never, look on us below.  
 Can'st thou behold how things are carry'd,  
 And how I and my flock are worry'd  
 By presbyterian *wolves* and *foxes*,  
 Of *Calvin's* litter, and of *Knox's*  
 And sit as if thou wer't inclin'd  
 To see our Queen's kirk undermin'd,  
 Till it fell down, maugre its head  
 And us that first the building made,  
 When I am sure this twenty year  
 Thou hadst not had one half so fair?  
 O *Lord*, I cou'd be glad that thou  
 Wou'd come and help us, but I know  
 That where thou art thou *MUST* remain  
 Till *doom's-day* bring thee here again;  
 As in our (m) articles is writ,  
 And we are bound to credit it.

But if thou canst, good Lord but *hear me*,  
 Distant at such a vast degree,  
 That if a *milestone* were thrown down,  
 Ten ages would not bring the stone.  
 Then pra'thee *Lord* some way invent  
 To cross this *factious parliament*.  
 Dispatch some *angel* for I know  
 They have more liberty than thou.  
 Give him commission to support  
 Our kirk, 'gainst parliament and court.  
*Lord* if thou *know'st* for what I've pray'd,  
 Grant it. There need's no more be said.

Disburthen'd of his pray'r, he sends  
 For's brother-bishops, his sure friends,  
 Bids 'em in hast themselves attire  
 In what the ruberics require.  
 For we, says he, now I have been  
 So long in prayer, will to the queen,  
 And beg her aid: for she is near us,  
 And can *immediately* hear us.  
 They trim their beards, and comb their hair,  
 And done 'em as the law require,  
 In rochet, sleeves, and other trapping,  
 Approach the Queen, but found her napping,  
 Yet softly jogging, with battoon,  
 Awakes her from her *squab* of down;  
 And thus salutes her just awaking,  
 In a strange rustic sort of speaking.

Thou female pastor of the sheep,  
 Canst thou lie lolling thus asleep,  
 Regardless of thy silly flock,  
 While wolves and wild beasts waste thy stock?  
 Get up you careless drowsy Queen,  
 Behold what works on yonder plain!  
 Your lambs are worry'd, and the fleeces  
 Of all your sheep are torn to pieces.

Bless me! said she, why all this fury  
 Is't fit your Queen should thus endure ye.

NUMB. XII.

W w

In

tuos, non debet quisquam fidelium, carnis, & ejus sanguinis realem & coporalem presentiam in Eucaristia vel credere vel proficere The bishop of Sarum sets down this article more at large, from the original manuscript of articles subscribed by both houses of convocation in 1562. See his Exposition, p. 11.



In name of wonder what's the matter  
 That you come thus with such a splutter?  
 You ought to use more civil speeches,  
 My *pettycoat's* above your *breeches*:  
 Consider I am still your *head*.  
 At this the bishop grew afraid,  
 Imputes the ringing such a peal  
 To th' overflowing of his zeal.  
 Aside she turns her head awhile  
 To steal a little modest smile;  
 And *Whitgift*, in a manly stile  
 Salutes her thus. Thou *high* and *mighty*,  
 Who ponders things both small and weighty,  
 And can discern 'tween *wrong* and *right*,  
 When *presbyters* and *prelates* fight.  
 You who touch heaven with your brow,  
 And under whom earth's axles bow,  
 You, by whose might the *Netherlands*  
 Have freed themselves from *Spanish* bands,  
 And who th' *invincible armado*  
 Drown'd and dispers'd without much ado,  
 You, who the papists clapperclaw  
 By ever-blessed *penal law*,  
 Let your exterminating power  
 The cursed *puritans* devour.  
 To you alone for help we cry  
 To save us from *Presbytery*.

With open mouth they set upon us,  
 And cast such damn'd aspersions on us,  
 That we by all the giddy rabble,  
 Are held for most abominable.  
 I'm sure they aim to seize our lands,  
 And turn us out for vagabonds.

The arguments that we assume  
 'Gainst papists and the church of *Rome*,  
 These puritans make use of now  
 Against our selves, our church, and you.

They

They call us *limbs of antichrist*,  
 And you the *scarlet whore*; The *beast*  
*You sit on*, is our church and us.  
 Was ever people plagued thus?  
 Nor talk they only, but they write,  
 And texts from *revelations* cite;  
 Those very texts that we produce  
 'Gainst *papists*, they against *us* use;  
 And swear they are as right apply'd  
 To *us* as to the *other side*.

And when we in our own defence  
 Put on the texts another sense,  
 They pertly ask us how we know  
 That *their's* is false, and *our* sense true,  
 And here we're set; for, *on my soul*,  
 To prove it *right* we have no rule.  
 And if authority of church  
 We bring, they valu't not a rush,  
 But tell us that's the popish plea  
 Against ourselves. And what, say they,  
 Can you oblige us to assent  
 To that old popish argument  
 To which yourselves wou'd ne'er submit,  
 What can you gain in pressing it?

If we affirm our faith is good,  
 And that from Christ our *church* has stood,  
 They sniffing say; how can you tell;  
 Is this your church *infallible*?  
 Our answer was we may conceive,  
 Must needs be in the negative.  
 For were God's church *infallible*,  
 Then to reform her had been ill.  
 Nay then, say they, if it be so,  
 Our kirk is right for ought you know.  
 We are reform'd as well as you.  
 Thus in *dilemmas* we are taught,  
 And into endless contradictions brought.

Here's

(n) Beal counted the bishops for sons of Antichrist, because they were not looked upon as fathers by the brotherhood (nor by any body else; and so far was he hurried by these disaffections, that tho' he were raised to be one of the clerks of the council, yet he preferred the interest of that faction before that of the Queen's, in-  
 somuch that he was noted to jeer and gybe all such sermons as did most commend her Majesty's government, and move the auditory to obedience, not sparing to accuse the preachers to to have broached false doctrine.  
 From this man the archbishop received great affronts.  
 Hist. Coll. 317.

Here's (n) *Beal*, a gybing arch-buffoon,  
 That has his spies o'er all the town,  
 To mind us and our clergy strictly,  
 And watch our *by-steps* circumspectly;  
 And, madam, who of mortal men  
 But has his *downfalls* now and then;  
 When at their club they meet together,  
 They give their notes to one another,  
 So that by all each fault is known.  
 And quickly blaz'd o'er all the town:  
 And this exasperates the people  
 'Gainst us, our *doctrine*, *prayer*, and *steeple*,  
 That folk are brought to such a pass  
 They'd rather see the Devil as us.  
 Those rake-hells are set on by *Leicester*,  
 And *Knolls* and *Walsingham*, to pester  
*Me* and my fellow *bishops* here,  
 And run down *parsons* every where,  
 By quarreling at what we teach,  
 And ridiculing all we preach:  
 That if you'll trust us, cou'd we help it,  
 We'd never more appear in pulpit.  
 For my part, tho' I preach a sermon  
 That there is neither *good* nor *harm* in  
 (And most are such, for my intent  
 In preaching's to be innocent)  
 This *Beal* will flee, make mouths, and stir  
 His brows: oh he's a plaguy cur;  
 And, by his witty taunts, can twine  
 The *mob* beyond our best *divine*.  
 When in our presence, scarce he speaks  
 But some tart scoff or jest he breaks  
 To ridicule our godly labour  
 In kirk, or private with our neighbour;  
 And laughs and winks at *Walsingham*  
 And *Leicester*, they again at him;  
 And this in scorn and great derision  
 Of us your bishops, and our mission,

Till



Till what by them, and by the crowd,  
 We and our clergy are so cow'd,  
 That, if you'll credit what I say,  
 We scarce dare either preach or pray,  
 Or in our robes cannonic pass  
 The street, they'er grown to such a pass,  
 That if the boys our *lawn-sleeves* spy,  
 The wanton rogues will point and cry,  
*A Babylonian maggot-pye.*  
 Such grois affronts as these I'm sure  
 No saint alive can e'er endure,  
 But what is ten times worse than all this  
 A (o) parliament but lately call'd is,  
 As puritanic at the bottom  
 As it *John Calvin* had begot 'em.  
 This parliament had pass'd a bill  
 For all to marry when they will,  
 Be it in *Advent*, or in *Lent*,  
 Without once asking our consent,  
 Or teeing any of our court,  
 Or ever taking license for't,  
 Another bill the've also pass'd  
 Will be our ruin at the last;  
 No *candidate* in all the town  
 Must be ordain'd, or wear a gown,  
 Or ever take the name of priest,  
 But only such as bide the rest  
 Of *twelve* precise judicious *lay-men*,  
 Who must appointed be t'examine  
 All such as are to be *Ordain'd*;  
 And thus shall none be entertain'd  
 But only such as will prefer  
 Their new-form'd discipline and prayer.  
 If this go on (as *Lord* forbid it)  
 Down goes our church; say I have said it.

(o) The brethren had procured many of their chief friends to be received for knights or burgesses: by whose means they procured a bill to pass in the house of commons, 1585 for making trial of the sufficiency of such as were to be ordained or admitted ministers by twelve laymen whose approbation and allowance they were first to pass, before they were to receive institution into any benefice. Another bill was also passed for making marriage lawful at all times of the year. They were in hand also with a third bill, concerning ecclesiastical courts, and the episcopal visitation: pretending only a redress of some exorbi-

tance in excessive fees, but aiming plainly at the overthrow of the jurisdiction. Historical Collection, 319, 320.

They also vote, as some report,  
 The regulating of our court,  
 As touching *Fees, Presentments, Fines,*  
 And this our purses undermines.  
 Another bill as bad as these  
 They bring against *Pluralities*:  
 Thus they go on till by degrees  
 At last our *Revenues* they'll seize,  
 And out of *House and Harbour* turn us.  
 And bid us go, the Devil burn us.  
 To sign, O prudent Queen these bills,  
 Is to make way to future ills.  
 In short, we're, *every mother's son,*  
 Both church, and state, and prince undone.  
 Our *Common-Pray'r-Book* once thrown by,  
 (I speak by way of prophecy)  
 And Calvin's settled in the land,  
 Episcopacy cannot stand:  
 Nor will your Grace have cause to boast,  
 If once *Supremacy* be lost;  
 Which you and all your Realm must own  
 The fairest Jewel in your Crown;  
 Nor can your Kingdom shun the Fate  
 Of being turn'd into a state:  
 For presbyterian discipline,  
 And monarchy has ever been  
 At mortal strife with one another  
 Like fire and water when together,  
 Now with pythonick fury swell'd  
 Till girdle crack and garments yield,  
 He stares with look severe, and brows  
 As threat'ning as an angry *Jew's*;  
 And Hand extent, by spirits Force,  
 As if he meant some vehement curse;  
 Then speaks, O mighty Princess know  
 If at this careless rate you do  
 Permit those worse than mortal harms  
 To fly about our ears in swarms,

And

And do not speedily prevent  
 What threatens church and Government,  
 Your kingdom shall be from you rent;  
 At this his hand on breast he laid,  
 And three times Iwore what he had said;  
 And here as at his utmost stretch,  
 Out flew the *Python* with his speech.

*At planet struck for half an hour*  
 He stood agast, and spoke no more,  
 Till finding he was dispossest'd  
 He turns about to all the rest:  
 Belov'd, says he, now I am calm,  
 Let's sing a proper meeter psalm:  
 He sets it out, they all begin  
 In *Hopkins* dialect to sing.

(p) *Why didst thou draw thy hand a back*

*And hide it in thy lap?*

*O pluck it out and be not slack*

*To give thy foes a rap.*

(p) Sing-  
 ing Psalm

74. v. 12.

At this the tears began to rise  
 Above the flood gates of their eyes,  
 Which being by her highness seen,  
 So mollify'd the breast of Queen,  
 That nought they ask'd could be deny'd:  
 Thus to their graces she reply'd;

My Lords I give you strict command  
 To take your past'ral staves in hand,  
 And lay about you even so

As *Sampson* did with *ass's jaw*:

Spare neither legs, nor arms, nor ears  
 Of those philistian Presbyters.

Let your authority and care  
 In church and state affairs appear  
 By settling in your discipline

An *uniformity*, and join

*Dissenters* and *kirk-folk* together,  
 As close as sole to upper-leather.

Act in this manner as you will,

I will maintain it *good or ill*.

He



He that refuses to comply  
 With a strict uniformity,  
 See that by force of discipline,  
 And penal-laws you bring him in.  
 Tho' *Knolles* and *Leicester* are your foes,  
 My hand shall ward off all their blows.  
 Tho' *Walsingham* and *Beal* contend,  
 I will, my Lords, your cause defend.  
 Tho' crafty *Cecil* side with them,  
 Yet while I wear this *diadem*,  
 I will, I swear by *bead* and *crown*,  
 By *scepter*, *sword*, and good *battoon*,  
 In spite of all protect your graces,  
 Be therefore active in your places.  
 As for church lands and common-prayer,  
 Of which your graces takes such care,  
 They shall as long as I am Queen  
 Remain i'th safety they are in,  
 She said and with a gracious look  
 Took up and kiss'd the *public book*,  
 And safely lock'd it in her chest.  
 Her royal hand the bishop kiss'd,  
 And humbly thanking madam *Bess*,  
 Took leave each for his diocess.  
 And here it is the story changes  
 To what most horrible and strange-is.  
 The *scenes* that were till now so gay,  
 Insensibly are drawn away;  
 And 'ere the Queen or courtiers knew  
 The *stage* was all of *sable* hue;  
 And on the *scenes* were painted out  
 Dread shapes revengeful *furies* wrought,  
 As *prisons*, *altars*, *axes*, *knives*,  
 And *penal-laws* that took the lives,  
 Of innocent and holy priests,  
 Who there appear'd with *rip'd up breasts*,  
 And *heads cut off*, and *limbs in quarters*,  
 Just as they had before dy'd martyrs.  
 Mary

Mary, the Queen of Scots, whose head

Close by her body bleeding laid,

Was there all painted as they dy'd,

And other horrid forms beside,

As Demons in odd shapes and strange-ones,

With each a vial full of vengeance,

To pour on heads of those who had

A hand in spilling all that blood.

And now the actors they begin

To play their parts, old age comes in

Crook'd, wrinkl'd, doating, black and thin.

And after this (q) sickness appears

Pale with despair and gasty fears;

This was pursu'd by death in black

And endless night close at his back:

Lord (r) Hunsdon comes upon the stage

Sick in his bed; some think with age;

But let the cause be what it will,

His comforters were sent from hell;

X x

Such honour and degree of Lord Cary of Hunsdon; Heyl. p. 277. This the Lord Hunsdon being in the year 1598 sick to death, saw come to him one after another six of his companions already dead. The first was Dudley Earl of Leicester all in fire. Second was secretary Wallingham also in fire and flame: third. Pickring so cold and frozen, that touching Hunsdon's hand he thought he should die of cold: 4 Hatton Lord chancellor: 5 Henneage: 6 Knolles: these three last were also all in fire; they all told him that Sir William Cecil, one of their companions yet living, was to prepare himself to come shortly to them.

All this was affirmed upon oath by the said Lord Hunsdon, who a few day after died suddenly. This is recorded by F. Cokerus, and several other authors

Camd. who writes the life of Queen Elizabeth. gives this account of her last sickness. In the beginning of her sickness the almonds of her throat swell'd but soon abated again. Then her appetite fail'd her by degrees: And withal she gave herself over wholly to melancholly and seemed to be much troubled with a peculiar grief for some reason or other; whether it were through the violence of her disease, or want of Essex, &c. she looked upon herself as a miserable forlorn woman; and her grief and indignation extorted from her such speeches as these, They have yoked my neck. I have none whom I can trust. My condition is strangely turnd upside down. See Camd. Hist. li. 4 page 659, 660.

(q) Queen Elizabeth. in the beginning of her sickness told two of her ladies, that she saw one night as she lay in bed her own body exceeding lean and fearful, in a light of fire. See Parsons discussion of Barlow's Answer, p. 218

(r) Sir Mary Cary, son of Sir William Cary and M. Boleyn, the Queen promoted to the

Fi.

Such as with him before had been  
In all the councils of the Queen,  
And carried on the great affair  
Of protestancy many a year,  
Made

Fr. Parsons in his discussion tells us, that she sat two days and three nights upon her stool ready dressed, and could never be brought, by any of her council to go to bed, or to eat or drink, only the Lord Admiral perswading her to take a little broth: she told him, if he knew what she had seen in her bed, he would not perswade her as he did, making her head, said with a pitiful voice, My Lord, I am bound with a chain of iron about my neck; I am tied, and the case is altered with me.

One of her privy councillors presented her with a piece of gold of the bigness of an angel, finely marked with some small characters, which he said an old woman in Wales bequeathed to her on her death bed, telling her that the said old woman, by virtue of the same, lived to the age of 100 and odd years, and could not die as long as she wore it upon her body, but being wither'd, and wanting nature to nourish her body it was taken off and she died. The Queen, upon the confidence she had thereof took the gold and wore it on her ruff: two ladies waiting on her in her chamber, discovered in the bottom of her chair the queen of hearts, with a nail of iron struck through the forehead, which they durst not then pull out; remembering that the like thing was reported to be used to others for witch craft; Discus, p. 217, 218, printed 1612.

Her death was pitiful in dying without sense, feeling, or mention of God, as divers report; Discus 197.

One of the ladies that waited on her, leaving her asleep in her privy chamber, at the beginning of her sickness, met her as she thought three or four chambers off, and fearing she would have been displeased that she had left her alone, came towards her to excuse herself, but she vanished away: and when the lady returned into the chamber where she left her sleeping she found her still asleep; growing past recovery, and keeping her bed, the council sent unto her the bishop of Canterbury and other prelates, upon sight of whom she was much offended, cholerically rating them, bidding them be packing; and afterwards exclaimed to my Lord Admiral, that she had the greatest indignity offered her by the Archbishop that could be done to a prince; to pronounce sentence of death against her; as if she had lived an atheist: and some Lords mentioning to her divers Brelates to come to her; she answered, that she would have none of these hedge priests. The Queen being departed this life, her body was opened, (and embowell'd) and being seared up was brought to White-hall, where it was watched every night by six several ladies, who being all about the same, which was fast within a board coffin, with leaves of lead cover'd with velvet, it happened that her body break the coffin with such a crack, that it split the wood, lead and scarcloth, to the terror and astonishment of all present, See the Description 216, 218.



Made laws just as they had a mind,  
 Against God's church, and these she sign'd;  
 First *Dudley*, Earl of *Leicester*, came  
 Roll'd round about with glaring flame,  
 Out at his mouth, nose, eyes, and ears,  
 Sprung pointed flames from inward fires.

Then *Walsingham* all on a glow,  
 And *Pickring* cold as frozen snow,  
 Who of his hand scarce taking hold,  
*Hundson* was fit to die with cold.

*Harlow* was next that did appear  
 All in a flame of glowing fire.  
 And *Henneage* comes after him  
 Burning all o'er in rapid flame.

The last of all comes impious *Knolles*  
 Cour'd round about in flaming rolls,  
 That grind him in their whirling gyres,  
 And from the dints spring streaming fires.

A while those horrid spectres stood  
 Before the wretched *Cary's* bed,  
 To give him time to contemplate,  
 And well observe their damned state:  
 Then told him *Cecil* was to come,  
 A fellow-partner in their doom;  
 So bid him tell him to prepare,  
 Then banished to subtle air.

*Hundson* with horror struck at this,  
 Sends speedy news to madam *Bess*;  
 Who caus'd enquiry to be made;  
 And *Hundson* swore to all he said.  
 Soon after he resign'd his breath,  
 And *Cecil* dy'd a sudden death.

The Queen (till now of temper jolly)  
 Soon after this fell melancholy,  
 Struck to the heart with hidden grief,  
 No medicine could yield relief.  
 Her eyes rowling with gassy stare  
 Shew inward symptoms of despair.

As one depriv'd of sense and wits,  
 Two day' three nights on *stool* she sits,  
 And in one posture always keeps;  
 Nor speaks, nor eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps,  
 Save only once *some broth* she took,  
 And only once some words she spoke.  
 Dismal her sayings were and sad,  
 As *forlorn* people speak when mad;  
 As these, or such-like words as these are,  
 My miseries are without measure:  
 I have no friend that I can trust,  
 My neck in chains as yoked *stall*,  
 Spectres present themselves to sight,  
 And haunt my bed in dead of night.  
 I've seen my very self appear  
 Like an old *bagg* in flaming fire.  
 The *Falishman* the old Welsh wife  
 Bequeath'd me, will not save my life.  
 Tho' hither to with hopes enough,  
 I've worn the *Sigil* on my ruff,  
 The *Queen of Hearts* that long has laid  
 Here in my chair nail'd thro' the head,  
 I have no *trust* in, as I had,  
 Nor can I *bapt* at all in God,  
 Because I never served *Him*,  
 After I got the *diadem*,  
 Thus left off all, comfort from no man  
 I am a *wretched forlorn woman*.  
 Nor could her godlike bishops, who  
 Had led her by the nose till now,  
 Give the least ease or *ghastly cure*,  
 Though they absolv'd her *over and over*,  
 For not at all did she believe  
 (More than themselves) they could forgive,  
 Although they took the *Common Prayer*,  
 And shew'd her *absolution* there.  
 Your penance and your *absolution*  
 Is not of divine institution,

Nor

Nor sacrament, says she as you  
 Have taught me many years ago;  
 But sprung of corrupt following  
 Of the apostles: If the thing  
 Be so, what good can it do me?  
 Turn to your articles and see  
 To this not one word was reply'd  
 But comfortless the woman dy'd.  
 High time that she were gone; for now  
 She'd done what mischief she could do  
 In settling reformation;  
 Her long long thread at last was spun,  
 Which one that did attend her (but  
 Play'd least in fight) a saucy slut  
 With her unwelcome scissars cut,  
 And headlong to old Harry sent her  
 Who in this sort might complement her.  
 Welcome, brave daughter! thou that hast  
 The Roman Church and Faith displac'd  
 What other news fro' th' World above?  
 Father, not only Faith, but Love;  
 I've done whatever I could do  
 To banish, imitating you;  
 For children any thing will gather  
 From the example of a Father.  
 And that religion never more  
 May enter on our English shore,  
 I've made it penal to become  
 A convert to the church of Rome  
 And have more bloody statues made  
 To murder priests than Nero had,  
 Or Dioclesian ever saw,  
 Father I kill 'em all by law,  
 That's the best way; but still go on;  
 What work made Ned when I was gone?  
 On bishopricks and church's lands  
 That you had left, he laid his hands,  
 And



And left the naked church as bare  
 As when it first drew vital air;  
 So that there was when I came in  
 Scarce anything to lose but skin.  
*Six articles* which you devis'd;  
 And by strong statutes authoriz'd,  
 And *burned* such as did not heed 'em;  
 The young rogue laugh'd at when he read 'em;  
 And by a statute cry'd 'em down,  
 Then sent out new ones of his own;  
 Made a new form of *worship* too;  
 Impos'd it on the realm for true;  
 But by and by *this* pleas'd him not;  
 So burn'd it; and another got;  
 If more of him you list to know, sir,  
 Call *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, *Cox* and *Bucer*,  
*Parker* and *Grindal* too can tell,  
 So *Horn* and *Jewell* very well;  
 These will inform you what you please  
 In my time, and in *Neddy's* days:  
 Pray beckon on 'em with your thumb;  
 I wou'd if so they could but come.  
 Why not? They're not so far from hence;  
 I'll call 'em, shall I? K. Do not, wench.  
 They're chain'd i'th' places where they lie  
 With fiery shackles, so am I.  
*E.* You, Father, chain'd! that cannot be.  
*H.* Yes, Daughter, and they'll fetter thee;  
*Eliz.* No, but they shall not, I'll away.  
*H.* You cannot go. *Eliz.* I will not stay.  
*H.* The gates are lock'd, and strongly barr'd.  
*E.* Crown'd-heads imprison'd! this is hard;  
 What, no respect for *majesty*?  
 Let us proclaim *supremacy*,  
 And then they'll certainly respect us.  
*Hen.* *Supremacy* cannot protect us.  
 See how you fellow haltes again,  
 Trailing a thousand links of chain,

Which

Which you'll observe, as he draws nigher,  
Are made of curled rings of fire.

*Eliz.* And with his chain what will he do!

*H. (f)* Bind every limb and joint of you.

*Eliz.* Help, Father! ugly fiend begun!

I will not have these fetters on.

Alas! feet, hands, and fingers fast;

Belly and back, and sides and breast,

And neck and throat, girt round with flame,

On head a glowing diadem,

And royal robes of waving fire!

The torments that from this attire

Arise, I now begin to feel

Thrill thro' my soul from crown to heel.

*Hen.* You now begin to take your wages,

The pay will last for endless ages.

*Eliz.* What have I done to suffer this?

*H.* Destroy'd faith and religion, *Bess.*

*E.* Your self begun the work at first:

*Hen.* I did so: be that day accurst;

*E.* This is my comfort, life cannot last long;

A heart burn'd to a coal, a scorched tongue;

Eyes

(f) It is not rash judgement to say with our Saviour, (St. Mark 16.)

He that believeth not shall be damn'd; and with St. Paul, Titus 3. v.

10. An heretick is condemn'd of his own judgment.

*Dr. Barlow* accused the learned *Fr. Parsons* of judging *Queen Elizabeth* before her time.

But that the reverend *Father* in his discussion of *Barlow's* answer, p. 223 frees himself from the false aspersions, by plainly showing, that he judges no otherwise of this *Queen's* future state, (neither do I) than as *St. Paul* not only allows, but obliges us to judge of all hereticks. He also further proves clearly, both from scripture and fathers, that these who die schismatics or hereticks cannot be saved. Now *Q. Eliz.* was really excommunicated for schism and heresie; she established heresie in her dominions, and maintained it to her utmost power as long as she lived: Nor was there any the least signs of contrition or penance for it, before or at her death: nor will even protestants themselves grant that she ever so much as desired reconciliation to the catholic church she had left; but on the contrary do all affirm, that she died in the new religion that she had established, (i. e.) in condemn'd heresie. What else then can any body judge of her, than as we, and protestants do of *Arius* *Nostrius*, and other condemn'd hereticks?

Eyes, boil'd in liquid fire; a flaming breath,  
Must needs be symptoms of immediate death;  
Which to my pains will be a welcome cure.

H. There is no death but what we now endure.

E. Well, this will quickly take our lives away.

H. Not so, for tho' we die, we *live for Ay*.

E. I understand you not, how comes't that here  
We do not die, when nought but death's ap-  
pear?

H. We die, 'tis true but it's an endless death.

E. Is this the way then souls do die beneath!

Call it not death, but some more proper name.

H. Well, call it, if you will, devouring flame;

E. I would so, if I found it could devour,  
But this it does not; for we still endure.

By death, I mean *not-being*, pray tell me,  
Will there a time come when we shall not *be*?

H. No, time's no more: but an eternity.

E. Then I perceive there is no end of *being*.

And this, it seems, is what you call our dying.

H. To souls that are tormented here beneath,  
Their endless being *is eternal death*:

So to the souls above in joy and bliss,

*Eternal life* their endless being is

Thus both the *blest* above, and *damn'd* beneath  
Live ever, those in life; and these in death.

E. Ah, dreadful death! its sight my pains increase.

Are all our *worldly glories* come to this?

Sad change! from pleasures in the upper world,

To be into such endless anguish hurl'd;

The thoughts of pleasures past make torments here

Ten hundred thousand times the worse to bear.

H. And yet those thoughts we eagerly desire,

And for their sakes still hug the growing fire.

Let's even now, maugre increase of pain,

Think all our by-past pleasures o'er again.

H. How strutted I, when stil'd *Great King, Great Lord*;

E. How lofty I, when by my *Court ador'd*!

H.



H. When we the Pope's and Churches rights infring'd,  
 How pleasant then it was to be reveng'd.  
 When we by sacrilege vast treasures made,  
 And at our feet the ballow'd riches laid.  
 With what strange transport did we then behold  
 The altar's Jewels, and the church's gold!  
 But Joy excessive, when into my hands  
 I seiz'd the (1) abbies and abbey-lands.

E. Old charters, father, you and I have read,  
 In which, on pain of curse, we were forbid  
 To meddle with the church's patrimony,  
 For it is God's; not to be touch'd by any.  
 How durst you then presume to take away  
 The sacred treasures that on altars lay?  
 How durst you seize church-land, rob priests and poor,  
 And turn the vow'd religion out of door?

H. I slighted all those charter curses when  
 I look'd upon and seiz'd the sacred gain;  
 But now I do experience to my grief  
 Their dire effects; nor hope I for relief.  
 Yet still I love and hug the satisfaction  
 I then enjoy'd in every wicked action.

E. The very thought of those our pleasures past,  
 And of celestial joys that we have lost,  
 Racks me with horrid pain that seems to tear

My

(1) The reader may find the ancient deeds, charters and donations to the clergy, church, abbies, and other religious houses, Dagdale's Monasticon, in which he will see the many dreadful and heavy curses denounced against all those who shall any way, knowingly and maliciously, alienate, or violently take away the church's lands, and deprive it of its rights, donations and privileges.

In the parliament, anno 1253, the king stood up with his hand upon his breast, all the lords spiritual and temporal stood with burning tapers in their hands, and the archbishop pronounced as follows.

By the authority of God omnipotent, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, &c. We excommunicate, anathematize, and sequester from our Holy Mother the Church, all those who henceforth knowingly and maliciously deprive and spoil churches of their rights: and all those that shall, by any art or wit, rashly violate, diminish, or alter secretly or openly, in deed, word or counsel, those ecclesiastical liberties, &c. granted to the archbishops, bishops, prelates, &c. For everlasting memory whereof, we have hereunto put our seals. After which, all throwing down their tapers, extinguish and smothering, they all said, So let all that shall go against this curse be extinct and sink in hell.

Y y

My soul two different ways with hooks of fire.

*H.* And what is worse, we must expect to be  
Torn thus in pieces for eternity.

*E.* This is a woe beyond the reach of thought,  
Woe to the pleasure that's so dearly bought,

*H.* But who imagin'd it would happen so?

*E.* The more fools we! and now the more's our woe:  
Alas! alas! w'are utterly undone;

Curs'd be our wicked reformation.

Curs'd be the night you left queen *Kath'rine's* bed,

Curs'd be the day you *Anna Boleyn* wed:

The time you saw her first, be it accurst

With *me*, the fruit of your unlawful lust.

Curs'd be the envious pride of *schismaticks*,

The spiteful tongues of lying *hereticks*,

And hands that seiz'd church-lands and bishopricks. }

Curs'd be all those that counsell'd us to change

Religion; may their thoughts for ever range

On frightful objects, ever rowl about,

And meet new pains at ev'ry turn of thought.

Curs'd be the *articles* that I and *Ned*

Devis'd, and impious *liturgies* we made.

Curs'd be our *penal-laws* and *oaths supream*,

May they be fuel for eternal flame.

Curs'd be the instruments by which we shed,

Of holy martyrs, such vast streams of blood:

And curs'd be *Walsingham's* and *Leicester's* plots,

And *mine*, against the pious queen of *scots*.

I curse the day in which my self was born;

May't never more in annual circle turn.

I curse you, *father*, and my *mother* too;

*Ten thousand double curses* light on you.

*H.* Curse on. The curses of the damned are

Th' effects of horrible and black despair.

I curse you, *daughter*, as you cursed me,

With curses heavier, if such there be:

As you have curs'd th' *occasions* of our sin,

Just so do I; I curse them o'er again;

And add to these a thousand curses more,

*We'll curse eternally, and ne'er give o'er.*

*England's*

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

## C A N T O IV.

## T H E A R G U M E N T.

*Of Church affairs 'tis still I sing  
 In reign of James the northern king;  
 Of Charles his son, and Charles his grandson,  
 The Presbyterian kirk's expansion.  
 Of other things I make report,  
 As the dispute at Hampton-Court.  
 The Bible o'er again translated:  
 The Powder-Plot, and who 'twas made it,  
 Records of Parker's consecration  
 At Lambeth, publish'd by Frank Mason.  
 Of a new Common-Prayer Book made,  
 And sent the Scots, by bishop Laud;  
 And how Jane Gaddis, that shrewd quean,  
 Pelted for reading it, the Dean:  
 What mischiefs did in kirks arise  
 From settling Tables altar-wise:  
 How Grantham's vicar by the rabble  
 Was bang'd about Communion-Table.  
 The propagation of the word  
 By blood, and wounds, and fire and sword,  
 And the beheading of their king;  
 Of a new priesthood too I sing,  
 Made by new forms of consecration,  
 At Charles the second's restoration,  
 At last the Canto ends in plots  
 Centriv'd by Tony, Tong, and Oates.*



**I**F the deep learn'd afteria quacks  
 Paint *time* to life, in *almanacks*,  
 He has on brow a lock of hair,  
 But all his head beside is bare.  
 Instructive Lock! turn he his back,  
 You'll never catch him by the lock.  
 A sythe he bears in his right-hand,  
 And in his left a gla's of sand,  
 To shew, that when your hour's run,  
 As folk cut grass he mows you down.

This workman lopping off the queen,  
 Made room for *James* the first to reign;  
 Who catching *forelock* mounts the *throne*  
 E'er any other get thereon.

The ceremonies being done  
 About his coronation,  
 He very briskly falls to work,  
 As all kings do, in clouting kirk.  
 For since our princes were *supream*  
*In church affairs*, not one of them,  
 At coming to the crown, but hath  
 Reform'd his predecessor's faith;

(a) *Hudi-* (a) *As if religion were intended*  
*brass.* *For nothing else but to be mended.*

This prudent king perceiving now  
 The greatest thing he had to do  
 Was to unite, if't cou'd be done,  
 Two disagreeing kirks in one;  
 And so compose th' eternal Jars  
 'Twixt bishops and the presbyters.

A conference at *Hampton-Court*  
 Appoints, to which both sides resort;  
 All chosen men for brain and lungs,  
 Well arm'd with texts, and nimble tongues.  
 Of bishops, *London*, *Winchester*  
 And *Durham*, and their deans were there,  
 'Gainst whom came *Reynolds* briskly on  
 With *Newstubbs*, *Sparks* and *Chaderton*;

Which

Which four against the prelates stormed,  
 For not be'ng thoroughly reformed.  
 We'd have your lordships know, say they,  
 That twenty blocks lie in our way.  
 Which till remov'd ne'er think upon  
 What you require, *a union*.

The (b) cros in baptism cast away,  
 And throw your *smocks* off when you pray.  
 In pulpits place preachers of worth,  
 Zealous and *lusty bolders-forth*,  
 That can *preach* by the spirit's motion,  
 And *pray* till one may hear devotion  
 Break out in twang of nose, and hums,  
 And sobs and sounds like kettle-drums.  
 Let *Presbyters* each in his parish, (*Harwich*,  
 'Tween *Portsmouth*, *Tweed*, *Land's-end* and  
 Have leave of giving confirmation,  
 So may the children through the nation  
 All times with greater ease hav't granted,  
 (Or old folks either, if they want it)  
 Than wait till they a bishop see,  
 Which ten to one may never be.

Next let the (d) *Church's doctrines be*  
*Sound; and correct its liturgy*.  
 For what you call the (e) common-prayer  
 Is superstitious ev'ry where,  
 Its *psalms*, its *lessons*, and what else  
 Of scripture, are translated false:  
 The meaning of the Holy Ghost  
 Thro' all its scripture part is lost.  
 Because the version's alter'd quite  
 From what the sacred pen-men write.

(b) One of their scruples (says Baker) was the cross in baptism; the next thing objected was the wearing the surplice; another, that good pastors might be planted in all churches to preach the pure doctrine according to God's Word. Baker.

(c) Another that confirmation might not be by bishops only, but that every pastor in his parish might confirm; but this was thought to intrench too much upon the jurisdiction of bishops. and to be a step to bring in a presbyterian government, which the king much disliked.

Agast Baker.

(d) Another request was, That the doctrine of the church might be preserved in purity, according to God's word.

(e) Another: that the book of common prayer might be fitted to more increase of piety. See Baker's Chron. pag. 444, 445, 446.

The King and bishops, gave satisfaction, to none of these their demands.

(f) Besides what Reynold Sparks, Caderton and Knewstubs had objected against the common prayer, the ministers of Lincoln diocese writ a book against it, which they delivered to his Majesty December 1. 1606; in an abridgment of which book I find these following objections against it; First. That the book of common-prayer appointed such a translation of the holy

Agast at this the bishops stood,  
Like to *Lot's* wife, or log of wood,  
For (f) *Reynolds* the bible opened,  
And turn'd it o'er from end to end,  
Condemning many faults again,  
That had been found in *Bess's* reign;  
Discov'ring yet an hundred more  
Than e'er had been observ'd before,  
All which the *Presbyterian* side  
Demanded might be rectify'd.

But this the *bishops* would not do.  
Nor would the king consent thereto,  
Thinking it would disgrace old *Cranmer*,  
And brand him for a *false reformer*,  
For them to own what he set forth  
Corrupted, and of little worth.  
Tho' they would not make reparation  
Of its gross faults by *true* translation;  
Yet did the king think fit that they  
Should rectify't another way.  
We'll let, says he, the letter stand,  
But yet its *sense* shall be *explain'd*,  
For change of sense I know is better  
Than alteration of the letter,

And

scriptures to be read in the church, as leaveth out of the text sundry words and sentences which were given of divine inspiration. pag. 14.

It doth add both words and sentences to the text to the changing and obscuring of the meaning of the Holy Ghost, pag. 15.

Such a translation, as is in many places absurd, and such as no reasonable sense can be made of pag. 16.

In very many places it perverteth the meaning of the Holy Ghost by a false interpretation of the text, pag. 17.

In that abridgment there are exceptions against the common-prayer, catechism, homilies; and some of the 39 articles.

We thought meet, says the king, with the consent of the bishops &c. that some small things might rather be explained than changed; and for that purpose gave further commission under our great seal of England to the archbishop of Canterbury, and others, &c. to make the said explanation, and to cause the whole book of common-prayer, with the same explanation, to be newly printed. See the king's proclamation, generally printed at the fore end of the common prayer book.



And will less scandalize the weak :  
 What say ye to't ? Speak, bishops, speak,  
 Learn'd prince, say they, your words are wise,  
 None can a better way devise.

Go then, says he, *explain* the book,  
 And not one error overlook.  
 They do so ; and their explanation,  
 He authoriz'd by proclamation.

This sort of complimental action,  
 Gave none or little satisfaction  
 To *Reynolds*, and his godly train,  
 Who look't on't as a trifle vain ;  
 And told 'em such an explanation  
 Was but imposing on the nation,  
 A sense the words, the common-prayer.  
 While uncorrected, could not bear ;  
 Your ceremonies (but in vain)  
 You may in some fond sort explain  
 But how (say they) can explanation:  
 Turn into truth a *false translation* ?  
 Your explanation, tho't be good,  
 Yet the false version stands where't stood.  
 What reason then to think that we  
 Should e'er (g) *subscribe* your liturgy ;  
 And therefore never move us to't,  
 Nor punish such as will not do't.  
 Conscience should not be forc'd, but free  
 In days of *gospel liberty*.

This put the bishops to a stand,  
 'Till *Cæsar* took the cause in hand,  
 Who very hotly held dispute  
 To help the baffled bishops out.

*The (b) gospel hath been preached here,*  
 Says he, *these five and forty years* :  
 And is not this of *antient* standing  
 Enough to please you without mending ?  
 Go stubborn villains, and comply,  
 Or else, by *kirk's antiquity*  
 I swear, I'll louse ye by and by.

(g) *After many other points moved by Dr. Reynolds, he came at last to subscriptions, intreating it might not be exacted as heretofore*  
*Baker supr.*

(b) *In fine, the king told them, that if after the Gospel's preaching 45 years among you, (a long time indeed) there be any yet in these points unsatisfy'd. I doubt it proceeds rather out of stubbornness of opinion, than out of tenderness of conscience ; and therefore let them confirm themselves, or else they shall hear further of it. Vid. Baker Supr.*

*Notwithstanding the false translations and corruptions of scripture found in*

*in the common prayer book, by the presbyterians, yet the king and his bishops, in the book of Canons. made in their convocation of 1603, and printed in 1604, oblige every body under pain of excommunication to hold it for true and good, as in Cannon 4.*

*Whosoever shall hereafter firm, that the form of God's worship, established by law and contained in the book of common prayer comprehendeth any thing in it that is corrupt or superstitious or unlawful in the worship of God, or containeth any thing in it that is contrary to the scriptures, let him be excommunicated, ipso facto; and not restored but by the bishop of the diocese, or archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors.*

His other arguments were few,  
 Some think but *one*, and some say *two*,  
 (If *three*, the last a curled brow)  
 For his *I WILL*, or *I WILL NOT*,  
 When with an awful forehead put,  
 'Gainst Reynolds and his whigs prevail'd  
 When all the bishop's logick fail'd.  
 Before the conference did begin,  
 He could have told what side wou'd win;  
 For he had long before been weary  
 Of Knox and Murray's presbytery;  
 And knew their principles pernicious  
 To kings, rebellious and seditious;  
 And understood as well their knacks  
 As he who since writ *Philanax*;  
 Therefore resolved to run down  
 Short cloaks, and up lawn-sleeves and gown.  
 Besides, his mother's banishment,  
 And dangers that he underwent  
 Himself, while in his tender years  
 He govern'd was by presbyters,  
 Were no small motives to incline him  
 To th' bishop's side, who gladly join him.  
 And when the conference was ended,  
 Because he had so well defended  
 Their common-prayer and sinking cause,  
 They list to heav'n their foremost paws;  
 And Canterbury rowl'd his eyes,  
 Like pullet-eggs, up to the skies;  
 For breath he gasps, and fit to choak,  
 'Till tears broke out, and then he spoke.  
 I'm just *beside myself* with joy,  
 And if you'd know the reason why,  
 It is because our god-like prince  
 Stood stiffly to't in our defence,  
 'Till he has these our foes confuted,  
 O, happy we! that he disputed,

Who

Who had the holy spirit's aid  
 To dictate ev'ry word he said;  
 I'm sure his tongue did never move,  
 But by assistance from above.  
*It pleased their churches head to be*  
*Flatter'd so full of deity.*  
 After the prayer-books explanation,  
 To fit the rhyme, comes in translation;  
 And therefore what you meet with next  
 Is a new *version* of the text:  
 For skill'd reformaters bibles cobble,  
 As poets verses do that hobble.

(i) *Reynolds and Knewstubs*, and their men,  
 Against false bibles now complain;  
 And told the bishops in great wrath  
 They had impos'd, for *rule of faith*,  
 Scripture corrupt and falsify'd.  
 (Those needs must err such false rules guide.)

It's now full *five and forty* year  
 Since our new gospel budded here;  
 Yet it has ne'er had better ground  
 Than bibles false, corrupt, unsound.  
 What but a toad-stool can spring out  
 Of a corrupted rotten root?

Here *Reynolds* stop'd: the bishops stood  
 Silent as carved men of wood,  
 Not thinking fitting to deny  
 What could be prov'd apparently;  
 Nor willing it shou'd be related,  
 Their rule of faith was false translated;  
 So not a man wou'd move his tongue.  
 The king suspecting all was wrong,  
 Bids 'em bring every translation  
 That had been since the reformation;  
*Will Tyndal's* bible in they bring,  
 And *Matthew's* bible, quoth the king,  
 I know 'em both, they're good for nought;  
 Then they bring *Grafton's* bible out;

(i) Another  
 motion of Dr  
*Reynolds* was  
 that there  
 might be a  
 new translati-  
 on of the bi-  
 ble, -because  
 the present  
 translations  
 were corrupt.  
*Vid. Baker*  
*super.*



Geneva's bible follows this,  
And three more bibles made by *Bess*.

The king himself no labour spar'd  
To compare, and to see compar'd,  
Those versions with the *Greek* and *Hebrew*  
*Originals*; for both tongues he knew  
As well as *Cabala*stic Seers,  
Or *Ptolomy's* interpreters.

The further on he did proceed,  
The more he found they disagreed:  
At last he flung 'em all away,  
And to the *disputants* did say,

(k) The king told them he could never yet see a bible well translated into English; and the Geneva translation was the worst of all. see Confer. before his Majesty, p. 46

Here's not one (k) bible, O'-my-saul,  
That's good: Geneva's is the worst of all.  
My lords, says he, I'll ha' the nation  
Cheated no more with *false* translation;  
And therefore quickly go about  
The fitting of another out,  
And see it be in ev'ry part  
Right, or at least *secundum art*;  
That is, *bump*, popery! ye ken  
My meaning: go about it then.

The bishops, who, by such a hint,  
Guest easily at what he meant,  
Protested they'd enough of zeal  
'Gainst popery to do it well.

The learned'st doctors in the land  
That did, or did not understand  
The ancient language *Moses* spoke,  
When he compos'd the *pentateuch*,  
Were gather'd by the convocation,  
To help to make this *new translation*.  
To work they go, no hand was idle  
Till out there comes another bible.  
*New rule of faith*, to guide the nation,  
They named it *King James's translation*;  
Yet not much better than the rest,  
As by their learn'd must be confess'd,

Who

Who always in each new edition  
 Change something from the first impression;  
 So that of diff'rent bibles now  
 The number's very hard to know,  
 Or whether th' oldest or the newest,  
 Or which of all the rest is truest  
 Some think they're all not worth a button,  
 Witness the *Oxford Polyglotton*,  
 Which differs from 'em ev'ry one  
 In its *English* translation.

As *Jove* could into diff'rent shapes  
 Transform himself to act his rapes,  
 So those reforming juglers twisted  
 Their bible to what form they listed,  
 To authorize, by each translation,  
 A new or further reformation.  
 As all their first translation spoke  
 Against the faith they then forsook,  
 So this, made in king *James's* reign,  
 Is levell'd at the *puritan*.

For instance, *Bess's* first translation  
 Chang'd the word *church* to *congragation*,  
 Because they'd left the *church of Rome*,  
 And had nought like a *church* at home.  
 But this turns *congregation* out,  
 And *church* into its place is brought,  
 Because they now (forsooth) wou'd be  
 A *church*, under a *hierarchy*.  
 (A very fair advance I swear  
 In *four* or *five* and *forty* year.)  
 And count presbyters, and the rest,  
 But *congregations* at the best.

This *congregation-church* wou'd be  
 Believ'd to have a hierarchy;  
 And now pretends to *ordination*  
*Episcopal*, and *consecration*:  
 Therefore he has brought under correction  
 Ordaining elders by *election*.

(*l*) In St. *Election* they'll no longer try  
 Mat. v. 6. the true reading is, out of thee (Bethlehem) shall rise up a ruler that shall rule my people Israel. Queen Elizabeth's translators were so much afraid of being ruled, that they falsly turned the Word rule in- to feed; but K. James's bishops finding in themselves a power of ruling the presbyterians and other sects corrected the corruption.  
 (*m*) In the bible of 1599, St. John c. 1. v. 12. is corruptly put prerogative instead of power; but is corrected in K. James's bible.  
 (*n*) Queen Elizabeth's bible, printed Anno 1560 1597, 1599, have instructions and ordinances instead of traditions: which false versions King James's translators have corrected.  
 (*o*) Saturday.  
 (*p*) Sunday.  
 (*q*) They stand always unlighted in protestant kirks.

And now themselves they mean to carry  
 Like bishops o'er th' presbytery;  
 Will have the clergy give attendance  
 To *them*, on *them* have whole dependance,  
 Be rul'd and govern'd, and to stand  
 Obedient to *their* command.  
 So therefore in this bible read  
 (*l*) *RULE* which was in the former feed.  
 And for the same cause translate (*m*) *power*  
 Which was *prerogative* before.  
 (*n*) *Tradition* now comes into play,  
 Which former bibles cast away,  
 And did, in place of it a dvance  
*Instruction* and *ordinance*.  
 The bishops own some pious uses,  
 Which other sects count grand abuses;  
 As christ'ning *infants* e're they have  
 The ute of reason to believe;  
 Baptismal *cross*; and wedding-rings;  
 Worshipping brides, those pretty things;  
 Kneeling when they communicate  
 (Although it is but bread they eat;)  
 Breaking the (*o*) *sabbath-day*, and keeping  
 The *first day* (*p*) Holy. (And for sleeping)  
 Candles (unlighted (*q*) on God's boards;  
 And wearing when they serve the Lord,  
 Lawn-sleeves, gowns, rochets, surplices,  
 Caps, tippets, and such things as these,  
 Which all the sects of purer saints  
 Condemn for popish ornaments.

These



These other customs held for good-ones,  
 As eating blood in good black-puddings,  
 And giblet-pies, with other food  
 That cunning cooks make up of blood:  
 Feeding on strangled things, as *hares*,  
 And other creatures caught in snares,  
 Fasting on *vigils*, and in *lent*;  
 Keeping the reast of ev'ry saint  
 That in their *common-prayer* is found,  
 As by its *rubricks* they are bound.  
 All which said customs they could not  
 Defend by any word but that  
 Old word *traditum*; therefore they  
 Have turn'd their *ordinance* away,  
 And in its place again have fixt,  
*Tradition*. Thus they mend the text.

They mend it only in such places  
 As seem to cross their present cases,  
 By giving liberty to such  
 New sects as spring up in their church.  
 But when in any place they found  
 The text corrupted and unsound,  
 If't did the *Roman* faith offend,  
 They seldom would the error mend:  
 As for example in the (r) margent  
 I'll shew; but will not much enlarge on't.

In short, this last translation still  
 Is *false corrupt*, almost as ill  
 As those crook'd rules of faith they had  
 In days of *El'zabeth* and *Ned*.  
 Thus as their faith held on its course  
 Of change, from better to the worse,  
 Or from the worse again to better,  
 So alter'd they the scripture's letter,  
 And made it ply, like wax of bee,  
 To every shape of *Heresy*.

body, nor is any body obliged to be guided by them, as appears in  
 Burnet's exposition of the 39 articles.

(r) The King's bible still retains the word elder instead of priest; because, under the name priest, they knew people generally understood a catholick priest, not a protestant minister. Nor can their ministers to this day get themselves stiled priests (unless when spoke with design) but parsons, ministers, or elders. And writers in K. James the second's time, were extremely fond of being called ministerial guides (forsooth) and entituled themselves so in their writings. A term ridiculous enough to such as grant they have no power to

New guide any

In

In that text of the prophet Malachi, c. 2. v. 7. which, when truly translated, is *the priests lips shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts.* Queen Elizabeth's bibles falsly turn the word *shall* into *should*, and *angel* into *messenger*; and king James's still retains the corruption: suggesting by it, That the priests lips *should* keep knowledge and teach the law, but *do* not. Their turning *angel* into *messenger*, is done also to lessen the dignity of priesthood. The whole corruption is designed to render not only particular bishops and priests contemptible, but to stamp the character of fallibility on even approved general councils, and the supream high-priest that sits in the chair of that great apostle for whom christ prayed, *that his faith should not fail*; yea, upon the whole catholic church, whether collective or diffusive.

But if the catholic church be fallible (as they would make it,) what can we expect from that thing which calls it self *The Church of England*? must we seek for the law and gospel at the lips of its elders and ministerial guides, or at its convocations and councils, tho' the greatest they can gather?

Dr. Burnet, Bp. of Sarum, in his exposition on the 20th article, p. 195, 196, tells us better things. p. 46, *Marg.*) He sets every man on a level with the whole body of the church of England pastors, 'The tinker has as much authority in matters of faith as the bishop; the cobbler, as the church, perhaps more, from being allow'd to examine the matter over again; and if, at last, the publick decisions cannot please him, he may light his tobacco-pipe with 'em, and decide for himself.

By this, not one protestant in England has any obligation at all in conscience to believe any one of the 39 articles upon the authority of the convocation that made 'em, or church that proposes them. The same may be said of their common-prayer, catechisms, homilies, canons, injunctions, preachings, sacraments, &c. Upon their churches authority, I say.

Is it not then the most unjust and greatest tyranny over men's consciences that can be imagin'd, to punish dissenters by loss of estates, imprisonments, loss of life (as hath too often been practis'd, by force of their penal laws,) and sending their souls to the devil, by their canons? In them, I say, who declare they have no more authority than the man they so hang and damn, has to judge for himself.

In 1 Tim. c. 4. v. 14. and 2 Tim. c. 1. v. 6. king James's bible still follows the old corruption, gift, instead of gracc. The 25th of the 39 articles, obliges them to this, by its denying holy orders to be a sacrament, or to have any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God. Consequently no invisible grace.

King James's translation retains yet the word elder instead of priest; and because those gifted elders cannot be without wives, they resolve their bibles shall allow them, tho' they make them of their sisters. As 1 Cor. c. 9. v. 5. where St. Paul says, Have we not power to lead about a woman, a sister? They falsly turn the word woman into wife

wife. Queen Elizabeth's bibles of 1598. 1599, say, 'Have not we power to lead about a wife being a sister? The king's bible has it, a sister, a wife, see that printed in London 1703. They also retain the ridiculous corruption yoke-fellow, instead of companion, Phil. 4.

The king's bible keeps still that impious and spiteful corruption against our blessed Lady (St. Luke c. 1.) 'Hail thou, that art highly favour'd which should be, Hail full of grace.' This is invidiously done to disgrace and lessen the blessed Virgin, Mother of God; and as much as in them lies, to debase her to the level of their own highly favoured yoke-fellows.

Nor have they corrected that malicious corruption in the 20th chapter of Exodus, ver. 4. 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image.' Which, if truly translated according to the Hebrew, should be graven thing, or graven idol as the Greeks interpret it. But the word image is neither in Hebrew, Greek, nor Latin, but altogether against the meaning of the Holy Ghost, who, on the contrary, commanded the Jews to make images, and to place them in the temple. This corruption is got into their common-prayer-books and catechisms in their second commandment. Thereby they stamp on the tender souls of their children such a horror against holy images, and so rivet it into the heads of the people, that they look upon the image of our Saviour Christ crucify'd on the cross with a great deal more fear and terror than they would do to behold the Devil himself. The Devil's Image they freely make in the horridest figures imaginable, which they keep tenderly enough: and, to honour it the more, have exalted it (in the ugly poisonous form of a great Dragon) to the top of their church-steeple, where the cross of Christ us'd formerly to stand. Witness Bow-church in London, and Covent-garden church: the first has a Dragon on the steeple; the other, a Serpent over the door.

*New faiths were still the rules they had,*

*By which their rules of faith were made.*

*So water brings forth ice, and then*

*Ice into water turns again.*

The king designing to prevent

All future strife by argument,

And stamp authority upon

What had been well, or not well done

Before his time, in faith and worship,

By regal power, or power of bishop,

Speaks in a grave religious fashion

To his attentive convocation.

My lords, you know our prudent *quondam*

Queen *El'zabeth*, a pious bon-dame,

Secur'd



(f) Rogers Secur'd her kirk by *statutes penal* [all]  
 explanation 'Gainst life and goods, which you have seen  
 of the 39 arti- And know full well that their effect  
 cles, the book Comes short of what you did expect.  
 called the ca- I have a project reaches further  
 tholic doc- By far than that, were't put in order;  
 trine of the And it is this: A *ghostly law*  
 church of Must strike in people greater awe  
 England pe- That all your *penal statutes*, which  
 rused and al- No further than the body reach:  
 lowed by the For what strikes at the soul, I'm sure,  
 lawful autho- None but an atheist can endure.  
 rity of the Theretore to work I'd ha' ye go,  
 church of And bind their souls by ghostly law.  
 England tell Of *canons* make a *corpus-juris*  
 us, that most To affirm that our religion *pure* is:  
 severe and And (f) excommunicate all such  
 uttermost As think not orthodox our church.  
 punishment That excommunication's frightful,  
 that the visible 'Cause to the devil't sends the spiteful,  
 church can And damns 'em for their *wicked-errors*.  
 inflict upon This must strike folk with dreadful terrors,  
 the wicked And make 'em glad with us to join  
 is excommu- In *worship, faith, and discipline*.  
 nication. Spirit'al weapons keener are  
 Which is to Than *all* the edge tools us'd in war.  
 put the wick- They all consented to the same,  
 ed doer from And out the book of *canons* came;  
 the company I think in number *off and on*.  
 of the faithful An hundred and forty-one.  
 to deliver him I have put down some two or three,  
 unto Satan For th' rest the book of *canons* see  
 and to de- Canon the (t) third presumes to call  
 nounce him Their new church *apostolical*:  
 a heathen and And yet king *James*, learn'd prince and sage  
 a publican. A At *forty five years* dates its age,  
 man so cut off That  
 from the con-  
 gregation,  
 and excom-  
 municated. is  
 not to be eaten  
 withall, nor  
 to be received  
 into a house.  
 see 33d of the  
 39 articles.  
 and Roger's  
 Explanation upon it.  
 (t) Canon 3.

That is, fro' th' first year of the reign  
Of its grand foundress, *Bess* the queen,  
Oh! what a gaping *chasin* here's!  
A leap of fourteen hundred years  
Between th' apostles times and *Bessy's*  
Was ever such a *bull* as this is?

The (u) fourth *heals* up the common-pray'r (u) Can. 4.  
Yet *cures* not one corruption there; (x) Can. 5.  
But all that *Reynolds* and his men (y) Dr. Bur-  
Complain'd of, to this day remain. net, on this

(x) The fifth approves the *thirty-nine*  
For *pious doctrines* and *divine*.

Yet in the seventeenth you'll see  
Involv'd *calvinian* blasphemy,  
Rising from (y) absolute *decrees*  
And from eternal *purposes*;  
Which, in plain consequence, bring in  
God for the author of all sin.

*Christ's church*, the nineteenth article,  
In spite of *Christ*, makes *fallible*.

*Hope*, *charity*, and *good works* are  
Excluded quite from any share  
In man's justification.

In *faith* must save him, *faith alone*.

The eleventh calls this doctrine *wholesome*,  
And pawns't on souls for *sov'reign balsam*.

The twenty-eight's an absurd fiction.

The thirty-fifth involves a contradiction.

The (z) eight, and thirty-sixth, do bind  
*Young elders* that would be ordain'd,  
To *Edward's* form of ordination,  
Tho' now *not* us'd, but out of fashion.

Their bishopships do also lie  
Under the same canonic tie  
Of using them, when they ordain  
And consecrate new clergy-men;  
Yet this they never meant to do  
Since sixteen hundred sixty-two.

NUMB. XIII.

A a a

For

17th article say, it is very probable that those who pen-  
ned it meant that the de-  
cree was abso-  
lute (or, as he  
called it a lit-  
tle before)  
God's eternal  
purpose and  
decree made  
purely upon  
an absolute  
will. He says  
also, that the  
calvinists  
have less occa-  
sion for scrup-  
ple (in sub-  
scribing than  
the remon-  
strants) since  
the article  
does seem  
more plainly  
to favour  
them.

(z) Can. 8.  
and Can. 36.

For then it was they new ones made,  
And by, as *null*, the old ones laid.

When they those *forms* chang'd, it is strange  
They did not then these *canons* change,  
And the thirty-sixth *article*,  
Which binds 'em all to use them still.

Then could not it so flatly go  
Against their oath *examino*.

But now observe their wretched state,

You'll find 'em excommunicate.

They break a main point of their faith,

Subscribe and swear till out of breath,

By *all the flesh upon their backs*,

Till over-stretched conscience cracks.

*Their canons, faith, and perjury,*

Do damn 'em by authority.

The

Canon 3. *The Church of England is Orthodox.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the church of England, by law established under the King's Majesty, is not an orthodox and an apostolical church, delivering and maintaining the doctrine of the apostles; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and not restored but by the archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such wicked errors.

Canon 4. *The Divine Worship established in the English Church, is Godly and Orthodox.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the form of God's worship established by law, and contained in the book of common-prayer, comprehendeth any thing in it that is corrupt, superstitious, or unlawful in the worship of God, or containeth any thing in it that is contrary to the scriptures; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and not restored but by the bishop of the diocese, or archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked error.

Canon 5. *The articles Established in the Church of England, are Godly and Pious Doctrines.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that any of the 39 articles agreed on by the archbishops and bishops of both provinces, and the whole clergy, in convocation holden at London in the year of our Lord 1562, for the avoiding of diversity of opinions, and for establishing consent (in causa fidei) touching true religion, are in any part superstitious or erroneous, or such as he may not with a good conscience subscribe unto; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and not restored but only by the archbishop, after his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked error.

Canon



**Canon 6.** *The use of Ceremonies retained in the Church of England, are Godly and Lawful.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm, that the rites and ceremonies of the church of England by law established, are impious antichristian, or superstitious, or of such sort that godly and religious men though commanded by lawful authority, cannot with a safe conscience approve or observe them, or also as occasion offers, subscribe the same; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and by no means absolved till his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors.

**Canon 7.** *The Administration of the English Church is agreeable to the word of God.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm the government, and the discipline of the church of England under the regal majesty, by archbishops, bishops, deacons, Archdeacons, and the rest constituted to its government, to be antichristian, and contrary to the word of God; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and in no sort absolved till his repentance and public revocation of such his wicked errors.

**Canon 8.** *The manner of Ordaining the Clergy in the Church of England, is consonant to the Word of God.*

Whosoever shall hereafter affirm or teach, that the form and rite of ordaining bishops, priests, and deacons, and inaugurating them, contain any thing in it self repugnant to the word of God; and, that whosoever are in that manner ordained, neither ought to be taken for bishops, priests, and deacons, either by themselves or by others, till they be first empowered by other ordination to those sacred offices; let him be excommunicated ipso facto, and not at all to be absolved till he repent and publicly revoke those his wicked errors.

**Canon 9.** *Against the Author of Schism, and such as depart from the Church of England.*

Whosoever shall hereafter separate themselves from the communion of saints, as it is approved by the apostles rules in the church of England, and combine themselves in a new brotherhood, counting the christians who are conformable to the doctrine, government, rites and ceremonies of the church of England, to be profane and unmeet for them to join with in christian profession; let them be excommunicated ipso facto, and not be restored but by the archbishop, after they repent and publicly revoke those their wicked errors.

**Canon 36.** *None are to be ordained till they Subscribe these three following Articles. nor are capable of any Ecclesiastical Dignity or Benefice whatsoever in the Church of England till they do subscribe.*

First, That the King's Majesty, next to God, is the only and supreme, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things and causes, as in seculars. And that no foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, preeminence, or authority ecclesiastical or spiritual in his said Majesty's kingdoms, dominions, and territories.

Secondly, That the book of common-prayer, and of ordaining and consecrating bishops, priests, and deacons, containeth nothing in it self contrary to the word of God, and therefore is lawful to be used:

and that he, in public prayers and administration of the sacraments, shall well and truly observe the form which is prescribed in the said book, and none other.

Thirdly, That he wholly approveth the book of articles, of religion, &c. and that he acknowledgeth all and every single article therein contained, in number 39, to be agreeable to the word of God.

He that will subscribe to these three articles, to avoid all ambiguity, must do it in a form of words used in subscribing his name and Surname. *Ego N N. tribus his prefixis articulis, omnibusque in eisdem contentis, Libens & ex Animo subscribo.* Well sworn young parson.

Canon 141. Which is the last, brings up the real by excommunicating every body that rejects and contems this sacred synod, (as they rediculously call it) or any of its acts, canons, or constitutions.

The King was so highly elevated with the conceit of the performances of his sacred synod, and the fine number of canons they had made him; and considering also his title of defender of the faith, thought himself sufficiently impowered by divine authority to spread his church of England's religion as far as the apostles did christianity. He therefore, to begin at home and drive the work before him, sends, says Baker, divers learned divines into Scotland to an uniformity of religion.

And now for Holland, to grapple with Vorstius; whom the states, says Baker, determined to entertain for public professor of divinity in Leyden: But he knowing him to hold many erroneous opinions, &c. so earnestly solicited the states, by his own letters, and by his liegar Sir Ralph Winwood, by no means to admit the said Vorstius into that place, &c. which after much soliciting his request was granted, and Vorstius expelled.

The next he set upon was Arminius and his doctrines in the synod of Dort in Holland. That synod consisted, says Baker, of learned divines sent from the count palatine of the Rhine from Hassia, from Switzerland, Geneva, Bern, Embden, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Friesland, and other provinces. Some also were sent from England, as George bishop of Llandaff, Davenant, Sam. Ward, Thomas Good, and Walter Balcanquel a Scot: which synod was assembled to examine and determine the doctrine of Arminius, which was at last rejected, as also that of Vorstius, &c. The papists made so little reckoning of this synod, that one of them, in scorn, made eccho censure it in this distick.

Dordraci synodus? nodus. Chorus integer? æger. Conventus? ventus. Sessio stramen?. Amen.

The next design they set on foot  
Was a prodigious powder plot;  
Plot that had sure enough undone 'em  
It had blown houses down upon 'em  
Or blown 'em up, I think the rather,

I should say, tho' no matter whether.  
For the inventor of the plot  
Design'd it, ne'er should come to that;  
And yet it did not miss the end  
For which it was at first design'd.

The king at that time kept beside him  
(a) One who out-witted all that try'd him;  
Deep oracle was all he said,  
Like that of *Bacon's* brazen-head;  
And old serpent in machivillian,  
Not one more crafty in a million.  
His politics did ever tend  
To some mischievous wicked end;  
Religion he had never any,  
Yet, like his dad, profess'd as many  
As came to hand, provided that  
They first were owned by the *state*.  
But whatsoever he profess'd  
He was a foe to all the rest;  
Yet had at none a greater spight,  
Than that religion which was right.

(a) This Sir Robert Cecil was made secretary of state under Queen Elizabeth before his father, Sir William Cecil, died, and continued in that office in King James's time; upon his good service in the plot he was made treasurer.

The plot, says the author of the catholic apology, was de-

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make the policy of a great states-man (meaning Cecil) p. 399. edit. 3.

Father More, in his posthumous history of the English province, says, there was no light suspicions of a peer's knowing the conspiracy long before its discovery, who cunningly pretended ignorance, that more might be involved. See Hist. of the society, p. 310.

Sanderfon, a protestant, intimates the same, when he tells us that the jesuits had a note of Cecil's name in their register; not as a day labourer, but as the master workman; whose foreign and domestic engineers wrought in the mine of discovery. Sand. p. 334.

And the said charge (says the catholic apology out of Sanderfon) Cecil himself owns, by making this answer to the complaint to the catholics, that even so Nero set Rome on fire, and after laid the blame upon the christians. Sand. p. 336; Catholic Apology p. 413.

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Nor any by him more molested  
Than those good souls that still profess'd it.

This was the man that did invent  
The plot scar'd the parliament:  
Which to the papist's charge he laid,  
Like *Nero*, who in story's said  
To have himself set *Rome* on flame,  
Then charg'd the *christians* with the same.

Yet *Cecil*, for so hight the man,  
That this contrivance carry'd on,  
Thought it his best not to begin  
'Till some loose papists were drawn in;  
Such as the name, but little more  
Than this, of that religion bore.  
For from the guilty his intent  
Was to defame the innocent.  
Thus bold unthinking busy fools,  
Are politician's working tools.

Under the *senate* house there were  
Deep cellars made for *ale* and *beer*:  
But empty then as *Vacuum*,  
Or hollow belly of a drum:

And these they fill with thirty-six  
Gun-powder barrels, and dry sticks.  
The billet-wood above they throw  
To hide the powder stow'd below.

Well, having thus prepar'd the vault,  
And all things ready for assault,  
To heave the *senate*; at one blow,  
Higher than e'er they meant to go.

The next great piece of *Cecil's* care  
Was to discover this affair

So cunningly, that nought of this ill  
Might seem to be contriv'd by *Cecil*,  
But only by those papists who  
He had procur'd to work below.

*Cecil*, to bring his plot to light,  
Does to the Lord (b) *Monteagle* write

(b) Cecil  
contrived the  
strange letter  
that was sent  
to the Lord  
Monteagle.  
See Cath. A.  
vol. p. 405.



A letter without date or place,  
Or name to know from whence it was.

*Monteagle* was a papist Lord,  
Just, loyal, noble; and abhor'd  
Conspiracies, or any thing

Against his country, God, or King;  
Who op'ning this surprizing letter,  
Was struck with wonder at the matter:

For you must know the mystic scrawl,  
Like to *Balsazzar's* on the wall,  
Seem'd at the first strangely mysterious,

But on consideration, serious;  
He dreaded something might be in't  
Relating to the government;

And therefore does the letter bring  
To *Cecil*; *Cecil* to the king.

The king looks seriously upon't,  
Reads o'er a line and studies on't;

And then another line reads o'er,  
And pores on't as he did before;

Lifts up a lugg, casts down an eye  
From its fifth corner looks to try

If he the depth on't could espy.  
At last thro' oblique nerve of sheep's-eye,

Into the bottom of it peeps he,  
And told his courtiers what it meant;

I see, says he *gun-powder* in't,  
By which a blast is to be given

To blow the parliament to heaven.  
To this sense of his majesty

The council-table did agree,  
Only to *Cecil* the whole letter

Seem'd nonsense, or but little better;  
He still pretending to admire

They could find powder in't, or fire;  
Or any thing that in a minute

Could up, or down, blow house of senate.

Thus

Thus he seem'd not to understand it,  
 Least some might think he had a hand in't;  
 Or else perhaps might spoil his plot  
 By the perusing it too hot;  
 For he to light would have it brought  
 Just as 'twas fit for breaking out;  
 And therefore ten days after staid  
 Before that any search was made.

'Till on the eve, before the sitting  
 Of parl'ament, he thought it fitting  
 To search the cellars, where he found  
 The *powder barrels* under ground;  
 For as well contriv'd romances,  
 And stories made to please folk's fancies,  
 Each grand adventure must break out  
 In nick of time, else't serves for nought.  
 So *Cecil*, timing things aright,  
 Did in fit moment bring to light  
 The powder in Infernal grot,  
 And then cry'd out, *a popish plot*.

He sends post-hast the tidings down,  
 And Bells rung out in ev'ry town;  
 Great joy was thro' the nation made,  
 And *violins* and *bagpipes* play'd,  
 Wine into streets they bring, and ale,  
 Some in black-jacks, some in a pail,  
 Which set before the swinish rabble  
 They swill their guts whilst they are able,  
 And with loud curses rend their throats  
 Against the pope and popish plots.  
 Guns from the tower and the forts,  
 Eccho the *baccanalian* sports.  
 And squibs and crackers fly about  
 With huzza's, and confused shout.

Thanksgivings, mix'd with backward prayers  
 Flew from all Churches to the stars.  
 In their enthusiastic raptures  
 The parsons open'd hidden scriptures,

In

In which they found this plot foretold  
 By ancient *seers* in days of old ;  
 As they pretended to make good  
 From scriptures writ before the *flood*  
 By *sep'tagints* in rolls of vellum,  
 And folks believe whate'er they tell 'em.  
 The rankest nonsense, and what not,  
 Is blessed preaching up of plot.

Thus the suppos'd delivery  
 Of nation in epitome,  
 Was celebrated every where ;  
 And hence it is that once a year.  
 The people *powder-plots* remember,  
 And all run mad the *fifth day* of November.

The king himself, if some guess right,  
 Knew all before it came to light ;  
 And why and how it was begun,  
 And wink't at *Cecil's* carrying't on :  
 Whence 'twas for him an easy matter  
 T' unriddle that mysterious letter  
 But this I leave to such as know  
 How far state policy may go.  
 A certain (c) writer I have seen,  
 If all be true that pass his pen.  
 The king wanted no wit nor skill,  
 Nor conscience in plotting ill.

However this is plainly known,  
 That at his coming to the crown  
 He promis'd foreign princes that  
 The *penal-laws* he'd abrogate ;  
 And that this (d) plot prov'd the pretence  
 To keep them up for his defence.  
 If to this end it was invented' ;  
 Or if, or no, the king consented,  
 Or knew on't, I determine not ;  
 It was, 'tis certain *Cecil's* plot ;  
 As will appear to him that list  
 To read the learn'd apologist.

B b b

(c) The book is entitled, the Court and Character of King James by Sir A. W. printed in 1659

(d) The reader is referred to what the Earl of Castlemain had judiciously writ of this plot, in his Catholic

No Apology.



No more of *Cecil* and his plot :  
 Here's now another trick of note,  
 That bishop *Abbot* and *Frank Mason*  
 Resolve to put upon the nation.  
 Here's a young register on foot,  
 An aukward thing comes stalking out,  
 And cries, (e) *Parker* was bishop made  
 At *Lambeth* ; or at the *Nagg's-head*.  
 Their dialogue concerning this,  
 He that's no conjuror, may guess  
 To be at least to this effect,  
 If not the same in each respect.

(e) The pretended records and register of Matthew Parker's consecration at Lambeth.

Come, master *Mason*, you whose cares  
 Disturb your sleep 'bout church affairs.

To you, who secrets can conceal,  
 I have deep matters to reveal,  
 Quoth *Abbot*, and I do declare  
 'Tis what deserves our greatest care.

Papists you know in disputation  
 Do urge our want of consecration ;  
 And tell us *we* are only *sent*,  
 And *bishops* made by parliament :  
 And that we neither have *vocation*  
*Episcopal*, nor *consecration* ;

Nor *mission apostolical*,  
 In short, nor any power at all,  
 If we affirm we have. You ha't,  
 Say they, from the lay-magistrate :  
 But laity, tho' king or queen,  
 Had never power to *ordain*.

And 'tis a maxim, that *no man* can  
 Give what he has not, to another man.

*Bristow*, and *Harding*, *Stapleton*,  
*Allen*, and doctor *Kellison*,  
 Have often urged us to shew  
 When, where, by whom, the manner how  
 We were made bishops ? but such queries  
 Want answers yet, tho' many a year is

Past over since they first in print,  
 Were to old *Horn*, and *Jewell* sent.  
 For my part, as I am a man, Sir,  
 To these demands I cannot answer.  
 Tho' I, myself, pass for a priest,  
 And of the bishops, the archest ;  
 Yet how this power spiritual  
 Comes down to me, I cannot tell ;  
 Nor can I prove our orders from  
 The prelates of the church of *Rome*.

And if from thence they do not spring,  
 Quoth *Frank*, they are not worth a pin.  
 For true succession there is none  
 But what by *Rome* is handed down.  
 Why took not *Parker* better care  
 At first of all in this affair ?

*Parker* did what he could, poor man,  
 To compass consecration,  
 And all the popish bishops try'd ;  
 But was by ev'ry one deny'd,  
 Quoth *Abbot* : therefore to a priest  
 Hight *Scory*, he himself address'd :  
 Who at the *Nagg's head tavern* laid  
 His *Tyndal* bible on his head,  
 Which (I may say to you) at best  
 Was but an idle drunken jest,  
 And wiser men are since asham'd  
 To hear the character so stain'd.

But had not *Parker*, quoth *Frank Mason*,  
 Some better sort of consecration ?  
 No, no, says *Abbot*, there is none  
 By any record can be shewn.  
 For my part I have sought the breves,  
 And every scroll in the *archieves* :  
 At *Lambeth* ; but *the de'il-a letter*  
 Find I relating to the matter.  
 Whereas had he been consecrated,  
 The thing had surely been related,

B b b 2

And

And register'd as others are,  
That were before made bishops there.  
It is a great mishap, my lord,  
Quoth *Mason*, that there's no record ;  
But how to help't we do not know.

Yes, *Frank*, I'll tell thee what we'll do,  
Says *Abbot*, we'll such records frame,  
In honest *Matthew Parker's* name,  
As shall declare him consecrated,  
And fifty years ago be dated.  
Then will we slur them on the nation,  
To authorise his consecration.

This may do well for evidence,  
But what avails a vain pretence ?  
Says *Frank*, it gives no character.  
Quoth *Abbot*, if folks think we are  
True bishops, and esteem as such,  
For character I care not much.  
For tho' no priests *Jure Divino*,  
We'll pass for such with ready *rimo*,  
And shew the world we priests are  
Better than popish ones by far.  
And who will doubt our being so,  
When we our *Lambeth* records shew ?

'Tis true, quoth *Frank*, find they us thus  
*In curia de Arcubus*,

It will in ages yet to come  
Make folks believe we sprung from *Rome*,  
And have our priesthood from the chair  
Of *Peter's* great successor there.

Nay, in process of time, ev'n *We*  
*Ourselves*, shall of this judgment be  
Forgetting quite our *Nagg's-head* pedigree. }

This is the furthest we can wish ;  
A bless'd conclusion ! quoth archbish.  
To work goes *Abbot*, and man *Frank*,  
Study, contrive, and write, and drink,  
Compare their notes, consult each other ;  
For both sat at a desk together,

Till



Till in few days, by careful heeding,  
 The records pass'd a *second reading*.  
 Some few corrections were made after  
 Of moment little, more of laughter;  
 Such as the cautious noting down  
 Tap'strey, red-cloth, and woollen-gown.  
 Then a third time they were read o'er,  
 And both conclude they need no more:  
 But place them in the *archieves* where  
 Records of ancient bishops are.

Then *Mcson* speaks, with prudence mighty,  
 We have contriv'd this matter weighty,  
 And to as fair a pass have brought it  
 As *Parker* could, had he fore-thought it.  
 But what avails a register,  
 It no man knows that it is here?  
 And therefore what must next be done,  
 Is to let people know there's one,  
 Without the least suspicion that  
 It was contriv'd or *forg'd* of late.

Quoth *Abbot*, how must this be done?  
 My Lord, says *Frank*, let me alone,  
 An't please your grace to give consent,  
 I will put out a book in print.

*Entituled thus,*

Of the consecration of bishops in the church of England, with their  
 succession, jurisdiction, and other things incident to their calling, &c.  
 wherein I'll clear them from the slanders of Bellarmine, Sanders, Bris-  
 tow, Hardin, Allen, Stapleton, Parsons, Kellison, Eudemon, Becanus,  
 and other romanist.

My book shall prove our orders right  
 In all our enemies despite;  
 For *Parker's* register I'll cite;  
 And tell 'em if they please to mind it,  
 Go but to *Lambeth*, and they'll find it.

}

In troth the project's excellent,  
 Quoth *Abbot*, but be secret in't,  
 And get it done as soon as may be.  
 My Lord, all other things I'll lay-by,

Says

Says *Frank*, and to my ready pen  
Betake myself and get it done.

Away goes *Frank*, and 'twas not long  
'Ere out flies book among the throng,  
Surprising the amazed nation  
With an unheard of consecration.  
Till sixteen hundred and thirteen  
This register was never seen;  
Nor was there made the least pretence  
To any *Lambeth*-evidence,  
For more than one and fifty year  
That *Mason's* writing did appear.

When this wise man first set his book out,  
And *Lambeth* records dare to look out,

(f) This  
father T. Fitz  
herbert writ  
that excellent  
book entitul-  
ed, Policy and  
Religion. He  
was a man of  
great learn-  
ing and holy  
life.

The learn'd (f) *Fitzherbert* saw the cheat,  
And found the point they levell'd at.  
Declar'd the register a new one,  
Unknown before, so not a true one,  
You'll see his words put down below,  
And those of other writers too.

*Champney* the *forbonist* more fully,  
To *Mason's* grief and melancholly,  
Answer'd his book, expos'd the cheat,  
And prov'd his *records* counterfeit.

*Jewell* and *Horn* were set upon  
By *Harding* and by *Stapleton*;

And urged mightily to shew  
*Letters of orders*, also *who*  
Had consecrated them? and *how*  
Yet in reply we do not hear

That *Lambeth* records mention'd were.  
Yet certain 'tis, if such had been,  
They must have *needs* produc'd 'em then  
Because they could for their defence,  
Have had no better evidence.  
For these had answer'd all those queries,  
And silenced their adversaries.

The great historians of our nation  
 Name *Pool's*, and *Tonstal's* consecration;  
 And that of others, yet nought's said  
 By either *Stow* or *Hollinshed*,  
 Of *Parker's*, tho' they lived when  
 The register suppos'd it done  
 But if by them it had been known,  
 Why also was it not put down  
 As other consecrations were,  
 That in their chronicles appear?  
 Why did such careful men neglect  
 The *FIRST* archbishop of their seat?  
 They should have honour'd him much more  
 Than all that ever went before:  
 Because he was the only man  
 That *Bess's* prelaey began.

(g) *Mason*, from *Lambeth* -records, says,  
*Parker* elected bishop was

(g) Mr.  
*Mason* from  
 his *Lambeth*  
 register,  
 writes thus of  
*Parker's* elec-  
 tion. Now the  
 see of *Canter-*  
*bury* conti-  
 nues void till  
 December fol-  
 lowing. 'a-  
 bout which  
 time the dean  
 and chapter  
 having receiv-  
 ed the conge-  
 de-lire, elected  
 master doctor  
*Parker* for the  
 archbishop,  
 proceeding in  
 this election  
 according to

About

the ancient manner, and laudable custom of the aforesaid church,  
 anciently used and inviolably observed.'

Here the records have deceived *Mason* in two remarkable passages; the  
 one is the time of election, the other is, his being elected by conge-de-lire;  
 both which are false. For first, if he was not elected till about December,  
 how came the *Queen* to send a commission for his consecration, dated on Sep-  
 tember the ninth? certainly she would not have him consecrated before his  
 election. Either therefore the records are false as to his commission, or as  
 to the election in December, doubtless in both.

*Dr. Heylin* is so far from crediting *Mason's* December election, that he  
 positively affirms the most reverend doctor *Matthew Parker* elected to the  
 see of *Canterbury* on the first of August. The conge-de-lire, (as he, follow-  
 ing *Mason*, ignorantly calls the letter-missive) 'which opened him the way  
 to his dignity, bears date on the eighteenth day of July, within a few days  
 after the deprivation of the former bishop, thus: *Heylin*, p. 293.'

Secondly, as to the pretended conge-de-lire, *Mason*, the recorder, brings  
 it out about December, but *Heylin* dates it on the 18th day of July; but  
 in real truth there was no such writ, as a conge-de-lire, at that time, in  
 being; *K. Harry 8*, having abolished it by an act of parliament, stat. 15. H.  
 8. (revived in stat. 1. *Eliz.* 1.) wherein it is enacted, 'That at every  
 vacancy of any archbishoprick or bishoprick, the king sends a letter-missive,  
 containing the name of the person which they (the dean and chapter) shall  
 with all speed, in due form, elect and chuse the said persons named in the  
 said letters-missive to the dignity and office of archbishop, &c. and none other.

*Mason*



About beginning of December :

Yet on the ninth day of September

Mason him-  
self, where he  
speaks not after  
his pretended  
register, was  
that the king  
grants a letter-  
missive, con-  
taining the  
name of the  
person which  
they shall elect  
and chuse ;  
and he cites for  
it Anno 25 H.  
8. c. 10. see  
Mason p 121.  
King Ed-  
ward 6. also  
enacted stat. 1  
E. 6. That no  
conge-de-lire  
should be grant-  
ed &c. and in

Bishop elect he's stil'd ye know  
By Raphael, Hollenshed and Stow.  
And Heylyn on the first of August  
Speaks him elect ; so that there's no-trust  
To Mason's records can be had,  
A four months error's very bad ;  
And staps to th' heart the story's credit,  
Murders the cause of those that need it.  
Conge-de-lire was sent down  
To dean and chapter from the crown ;  
A prelate must be chose by that,  
And the election fell on Mat  
According to the ancient custom,  
Say records : but you must not trust 'em,  
Because that sort of writ we know  
Was long before made void in law  
By Statute-parliamentary,  
Made in the days of old King Harry ;

And

the said act declares, that a writ of conge-de lire serves to no purpose, but is derogatory and prejudicial to the King's prerogative royal.

Now, candid reader, I leave you to judge, whether Parker could be elected by the old catholic writ of conge-de-lire, ' according to the ancient manner and laudable custom of the church of Canterbury, anciently used, and inviolably observed.' Records by conge-de-lire, according to the ancient custom, cannot possible be meant of any protestant custom ; because no protestant was ever elected to that church of Canterbury before Mat. Parker. Even Cranmer himself, though thrust in by the King, yet was elected by conge-de lire after the catholic manner : For the conge-de-lire was not abolished till a year after Cranmer's election, nor the letter-missive enacted ; he being elected in the 24. of H. 8. and the letter-missive enacted in the 25. of his reign.

And Mason himself, in another place of his book where he speaks according to his own knowledge, without regard to his records, owns freely, ' That the King grants a license to the dean and chapter, with a letter-missive, containing the name of the person which they shall elect and chuse.' These are his words, and he cites for them Anno 25. H. 8. c. 20. Which Statute (as is said above) was repealed by Q. Mary, but revived by Q. Eliz. in the first year of her reign, before Parker's election. So that he could not otherwise possibly be elected than by the letter-missive, and not by the conge-de-lire, ' according to the ancient customs of that church,' as the register falsely and ignorantly says.

And has since that revived been  
 In the first year of *Bess* the Queen.  
 So that to send *conge-de-lires*  
 Had broke her *own* laws and her fires;  
 A *letter-missive* in its stead  
 Was to be sent by churches head.  
 A letter-missive is a writ  
 That *names* what man the King thinks fit,  
 And *only* he his chose by it. }  
 Where to elect, there is but one,  
 'Tis Hobson's choice; take that or none;  
 Whereas *conge-de lire* gives 'em.  
 More choice; and to a free election leaves 'em.  
 This was the *ancient custom*, but  
*Mat* could not then be chose by that.  
 Hence 'tis our learned writers reckon  
 The *Lambeth* register mistaken.  
 Since this is false, the rest, may be  
 Presumed all gross forgery.

*Mat* now elected, out there came  
 Commissions, In her *Higness* name,  
 For consecrating him; and on  
*September* th' ninth is dated, one  
 To *Tonstal*, *Bourn*, and *Pool* was sent,  
 And old *Landaff* was named in't;  
*Scory* and *Barlow* too were there,  
 A base *unnonsecrated* pair.

The three first named of the six,  
 Where of *ancient catholics*,  
 Deprived of their *bishoprics* }  
 Two months before; as you may read  
 In *Heylin*, *Stow* and *Hollinshead*,  
 Because they would not swear that *Bess*  
 Was churches *Head* or *governess*

Besides their deprivation they,  
 As prisoners, confined lay  
 Some hundred miles from one another,  
 Too far to come so soon together;

*Bourn* was to *Exeter* restrain'd;  
 At *Peterborow* *Pool* remain'd.  
*Tonstal* was *Parker's* prisoner  
 In *Lambeth* house, and died there.

All which consider'd, cou'd the Queen  
 Presume those bishops who had been  
 Thrust out, and us'd at such a rate,  
 Would her new changlings consecrate,  
 Who where they knew, sworn *schismatics*  
 And obstinate proud *heretics*?

Or could she ever once imagine  
 Those *Prelates* of the old religion  
 Would make a *primate* of the nation  
 Without the *pontiff's* approbation;  
 Or ever seat such impious *elves*  
 In *chairs* belonging to themselves  
*Bess*, and her Council, sure were wiser  
 Than oversee such slips as these are.  
 In fine it runs beyond suspicion,  
 That this but a *forg'd* commission;  
 And if one part be *forg'd* then all  
 Will under the same *censure* fall.

Out comes, some three months after this,  
 A new commission from *dame Bess*;  
 And on *December* six, 'tis dated,  
*Mat* must by this be consecrated:  
 And now the time draws on apace  
 To acquire what yet he wanted, *grace*,  
 For in *December*, records say,  
 From *Bath* and *Wells* the *teventeenth* day,  
*Mat* drunk his overflowing cup  
 Of *grace* and *consecration* up.

By *Bath* and *Wells* you must conceive  
 An old unconsecrated knave,  
 Call'd *Barlow* who a while before,  
 To thee, as bishop, title bore.  
 A lewd fallen priest that had a wife,  
 But ne'er was bishop in his life:

Nor



Nor is there found in any nation,  
The least scrowl of his consecration.

And this was *Parker's* consecrator,  
*Scory* was next, and hang the better.  
The third was whining *Coverdale*,  
Two fallen priests that lov'd women well,  
But never rose to the degree  
Of consecrated prelacy;  
Yet stole the name of bishops when  
There was no form left to ordain.

*Hodgskins* the last, yet writers can  
Hardly agree about the man:  
Some say two suffragans were there,  
But tell you not who made the pair;  
Or whether *Dover* was, or *Tbetford*,  
The place of residence, or *Bedford*.  
Whitemen, who things with care discuss,  
Conclude he liv'd in *Nubibus*.

The register is trimly pen'd,  
I mean to character and hand,  
And put in decent form, til't looks  
Like what boys draw in copy-books,  
When they are minded to appear  
More skilful than their masters are,

*Anno 1559. Mat. Park. Cant.*

*Conf. 17. Decem. ex Regist.*

*Mat. Park. To 1. f. 2. & 10.*

By { *William Barlow,*  
*John Scory.*  
*Miles Coverdale,*  
*John Hodgskins.*

Tell me, old bishop, prithee, tell  
If in these matters thou hast skill,  
Could *Parker Lambeth-house* possess,  
And sit Lord of the diocess,  
Be stiled bishop, have respect,  
Without restriction of elect?  
Could he before his consecration  
Pass for lord primate of the nation;

And bishop act in each respect,  
 While yet no more but bare elect ?  
 If so, *election* was enough,  
 And *consecration* needless stuff.  
 If not, he must be consecrated  
 Before the register is dated.

Now, as this register is dated,  
*Parker* ( you see ) was consecrated  
 The seventeenth day of *December* ;  
 But on the eighteenth of *November*,  
 By *Heylin*, and by *Hollenshead*,  
 He is stil'd *bishop*. And we read  
 That *Lambeth's house* was then his place,  
 By consequence the *diocese*.  
 And being thus installed there,  
*Tonstal* was made his prisoner.  
 But *Tonstal* dy'd, those authors say,  
*November* on the eighteenth day.  
 So that he's bishop here before  
 The register a month or more.  
 And where could he be bishop made,  
 Unless before at the *Naggs-head* ?

In fine, behold what bonny gear  
 Sets off our *Lambeth* register :  
 The chapel's eastern end, we find,  
 With *Turkish* tapestry was lin'd,  
 And on the chapel-floor was spread  
 A web of *kersey*, dyed red ;  
 ( A colour never seen before,  
 In *Advent*, on a chapel-floor. )

There was a *sermon* ( as was meet )  
 Great flocks of folk fill'd every street,  
 From shop and garrat out they run  
 To see the consecration ;  
 And the most godly of the herd  
 Brake bread together at God's board.

In woollen gown, that reach'd his heel,  
 Comes out the fool *Miles Coverdale*,

Girt

Girt round his loins with woollen list,  
A lays on *Parker's* head his fist:  
For *Mat* could get from him no *mission*  
In robes that smell'd of *superstition*.

The *(b)* Queen her *spies* sends closely out,  
Here one, and there another *scout*,  
I think in all some five or six  
Arch quirking *lawyers*, skill'd in tricks,  
Who were to mind it things were done  
To rights in consecration.  
As if the *consecrator Barlow*,  
And three associates, that there lay  
Their hands on *Parker's* head, were fools,  
And they elected duller souls.  
In short, it shews she thought their worships  
Had little skill in making bishops.

These lawyers watch all motions made,  
Who hands imposed, and who pray'd,  
What garbs canonick they had on,  
And who it was that wanted one.  
All finish'd they return to Queen,  
Relating what they'd heard and seen;  
Concluding, that all things went well,  
Save only that *Miles Coverdale*  
Wou'd not be counsell'd to leave off  
His old grey gown, for sacred stuff;  
But this they very wisely thought  
Of moment small, or next to nought.  
Yet counsell'd *Bess*, to shun offence,  
With his *sheep's-cloathing* to *(i)* dispence.

If remain in re-  
cord as followeth; *William May*, *Robert Weston*, *Edward Leeds*,  
*Henry Harvey*, *Thomas Yale*, *Nicholas Bullingham*. He cites in his  
marg. Ex. Regist. Mat. Park. fol. 3.

*(i)* Bramhal says, *Coverdale's* fide woollen gown was uncanonical and needed a dispensation.

Some remarkable notes collected out of the writings of the most learned and  
intelligible authors of those times, concerning this affair.

To begin then in Queen Elizabeth's reign, five or six years after  
Parker

*(b)* How  
circumspect-  
ly the Queen  
proceeded  
(says *Mason*)  
may appear  
by this, that  
her letters pa-  
tents were sent  
to divers learn-  
ed professors  
of the law, that  
they might  
freely give  
their judge-  
ment: and all  
of them joint-  
ly confessed,  
that both the  
Queen might  
lawfully au-  
thorize the  
persons to the  
effect specifi-  
ed; and the  
said persons  
also might  
lawfully ex-  
ercise the act  
of confirming  
and consecra-  
ting in the  
same to them  
committed,  
whose names,  
subscribed  
with their  
own hands,



Parker had got thrust into the see of canterbury, Jewel into Salisbury, and Horn into Winchester. &c.

The learned Dr. Harding, in his Confutation of Jewel's Apology, fol. 57. 58. after having disproved Jewel's succession, demands how he came to be bishop thus. *Therefore to go from your succession which you cannot prove, and to come to your vocation, how say you, Sir? You bear yourself as though you were bishop of Salisbury. But how can you prove your vocation? by what authority usurp you the administration of doctrine and sacraments? what can you alledge for the right and proof of your ministry? who hath laid hands on you? by what example hath he done it? how and by whom, are you consecrated? who hath sent you? after abundance of Jewel's evasions, wide from the purpose, Dr. Harding replies thus. But you were made, you say, by the consecration of the archbishop (Parker he means) and other three bishops. And how, I pray you, was your archbishop himself consecrated? what three bishops in the realm were to lay hands upon him? your metropolitan, who should give authority to all your consecrations himself, had no lawful consecration. To this Mr. Jewel answered not one word, but passed all over in silence.*

Dr. Stapleton, in like manner, urges Horn to this purpose. *To say truth, you are no Lord of Winchester, nor elsewhere, but only Mr Robert Horn. Is it not notorious that you and your colleagues were not ordained according to the prescript, I will not say of the church, but even of the very statutes? how then can you challenge to yourself the name of the Lord bishop of Winchester? Counter Blast.*

And again, in the same Counter. Blast. fol 301. *You are (says he to Horn) without any consecration at all of your metropolitan (Parker,) himself, poor man, being no bishop neither.*

Again Dr. Stapleton, in another place, tells them. *You have taken upon you the office of bishops without any imposition of hands, without all ecclesiastical authority, without all order of canons and right. I ask not who gave you bishopricks, but who made you bishops? See Stapleton's Return of Untruths, fol. 130. and his Challenge to Mr. Jewel and Mr. Horn, touching their consecration. Note, that Dr. Harding's Confutation of Jewel's Apology was printed in the year 1565, and Dr. Stapleton's return of Untruths in the year following.*

Dr. Bristow, Motive 21. *Consider (says he) what church that is, whose ministers are but very laymen; unsent, uncalled, unconsecrated, holding therefore amongst us, when they repent and return, no other place but of lay-men; in no case admitted, no, nor looking to minister in any office, unless they take orders which before they had not.*

Mr. Reynolds. *There is no herdsman in all Turkey, who doth not undertake the government of his herd upon better reason, and greater right, and authority; than these your magnificent apostles and evangelists can shew for this divine and high office of governing souls, reforming churches, &c. Vid. Calvino Turcis, lib. 4. cap. 15.*

These and several others, as Sanders, Howlet, the translators of the Remish Testament, &c. that writ against them, lived all in Queen Elizabeth's

Elizabeth's time, when the Lambeth records of Parker's consecration must needs have been fresh in the memories of both parties, if there had been any such register or records in being; and must have as certainly been produced by Jewel and Horn in their own and Parker's defence.

Indeed Whitaker and Fulk, who also writ in that Queen's time, were a great deal more ingenious, than to pretend to any consecration or orders at all from Rome. The quite contrary,

*I would not have you think (says Whitaker) that we make such reckoning of your orders, as to hold our own vocation unlawful without them. And says Fulk, you are highly deceived, if you think we esteem your offices of bishops, priests and deacons, better than laymen. (And in his retentive;) With all our hearts, we defy, abhor, detest, and spit at, your stinking, greasy, and antichristian orders. Vid. Contr. Dureum, p. 281. and answer to a counterfeit catholic; and Dr. Champney, p. 122. Now if these two, who where the most learned protestants in England at that time, had known they could have derived thir orders successively from catholic bishops, and could have pretended records at Lambeth for it, would, to the disgrace of the whole pretended church of England, and its bishops, so contemptuously have denied all ordination, and so spitefully have treated the bishops, priests, and deacons, in the church of Rome, as to reckon them no more than lay-men?*

*Thus much, before the world ever heard of Parker's register at Lambeth; but in King James's time, Anno 1613, out it comes, in a book of Mr. Mason's. it so surpris'd the amazed world, that the noise of it quickly flew as far as Rome itself, where the excellent F. Thomas Fitzherbert then remained. He saw the forgery, and immediately detected it in public print. His words are as follow, taken out of the appendix to his book intituled, An Adjoinder to the Supplement of Father Robert Parson's printed 1613.*

*This adjoinder being printed (says he) it was my chance to understand that one Mr. Mason hath lately published a book, wherein he pretends to answer the preface to F. Parsons his discussion, especially concerning one point treated therein, to wit, the consecration of the first protestant bishops in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and further, that he endeavours to prove their consecration by a register testifying that four bishops consecrated Mr. Parker.*

*Understand, good reader, that this our exception touching the lawful vocation and consecration of the first protestant bishop in the late Queen's days' is not a new quarrel lately raised, but vehemently urged divers times heretofore by catholics many years ago, yea, in the very beginning of the late Queen's reign; as, namely, by the two learned doctors, Harding and Stapleton, against Mr. Jewel and Mr. Horn, whom they pressed mightily with the defect of due vocation and consecration, urging them to prove the same, and to shew how, and by whom, they were made bishops. And here he quotes the words of Harding at large, as I have set them down, (so they need not be repeated.) Then he proceeds thus.*

*And what, trow ye, was answered thereto? Was there any bishops  
named*

*named who had consecrated them? were there any witnesses alledged of their consecration? was Mr. Mason's register, or any other authentic proof thereof, produced either by Jewel or Horn? no truly, for as for Mr. Horn, he never replied; and Mr. Jewel, tho' he took upon him to answer it, yet did it so weakly, coldly, and ambiguously, that he sufficiently fortified his adverſarie's objection.*

Then he ſets down Jewel's answer, which being nothing but ſhuffling evaſions, I think it not worth tranſcribing, only this is to be obſerved, that he neither names Parker's consecration, nor who consecrated him, nor any Lambeth register; nor answers directly to any one question Dr. Harding propoſed. I omit (for brevity ſake) a great deal more of Fitz Herbert's writings. I omit alſo the account he gives of their consecrating one another at the Nag's-head, becauſe enough is ſaid of it in the ſecond Canto. See his Adjoinder.

*In the year 1616, the learned Sorboniſt, Dr. Champney, publiſhes his treatiſes of the vocation of biſhops and other eccleſiaſtical miniſters of the pretended reformed churches in general to have no calling againſt Mr. Du Pleſſis and Dr. Field.*

*And in particular, the pretended biſhops in England to be no true biſhops; againſt Mr. Maſon.*

I ſhall not give you many quotations out of Champney: Yet ſome notes I ſhall not omit. And firſt concerning Cranmer. Now though Cranmer was rightly and lawfully consecrated, (which yet is not granted, conſidering the impious oath and villainous perjury, committed by him at his consecration, which may be ſeen in Maſon, Heylin, and Burnet) yet by his ſchiſm and hereſy he loſt the lawful uſe of his orders before his death. And that he was an impious heretic and wicked ſchiſmatic, is publicly declared under his own hand, in his recantation. You may find it in the firſt Canto.

Secondly, he proves theſe pretended biſhops made in King Edward the Sixth's time, to be no true biſhops at all; not only as being heretics, but alſo the manner of their calling, and pretended consecration, being in itſelf invalid. and null, for want of a valid form of ordination to consecrate them by: two of them being never consecrated by even this new form.

Another convincing argument againſt them (noted alſo by Champ.) is, that whoever has at any time taken orders according to that new deviſed form, have never been owned for biſhops by the catholic church. But when any of them happen to be converted, they eſteem themſelves no more than meer laymen; and if they will become prieſts or biſhops in God's church, it muſt be by catholic ordination: which were damnable ſacrilege to do, if the church were not certain that their proteſtant orders are null and inſignificant in all reſpects whatſoever; it being as much ſacrilege to re-ordain as to re-baptize.

When Dr. Brooks, biſhop of Glouceſter, was to degrade Ridley, Hooper. and Farrer. who were of King Edward's making; he told Ridley, that they were to degrade him only of the prieſthood, for they did not take him for a biſhop, but when Cranmer came, they degraded



graded him as a bishop, because they knew him to be consecrated. Dr. Champ p. 166. He cites Fox's Acts.

It is also recorded in the books of law cases (says he) that the leases made by the bishops consecrated in king Edward's time tho' confirmed by the dean and chapter, were not esteemed available. And the reason given, because they were never truly consecrated, and consequently never true bishops. The judge's words are these. *It is said, that bishops in King Edward the sixth's days were not consecrated, and therefore were not bishops: and therefore a lease for years made by them, and confirmed by the dean and chapter, shall not bind the successor; for such were never bishops. Contrariwise, a bishop deprived, which was bishop in fact at the time of the letting (the leases), and confirmation made by the dean and chapter. And in the margin diversity of leases made by bishops not consecrated, and bishops deprived.* So that it appears by the judgment, as well of the civil as ecclesiastical magistrates, that they were no true bishops for want of consecration. This Dr. Champ. He quotes Brook's Novel Cases, Placito 463, fol. 101. Printed in the Year 1604, by Thomas Wight, with privilege.

More remarkable than this, is the case of bishop Bonnor against Horn of Winchester, in which the protestant judges themselves were forced to grant, that they were not bishops. And therefore by an act of parliament in the eighth year of the Queen's reign, were declared, and enacted bishops; which the judges and laws of England could not say they were before. Of this see more in Canto 2.

Coming now to the consecration of Parker himself? he first proves Barlow, his chief consecrator, never to have been bishop at all; and so of the two next, Scory and Coverdale: of which he writes thus. *They were found, even by the judges of the realm, to be true bishops (as is said) And this is further evidently proved out of Mr. Mason's own records and testimonies; for Mason saith, they were consecrated on the thirtieth of August, 1551, to wit, five months before the new form of consecration was set forth or allowed. For the parliament of the 5th and 6th of Edward the sixth, which authorized and set forth this new form, did not begin till the 13th of January 1551, that is, five months after the pretended consecration of Coverdale and Scory. It is evident therefore, that they could not be consecrated by the new form; which was not then in being. Nor could they be consecrated by the ancient, catholic, ordinal or form; for that as Mason confesses, was abrogated in the parliament of the 3d and 4th Edw. 6, as appears also by the 12th statute of that parliament. So that it is clear that these two consecrators themselves were never consecrated at all, neither by one firm nor other.* Thus Dr. Champ. p. 199.

As to Hodgkins the Suffragan, he brings great grounds of doubt whether ever there was any such man there. *It is to be observed says he, that Mason's registers disagree with those that Mr. Goodwin used in his catalogue of bishops, sometimes in the day, sometimes in the month, and sometimes in the year; as is manifest in the consecrations of Paynet, Ridley, Coverdale, Grindal, Horn, Guest, and Piers. Which necessarily*

provetb falsity in the one, with suspicion of forgery in both. Again Mason, Sutcliffe, and Butler, do all differ one from another in naming Parker's consecrators: for Mason said it was done by Barlow, Scory, Coverdale, and Hodgkins. Sutcliffe says, besides the three first, there were two Suffragans. Butler says, the Suffragan of Dover was one of the consecrators; who, notwithstanding is not so much as named in the Queen's letters patents for commissionating them to consecrate Parker, p. 187, 188.

After all this he goes on and still proves, by undeniable arguments, that Parker and his followers were never bishops: and, in fine, utterly confutes Mason, and proves his pretended Lambeth register a mere vain and impudent forgery.

Mason has the confidence to tell us that Parker's registers were published in print even in his own time. But this Dr. Champney detects for a gross untruth.

Bramhal says, that some priests and jesuits, then prisoners, were called to see the records, and give their opinion of them; who, upon diligent inspection, declared they believed them authentic records. Now this is so far from truth, that, on the contrary, those fathers went away dissatisfied, without making any answer to the point till they had yet a second review of them, which could never be granted. The author of the *Nullity of the Prelatic Clergy of England*, detects this for a villainous lie; but has exposed abundance more of Bramhal's fictions and forgeries; and in short, has clearly disproved and confuted whatsoever Bramhal writ on this or the Nagg's-head affair. I refer the reader to to the book itself.

If Parker's consecrators be

No bishops, then no bishop he.

He none, then you may truly say,

Not one in all the world have they.

Now that the Lambeth Story's done,

Judge what you please, and let's go on

To Charles the first's unhappy reign,

Where prayer and war compose the scene.

Death, who devours every thing,

(k) Of K. Makes but a morsel of (k) a king,

Charles the And has as many ways to swallow

First. As there are accidents that follow:

(l) This By sickness, wounds, and other harms,

Dr. Kidder By war, plague, famine, fire, and storms,

(bishop of Sometimes he takes away man's life,

Bath and So a chaste bishop and his wife

Wells) and Were both in bed together slain,

his lady in In the late dreadful (l) hurricane.

the year 1703.

Thus

Thus rudely sometimes he falls on us,  
 And sometimes slyly steals upon us,  
 In subtle manner creeping in  
 Under the cloak of medicine.  
 None can foresee by what disaster  
 He'll die, or when: death by a (m) plaster  
 Seiz'd James the first, as authors think.  
 (Poison's not always giv'n in drink.)

But whether by that means or no,  
 In short he dy'd: and let him go.

He left his *Omnia* to his heir,  
 Amongst the rest a fatal prayer,  
 In sheets of which was for his son  
 A death bound up he dream'd not on.

Thi (n) James, tho' first, sirs, you must know,  
 When he had little else to do

(m) A black  
 plaister was  
 laid on his  
 breast, which  
 is reported to  
 have poisoned  
 him. See My-  
 stery of ini-  
 quity yet  
 working p. 7.

(n) Cla-  
 rendon's his-  
 tory of the re-  
 bellion print-  
 ed at Oxford,  
 1702. tells us  
 that, *The*  
*whole nation*  
*of Scotland*  
*seemed, in the*  
*time of King*

Bethought

*James, well inclined to receive the liturgy of the church of England, which the King exceedingly desired.*

That the King desired they should have liturgy of some sort, nobody doubts. But that the Scots, who, he owns a few lines before were all presbyterians, should be so well inclined, and so fond of an English liturgy, is a meer fiction: for if this had been true, what could have interred their receiving it, when as this author tells us in the same place. *The King's principal end of going his progress into Scotland, was the bringing it to pass, tho' he returned without making any visible attempt in that affair.* But he needed not have returned without so much as attempting what he went for, if the Scots had been so well inclined. Besides, the Scots objected to King Charles, the corrupt and false translations of the psalms, epistles, and gospels, in the common-prayer book, which they desired might be corrected; but Laud would not consent to it: *For he knew (says Clarendon) how far any enemies to conformity would be from being satisfied with these small alterations, &c.* You see, in the protestant worship of God, corrupt and falsely translated scripture, is counted but a small matter, and the alteration of it so small, that they never design to correct it. Clarendon says, *There had never been any thoughts, in the time of King James and King Charles, but of the English liturgy.* But this is a mistake, as appears from his own words in another place, which are as follow. *It was towards the year 1633, when King Charles returned from Scotland, having left it to the care of some of the bishops there, to provide such a liturgy, and such a book of canons, as might best suit the nature and humour of the better sort of that people.* Note here, That the protestant way is confessedly to fit and frame their religious wor-



of God to th<sup>e</sup> Bethought him some times of his prayers,  
 people's fan- As pious people do of theirs.  
 cies, right or Conns common-prayer-book o'er till he  
 wrong. And Takes check at *England's* liturgy,  
 this only to (tho' in his *cannons* he before  
 humour great Had authoriz'd it o'er and o'er).  
 ones; let the He musters all his wits about him,  
 let the little ones go to the  
 Devil. He Consults 'em, and at last bethought him  
 goes on. As

Of  
*fast as they made them ready, they should transmit them to the archbishop of Canterbury, to whose assistance the King joined Juxon bishop of London, and Wren bishop of Norwich, a man very learned, and particularly versed in the old liturgies of the Greek and Latin churches. A sign that they designed to make this liturgy resemble those old liturgies; and so it did in many things, as the Scotch author of Laudensium Autokratikis makes plainly appear.*

"It was (says he) now two years before the bishops in Scotland had prepared any thing to offer to the King towards their intended reformation; and then they invented the proper method, and first presented a body of canons to precede the liturgy, which was not yet ready. After Laud, Juxon, and Wren's perusal of them, and some alterations made, his majesty issued out his proclamation for the due observation of them in the kingdom of Scotland. It was a fatal inadvertency, that the canons neither before nor after they were sent to the King, had been ever seen by the assembly or any convocation of the clergy, which was so strictly obliged to the observation of them, nor so much as communicated to the Lords of the council of that kingdom. But it was the unhappy craft of those bishops (Laud and his faction) to get it believed by the king, that the work would be grateful to the most considerable of the nobility, the clergy, and the people, in order to the obtaining his majesty's approbation and authority to it; and so they durst not, in truth, submit those canons to any other examination than what the King should direct in England, which were only them three. It was in the next place, as strange that canons should be published before the liturgy was prepared, which was not ready in a year after, or thereabouts, when three or four of the canons were principally for the observation of, and punctual compliance with the liturgy, which all the clergy were to be sworn to submit to, and to pay all obedience to what was enjoined by it before they knew what it contained. One of the canons defined, that no clergyman should conceive prayers extempore, but be bound to pray only by the form prescribed in the liturgy, (which by the way was not yet made.)

"It was in the year 1637, that the liturgy, after it had been sent out of Scotland and perused by the three bishops in England, then approved and confirmed by the King, was published and approved to be read in all churches. For all these notes, see Clarendon's first volume.

Of making up another tract  
 Of prayer, more godly, more exact,  
 Which he design'd to introduce  
 Amongst the *Scots*, for pious use.  
 Soon as resolv'd, he to it fell  
 With pen and ink, and little zeal  
 It seems, for e'er he got it fit,  
 By putting in, and out of it,  
 Devotion trepid grew and dry;  
 Till tir'd at last, he flung it by  
 Into a corner where it lay  
 Mouldering till that unhappy day  
 That *Charles*, in rummaging old lumber,  
 Awak'd it from worm-eaten slumber,  
 And with the ready lap of coat  
 Brush'd it from dust, till one might know't  
 To be a book; that very prayer  
 Which *James* his father had flung there.

Unclasp'd it, he reads and prays,  
 And pores upon't for divers days,  
 Not in the least suspecting harm  
 (Poor innocent) when low a swarm  
 Of mitchiefs flew out of its belly,  
 As by and by I mean to tell-ye,  
 So once a curious king of *Spain*  
 Imagining their might be lain  
 Vast treasure in the fatal grot,  
 Forc'd iron gates: found nothing but  
*Profetic images* of Moors,  
 That quickly turn'd him out of doors;  
 Possess'd his land, and what was good,  
 And stain'd the brood with *Moorish* blood.

The King took so much liking to it  
 He sends for bishop *Laud* to view it,  
 Who having well perus'd the book,  
 Thus to his Majesty he spoke.  
 My Liege, from this I eas'ly gather,  
 That the intention of your father,

Was

Was to establish ev'ry where,  
Thro' *Scottish* kirk, this common-prayer.  
It differs, in some things, I see,  
From this our present liturgy.  
And must be further yet amended  
Before your Majesty can send it.

Well, says the King, do you inspect it  
And when 'tis thoroughly corrected  
Then shall it be to *Scotland* sent:  
*Laud* took it, and away he went;  
And in a year or two, or so,  
He got it fitly trim'd to go.

How far from *England's* common-prayer  
'Twas changed, it plainly does appear  
From what the *Scot* was pleas'd to write  
Against it when it came to light.  
What he imagin'd was amiss,  
He bitterly expos'd in his  
*Laudensium Artokatakrisis*.

A book that takes it all to pieces.  
In short, his final censure was,  
*This is almost an English mass;*  
And not that *English* common-prayer  
Yourself have us'd so many a year,

From this *Scotch* writer you may reckon  
That *Clarendon* is much mistaken,  
When he affirms 'twas never meant  
That any other should be sent,  
But only that same common-prayer  
Practis'd in *England* four-score years.  
If this were true, they needed not  
Have been two years in moulding it:  
Nor had their canons authoriz'd it,  
Before their block-heads had devis'd it,  
And forc'd their clergy to swear to't  
A year before its coming out.  
The truth is this, *Laud* could not brook  
The *Scotch* should mend the *English* book;

Cause't



Caule't would have hinder'd this to pass  
Which he had fram'd; *his ballard-mass*.  
Yet some *Scotch* bishop of his faction  
Were (for a blind) put first to action  
To frame the *prayer* and *canons*; then  
to send them up to *him* and *Wren*,  
And *Juxon* who must overlook  
And give the last strokes to the book.  
And so it may, without mistaking,  
Be call'd the book of *Laud's* own making.

And so the *Scots* are pleas'd to stile it,  
When they with tongue or pen revile it.  
It is to be observed too,  
The *Scotish* nation never knew  
What *Laud* and *Juxon* were about,  
Till these strange *canons* first came out,  
Which authoriz'd the *prayer-book* e're  
The book appear'd above a year.

And by these *canons*, old and young  
were bound to stand to't right or wrong;  
Nay, tho' they knew not but it might  
Not have one single word in't right,  
*Obl* blest reformers; you may boast  
*Tb'* assistance of the *Holy Ghost*,  
As once your predecessors spoke  
On like occasion, but mistook.  
*Laud* having done what could be done to's  
And *psalms* in *English* meeter bound to't,  
'Twas made the public liturgy  
Of *Scotland* by authority.  
But when th' abus'd people saw  
It was establish'd there by law,  
They hangry grew, as wasps in hole  
When boys thrust in a burning coal.

When it appear'd in *Edinbrough*,  
Its entertainment was but rough.  
For when at the kirk the city met,  
And people in their *pews* were set,

Expecting

Expecting what prodigious birth  
 The teeming mountains would bring forth  
 And dean himself in desk had put,  
 Like old *Diogenes* in *butt*,  
 Compos'd his face in rev'rend fashion,  
 And look'd devout to admiration,  
 Not doubting but an holy man  
 They wou'd esteem him, so began  
 To read his prayer. But Oh! what chanc'd!  
 'Ere he was thrice three lines advanc'd.

(a) A shower of stones, sticks and cudgels were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up in the pulpit, but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour and disorder less than before. The chancellor commanded the provost and magistrates to descend from the gallery and suppress the riot, &c. Clarend. Hist. Vol. I.

*Jane Gaddies*, a virago jolly,  
 Who sat on stool in midst of alley,  
 Steps boldly up, and takes upon her  
 To stop his mouth, but in rude manner.  
*Out thoo faul thief* (quoth she) *thou bog,*  
*Sayst thou thy mafs at my awn lug?*  
*The foe-fein click away thy tongue:*  
 And at his head her stool she flung.

By other zealous female souls  
 'Twas follow'd by a shower of stools;  
 And (o) sticks, and stones, and bibles flew;  
 Whatever came to hand they threw,  
 Till silly dean was better fang'd,  
 Like *Hudibras*, by *Trulla* bang'd.

But when his grace, the bishop, who  
 Sat trembling in his pew below,  
 Had call'd his spirits from surprize,  
 He lifted up his voice and eyes,  
 And crying loud that all might hear,  
 Conjur'd his dean to disappear.

Gladly the prisoner broke loose  
 Out of his little pulpit-house,  
 And left it empty for his grace,  
 Who nimblely stept into his place;  
 Not doubting but they would regard  
 His graceful look, and rev'rend beard:  
 But neither heeded they his face,  
 Nor if he had, nor wanted grace.

But

But ply'd him, now their hands were in,  
Worse than before they did his dean;  
With stools and staves he was so maul'd,  
That on all four down he crawl'd.

But as from pulpit he made salley,  
He meets *Lord Chancellor* i'th alley,  
Come to assist him with a guard  
Of musketeers for fight prepar'd  
The beaten bishop taking heart,  
Resolves on masting good his part,  
Seizes *Jane Gaddis* by the neck,  
And gives another whore a kick,  
And briskly dares the mob to battle,  
Who hearing *bandaliers* to rattle,  
Thought safer 'twas to fly than fight,  
Where nought could be expected by't  
But broken heads, and legs, and arms,  
And ten to one more deadly harms.  
Out of the kirk in heaps they throng,  
The weaker sort bore up the strong,  
For those, being troden under foot,  
'Till these went off, could not get out:  
At last the kirk from rabble clear'd,  
The bishop (freed from what he fear'd,)  
Call to his dean who all the while  
Sulk'd in a hole i'th northern isle,  
Where dreading still another mauling,  
Won'd scarce come out at second calling:  
But when he heard it was his grace  
That call'd him, he creeps from his place.

Bless'd be the time, says *bish.* Sir dean,  
That my *Lord Chancellor* came in;  
For had he not, we'd into quarters  
Been pull'd, and sent to *Fox* for martyrs.

Pray let us now give laud and praise  
For the peace given in our days.  
Can you tell where we left off prayer,  
That we again me fall to't there.



To chancellor, who then stood by,  
He turns, and thanks him heartily.

Soldiers, I also speak to you,  
Says he, take ev'ry man his pew;  
And, in requital of your care,  
My dean shall read the common-prayer,  
And beg a blessing on your weapons;  
That hens and geese, young pigs and capons,  
May never 'scape ye where ye come,  
But follow to the beat of drum.

And you, my Lord, whose happy care  
Engag'd you in this holy war,  
When master dean gives o'er to pray  
Give all your soldiers leave to play:  
It's lawful on the sabbath day,

(p) The King thought good (says Parker) to set forth his declaration, for tolerating sports on the Lord's-Day in the afternoon. Which the parliament afterwards charged home upon his account.

For (p) plays and games, of any sort,  
Are ev'ry Sunday us'd at court;  
And court-example's a lust byass,  
You know for every man that's pious:  
Besides, to put it out of doubt,  
The king has sent a license out  
For any man to play on sundays,  
As well as work and eat on mondays.  
I do not think that spirit holy  
That, makes folk always melancholy;  
Nor his their any harm I think,  
Sometimes to take a hearty drink;  
I mean a Quart or two, or so,  
When out of kirk they sleepy go.  
Sleep is th' effect of common-prayer,  
And so is mirth of good strong beer.

This exhortation being made,  
The dean took to his desk, and pray'd,  
While pious people gave attention  
To this new pray'r of *Laud's* invention:  
The rabble, that they had shut out,  
Were busy all this while without,  
In sending now and then a shower

Of stones against the church's door,  
And making all the windows clatter,  
Till not a glass was left to batter.

Nor was't in *Edenborough* alone,  
The like in other kirks was done.  
'Gainst bishops, king, and common-pray'r,  
Arm, arm, and so began the war:  
And all run mad a cutting throats  
'Tween *Exeter* and *John-a-Groats*.

Thro' three whole kingdoms like a flood,  
It rowl'd, and drench'd the earth in blood.  
Unnat'ral war! when in the field,  
The sons the blood of fathers spill'd;  
Fathers slew sons, brother kill'd brother  
And neighbours (q) butcher'd one another.

In blood of lords, slaves wash their hands,  
Ravish'd their ladies, seiz'd their lands;  
Slew helpless children when they mourn'd  
For parents slain, and houses burn'd.  
Young virgins forc'd, and when they'd done,  
Swords thro' the ravish'd dam'sels run;  
Robb'd sacred alters; priests they slew;  
Abus'd their own profane kirks too.

(q) See a  
book called  
*Mercurius  
Rusticus*,  
which records  
many lamen-  
table exam-  
ples of their  
inhuman and  
barbarous  
cruelties.

Nor gray-hairs spar'd, nor sucking-child,  
Fury became at last so wild,  
They'd tear the infant from the breast,  
And dash its brains against a post;  
And new-born babes mount in the air  
Impaled on the point of spear,  
The tender mothers standing by  
Spectators of the tragedy.  
And when the infant's life was gone,  
Their pikes through dying parents run.

The *English* great long-parliament,  
Minding at first how matters went,  
Resolve t'assist the *Scottish* kirk  
In carrying on the godly work;  
And with the *covenanters* join

For presbyterian discipline,  
And carving on the good-old-cause,  
'Gainst King, and bishops, lords, and laws;

(r) See Ire-  
land's case  
briefly stated  
printed in  
1695. p. 18.

When he  
came down  
into Yorkshire  
dignified  
with the title  
and office of  
Lord presi-  
dent of the  
North, he  
desired his  
kinsman and

The earl of *Strafford* was the man  
With whom that parliament began;  
A noble and heroic knight,  
Ever victorious in fight,  
In council sage, wise his advice,  
Resolv'd, but never resolv'd twice;  
Faithful, his loyalty unfeign'd,  
I grieve to say, *his conscience stain'd*  
With tyranny and unjust tricks  
Against the (r) *Irish* catholics,  
For these he us'd as if they'd been  
Wild infidels, not Christian men.

But  
friend, Sir Walter Vavasor, to leave his catholic religion and be-  
come a protestant; for I (says he) am resolved utterly to extirpate  
the catholic religion out of all my government in the north; to which  
Sir Walter replied thus: *My Lord, there has been a more experienced  
politician than you can pretend to be, about bringing the extermination of  
catholics to pass, for now above this hundred years, but he never yet  
could do it; so I believe your Lordship will fall short in your designs.* At  
this the earl seemed struck, and asked him who this politician was?  
To which Sir Walter answered, *it is the Devil.* This was related to  
me by a person of honor and known candour. M. P. V. C. the Earls  
head was cut off not long after.

Clarendon has this Note in his margin; *'The privy council and  
some of the bishops, advised the King to pass the bill.'* And in history  
he goes on thus. *'His Majesty told them, that what had been proposed  
for him to do, was directly contrary to his conscience.'* The archbishop  
of York told him that there was a private and a public conscience:  
that his public conscience, as King, might not only dispense with, but  
oblige him to do that which was against his private conscience, as a  
man. And that the question was not whether he should save the Earl  
of *Strafford*, but whether he should perish with him, &c.

And (says the author) *'By such unpretentious ignominious arguments,  
in plain terms, they advised him, even for conscience sake, to pass that  
act; tho' the bishop acted his part with more prodigious boldness and im-  
piety; yet, others of the same function did not what might have been ex-  
pected from their calling and their trust.'*

(Thus he) which is to say, they were all of the bishop of York's  
mind, and gave their assent to what he advised the King. Silence  
gives consent. Brave protestant guides. See how the King laments  
for this in his *Eikon Basilike*.



But this I leave, in ev'ry thing  
He was most faithful to the King;  
And certainly, if he had stood,  
The King had never lost his blood.

This Lord, above the King they dreaded,  
As being much the deeper headed:

And so against him drew a charge;  
Malicious 'twas, and very large:

And to the bar of parli'ment  
He's call'd to answer what was in't,

Tho' his defence was good and plain  
Against the charge. Yet all in vain,

For they'd resolv'd before to vote,  
In downright terms, to cut his throat:

And so drew up the bloody bill;  
*Charles* sign'd it; but against his will:

For he who knew him innocent,  
Could not in conscience give consent

To take his life; and therefore sends  
For *ghostly counsel* to his friends;

And calls his bishops for advice  
About this case of conscience nice,

*Whether he could a known innocent  
Behead, to please his parliament?*

They did not long debate the matter,  
For they were *caluists* by nature;

That into good could turn all evil,  
(Most fit *confessors* for the Devil)

They told the King there was no ill  
To give assent, and sign the bill.

Thus warranted by *ghostly guide*,  
*Charles* sign'd the bill, and *Strafford* dy'd.

*Laud* and the King, who thought they wou'd  
Rest satisfied with *Strafford's* blood,

Perceive their error, but too late  
To shun their own approaching fate.

The lower house grew high and mighty,  
And trifles pass for matters weighty;

They

They want a thorough reformation  
Of government, thro' church and nation;  
The more the King with them complies,  
Still greater differences arise;  
Till their design grew evident  
Of ruining the government;  
Remonstrances, to this intent,  
O'er all the nation fly in print,  
On purpose by the commons sent,  
To villify the government.

The giddy rabble are call'd down,  
From every corner of the town,  
Arm'd with good clubs and trunchions trusty,  
Old swords, half-pikes, and daggers rusty;  
And with *petitions* more pernicious  
Than all their edge-tools: these seditious  
Cry out, O make the nation easy,  
By freeing't from episcopacy.  
Let not those Prelates, disaffected  
To *good-old-cause*, nor Lords suspected  
Of popery, have any vote,  
But for *malignants*, turn 'em out,  
And brand their names with *delinquency*,  
A blacker crime than *necromancy*.  
Thus let the low-house purge the upper  
From members rotten, and improper.  
Thus the wise mob's petitions ran,  
And each *pass'd* for a godly man:  
The house of commons did attest  
*Vox populi Vox DEI est*.  
And, *for the Lord's-sake*, freely grants  
All such petitions of the saints,  
And pack the bishops out of house,  
As tools of none or little use.

The King thus finding things go ill,  
And all drive on against his will,  
Thinks it the safest way for him  
To abdicate the *sanbedrim*.

At

At *Huntington* some days he stay'd,  
 Then down to *York* his progress made,  
 Where common-prayer, and parsons meet him  
 And northern gentry came to greet him,  
 And guard his person, as was fit,  
 From danger that attended it.  
 Yet badly arm'd, for almost all  
 Want *powder*, some want *guns*, some *ball*,  
 So that, tho' men of resolution,  
 They could do little execution.

At *Hull* there was a magazine  
 That could supply ten thousand men  
 With *powder*, *guns*, *ball*, and *buff-coats*,  
 And instruments for cutting throats;  
 Thither his Majesty repairs  
 To get utensils for his wars;  
 But all in vain tho' it was full,  
 For (f) *Hotbam* barr'd him out of *Hull*.  
 This wicked traitor, and his son,  
 Open rebellion first begun,  
 And storms, that long had been a brewing,  
 Broke out at *Hull* to *England's* ruin.

(f) Sir John  
*Hotham*, then  
 governor of  
*Hull*, the first  
 professed trai-  
 tor,

And now the drums began to rattle,  
 And parli'menters arm for battle;  
 To field rebellious armies come,  
 Headed by (t) *Essex* and *Black-Tom*:  
 The parli'ment seize the strong forts,  
 The magazines, and the cinque-ports,  
 Get the militia, and train'd-bands,  
 And royal fleet, into their hands.

(t) The  
 Earl of *Essex*,  
 and Sir Tho-  
 mas *Fairfax*  
 of *Denton*.

On t'other side the King prepares,  
 And arms his loyalists for wars:  
 At *Nottingham* the *standard-royal*  
 Sets up, to shew he will employ all  
 That dare come venture life and limb  
 For bishops, common-prayer, and him;  
 And run the risque of ax and halter,  
 For railing in a table altar.

Standard



Standard no sooner was set out,  
 But to it marches horse and foot:  
 Such loyalists, and men of worth,  
 Came from all quarters of the north,  
 As had a mind to die in fight  
 For altar, prayer, and *Charles's* right.  
 The *papists*, who were ever loyal  
 To government, and person royal,  
 Send in their *fortes* to assist him,  
 But he in zealous scorn dismiss 'em;  
 As t' think, should he a *papist* list,  
 'T would bring a curse on all the rest.  
*Laud* thought the *papists* swords would blunt  
 the edges of swords-protestant,  
 And turn 'em all as soft as lead,  
 By occult charm in luckless blade.

(u) His  
 Majesty de  
 clared by his  
 proclamation  
 'That no pa-  
 pist recusant  
 should serve in  
 his army.'  
 Micro Chro-  
 nicon. Anno  
 1642.

The *u*) King dreading this dire prediction,  
 Obeys the *seers* sage direction,  
 And out a proclamation sends,  
 That *papists* (tho' his truest friends)  
 Should quit his armies, and from thence  
 Never draw sword in his defence.  
*Happy they, had he been so kind*  
*As never to have chang'd his mind.*  
 But sad experience taught him better  
 Than his prophetic fools of letter;  
 For being bang'd from place to place,  
 And by the rebels kept in chase,  
 Till out of breath his men were grown,  
 As hunted stags are when run down;  
 Then, tho' too late, he found he needed  
 The help of those he fondly dreaded:  
 And gladly gives them now commission,  
 Without the fear of superstition.

Resentment they have none, nor spleen,  
 But to his aid bring all their men,  
 Their duty they as much express'd,  
 As if he near had murder'd priest,

Nor

Nor shewn his malice so intense  
 As not t'accept of their defence!  
 Which at the first, if he had done,  
 He'd sav'd perhaps both head and crown.  
 But, poor unhappy prince, *his fate*  
*Was to do all he did too late.*

When all was lost, the King was forc'd,  
 With a small party, meanly hors'd,  
 To fly from *Oxford* to the *Scots*,  
 A desp'rate way to save their throats;  
 For covenanters, as ye ken,  
 Are treacherous perfidious men.

The *Scots*, who then at *Newark* lay,  
 Gladly secure the royal prey;  
 In hopes, by way of merchandize,  
 To fill their satchels by the prize;  
 Send out their *cryer* with his bell,  
*Wha'll buy a King? he's here to sell:*  
 The parliament, for such a gem,  
 Could not be purchas'd but by them;  
 Bid for him; and the bargain struck,  
 The King is *liver'd with ill luck*.  
 An hundred thousand pounds they pay:  
 The *Scots* snap'd up, and sneak away.

And now the King, a woeful sight,  
 Is pris'ner sent to th'*Isle of Wight*,  
 Where he's detain'd for a while,  
 Then brought to *London* from the isle.

They charge him with a heap of treason,  
 On pure design to cut his weason,  
 And call him up to answer for't  
 At bar of *self-commission'd-court*.  
 Those that accus'd him at the bar,  
 And evidences that were there,  
 Were jury, and his judges too  
 A base ignoble impious crew  
 Of *Independents*, late sprung out,

Slips from a *Presbyterian* root ;  
 And *Presbyterians* mix'd with them,  
 Compos'd the bloody sanhedrim.

*Bradshaw*, a pettifogger, sent  
 From hell, was made the *president* :  
 Next him sat *Cromwell* at the board,  
 First let us seek (says he) the Lord,  
 To know what he would have us do ;  
 We dare not act in't till we know :  
 For what we do, it must be done,  
 Just as the spirit leads us on ;  
 And thus to seek the Lord, he fell  
 To cant and pray with tears at will,  
 Till purple nose well drench'd in these,  
 Look'd like an orange dipp'd in grease.

Our hearts, O *Lord* ! And thus they pray,  
 As witches, do, the backward way :  
 With godly counsel fill and wholesome,  
 And to our sores put *Gillead's* balsam,  
 By cutting off the *evil-doer*,  
 Whom thou hast put into our power,  
 As thou gav'st into *Joshua's* hand  
 The wicked kings of th'*Holy-land*,  
 To hang them upon trees (O father !  
 Prais'd be thy name) by fives together  
 The wicked, as the scripture says,  
 Shall never live out half his days ;  
 Assist then what we are about,  
 And let his kingdoms spew him out.  
 But yet on t'other side, O *Lord* !  
 If thou rememb'rest, *David* fear'd  
 To touch the Lord's anointed, all  
 The harm he did to wicked *Saul*,  
 Was cutting off the skirt of coat ;  
 This makes us fear to cut the throat  
 Of our anointed king. We pray,  
 O *Lord*, thoult put us in a way

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How we may take his life, and yet  
 Be innocent in doing it.  
 Or else, *Lord*, if thou art content  
 To take our homely counsel in't;  
 We think it may be brought to pass  
 Justly enough; let's do it thus:  
 First we'll distinguish and divide  
*Charles* from the *King*; (w) let *Charles* be try'd:  
 We'll only *Charles* to judgment bring,  
 But shall not meddle with the *King*.  
 Pray let it, *Lord*, be thus appointed,  
 To free from blood of thine anointed;  
 Thy holy people, who sit here,  
 Crying to thee in fervent prayer.

(w) They  
 fired in the  
 face of the  
 King for the  
 safety of his  
 person, says  
 the author of  
*Persecutio Un-*  
*decimo.* p. 2.

Thus on they pray'd, till well (x) inspir'd,  
 Took all for granted they desired;  
 And with a joint consent they bring  
*Charles Stuart* traitor to the *King*.  
 And *Bradshaw*, as the mouth of court,  
 Pronounc'd his sentence in this sort.

(x) The pres-  
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*Thy head, Charles Stuart, shall be struck*  
*Off from thy shoulders on a block.*  
 This said, the bloody butchers lead him  
 To execution and behead him.

The king thus murder'd, *Charles* his son  
 Secur'd by pious *Huddleston*,  
 A Popish priest, the rebels seek  
 Thro' all the land, thro' every creek;  
 Yet by good providence that bless'd him,  
 Where-e'er they fought, they always miss'd

By the two *Pendrells* he was fed, [him,  
 A tree his palace and his bed.  
 Hid in the hollow of an oak,  
 Secure he lay from fatal stroke;  
 Till at the last, by happy chance,  
 They got him safe convey'd to *France*;  
 Where *James*, the duke of *York*, his brother,  
 Was also banish'd, and his mother,

Slips from a *Presbyterian* root;  
 And *Presbyterians* mix'd with them,  
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For this, indeed, was their design  
 To murder all the royal line.  
 And now that forty-eight is run,  
 Let us return back and go on  
 With altars, sacrifice, and prayer,  
 And things call'd priests, who many a year  
 Had help'd the bishops in the brewing  
 This bloody cup to all their ruin.  
 Perhaps the railing in their table  
 Came from queen *Bess's* private chapel;  
 But that's no matter, for my rhyme  
*The story tells (sometimes the time.)*

The bishops, as they stile themselves,  
 A sort of busy luckless elves,  
 That in reforming never yet  
 Knew where or what they would be at;  
 Brought on at first this bloody work,  
 By painting th'outside of their kirk,  
 To make it seem like that of *Rome*,  
 At least as nigh as it could come,  
 And not in substance be the same,  
 Nor have from thence its *faith* and *name*.

Now *Sacrifice* they'll have, and *priest*,  
 And table like an *altar* drest;  
 And a strange sort of *real presence*,  
 Without reality or *essence*.  
 For *Laud* the ape would imitate  
 The high-priest's faith in *Peter's* seat;  
 But bungled it as monkies do,  
 And took a false faith for a true:  
 And the ambitious fool had hope  
 To make himself the western pope;  
 And from the *Belgick* ocean rule  
 Beyond *Hibernia* and *Tbule*.

God's board is what they first reform,  
 Which never mov'd but brought a storm:  
 From midst of choir they thought it good  
 To place it where the altar stood.

Before

Before the days of little *Ned*,  
 When true religion flourished;  
 And altar-wise they needs must set it,  
 Close to the wall as they could get it;  
 Where they presum'd to *rail it in*,  
 As if a *real* altar it had been;  
 Nor would they call it now God's-board,  
 But *Holy Altar of the Lord*.

But Oh, the (y) parson was to stand  
 At this new altar's *northern end*.  
 To such as are disposed to laugh,  
 The thing's ridiculous enough  
 To see the vicar offering up,  
 At altar's *end*, his bread and cup.  
 But prithee why so merry, friend?  
 Their new-shap'd altar has no *end*,  
 But only *sides*; 'tis *side* all o'er  
 Two long, two short, in number four;  
*Tho' every thing*, if proverb's true,  
*An end has, and a pudding two*.  
 By calling thus its *end* its *side*,  
 They got their *rubrick* satisfy'd;  
 Unlucky *rubrick*, that bids stand  
 At north-*side*, not at its north-*end*.

*Vicar of Grantam* was the man  
 That with his table first began;  
 The first, I mean, that fell to work  
 About it in a country kirk;  
 For he, in every godly thing,  
 Resolv'd to imitate the king  
 And bishops, who close to the walls  
 Had set 'em in cathedrals:  
 And in the royal chapel t'stood  
 Much like an *altar*, but of wood.  
 And this he thought a pattern fit  
 To imitate, so follow'd it.

No sooner had he mov'd his board,  
 But all the herd of wild beasts roar'd;

(y) The rubrick in their liturgy commands the parson to stand at the north side of the table when he officiates. but having got their tables set alter wise against the the eastern wall, then its sides stood east and west, and its end north & south so that if the parson stand north, it must of necessity be at the north end. The author of *The Coal from the Altar*, p. 23, thus pressed, could find no way to solve this difficulty and to make his altar agree with his rubrick, but by calling its ends sides. It is plain, says he, that if we speak according to the rules of art, every part of it is a side. When, therefore, he that ministers

The *alt* at the *al-*

The aldermen, and all the town,  
 Rush'd in to pull his altar down.  
 The vicar minding well (good man)  
 The dang'rous risque his altar ran,  
 Click'd up a rail, that they had broke,  
 And to close battle him betook ;  
 Deals round his lusty bangs among  
 The very thickest of the throng ;  
 Till legs and arms of divers men  
 Fell to repent their coming in ;  
 And from the danger of the fray  
 Made haste they cou'd to get away :  
 Till in good time the alderman,  
 Who flying, made the rear the van ;  
 Facing about in midst of alley,  
 Make head, cries he, my boys, and rally ;  
 Why should we be afraid, and run  
 Like cowards, when we're ten to one ?  
 Go on ; but first let's arm ourselves  
 With benches, broken stalls, and shelves ;  
 Pluck up, and take whate'er you light on,  
 Then let us boldly go and fight on ;  
 He said, and from the magazine  
 Of stall and pew he arm'd his men ;  
 Who in close body all assail  
 The angry vicar and his rail ;  
 Who by this time had wisely got  
 His gown cast off, for he was hot,  
 And

rate, for five or six pages together ; p. 50, to 57. \* It is not without a great deal of reason (says he) that Dr. Cole thus triumphs to have found, by his rare invention and study in geometry, four sides in a long table, nor without some hope of having one day an altar and a sacrifice for joy of this diagram ; and surely well may he deserve it, if at a table that hath no end, he can officiate at the end of the table ; (he goes on) \* If your Eve, Sir, was taken from your side, but she was not taken from every part of a man, tell her that she was taken from your heels, and you shall quickly find her (if she be mettled) about your ears' So when you officiate at the end of the table, you may officiate at a part : but you cannot officiate at that part of the table, to which, by the rubrick, confirmed by act of parliament, you are literally directed and appointed.



And in a little nimble vest  
That reach'd a neaf beneath his waste.  
Upon the steps the fable knight  
Takes up his stand, resolv'd to fight.  
By the advantage of the steps,  
He laid approaching foes in heaps,

The valiant chief, that led then on,  
Was an *Innkeeper*, fat as *brawn*;  
A bulky fellow, grim and tall,  
But an unweildy animal.  
The alderman brought up the rear,  
*Lieutenant* like, but came not near;  
For he resolv'd not to be slain  
Till vicar first had kill'd his men.  
Their Captain bravely leads 'em up,  
Till they had forc'd the second step;  
When *rail* of (z) vicar, by good chance,  
Pushes the *chieftain* on the paunch;  
Who backwards falling, rudely catches  
Two of his party by the breeches;  
And being heavy down go all,  
And three behind 'em with the Fall:  
Thus six at once, by lucky thrust,  
Of rail the vicar laid in dust,

At the first onset, thus defeated,  
Some paces back the foes retreated;  
As wisely dreading further harms,  
And beg cessation of arms  
Might for an hour, or so be made,  
Till they had carried off their dead;  
For they believ'd their *chief*, and five  
That fell in fight, were scarce alive.)

(x) *The Holy Table Name and Thing*, tells us, that when the vicar fell upon removing of the communion table from the upper part of the choir to the altar-place, as he called it, Mr. Wheatley. the alderman questioning him thereupon, what authority he had from the bishop? Received this answer, 'that his authority was this, he had done it, and he would justify it, Mr. Wheatley commanded his officers to

But

remove the table to the place again, which they did accordingly, but not without *striking*, much heat and indiscretion, both of the one side and the other.

The vicar said, 'He cared not what they did with their old tressel; for he would make him an altar of stone at his own charge, and fix it in the old altar place, and would never officiate at any other.' The people replying he should set up no dresser of stone in their church.

The aldermen, and all the town,  
Rush'd in to pull his altar down.

The vicar minding well (good man)  
The dang'rous risque his altar ran,  
Click'd up a rail, that they had broke,  
And to close battle him betook;

Deals round his lusty bangs among  
The very thickest of the throng;  
Till legs and arms of divers men  
Fell to repent their coming in;

And from the danger of the fray  
Made haste they cou'd to get away:

*the stands at  
the north end  
of the same, as  
we use to call  
it; he stands,  
no question, at  
the north side  
thereof, as in  
propriety of  
speech we  
ought to call  
it. This the  
author of the  
Holy Table,  
Name & Thing  
(supposed to  
be William  
Bishop of  
Lincoln) ri-  
dicules this  
fond conceit,  
at a comical*

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Mr. Whaet- But to their comfort, when they come  
 ley, the a- To lift at *leader's* weighty bum,  
 derman, writ They by his praises, and thanksgiving  
 to the bishop For life and limb, found he was living.  
 of those pas- All hands to work, they get the top  
 sages; as also End of him rear'd directly up,  
 of his light gestures in  
 bowing at the And both his nether limbs set right,  
 name of Je- Which like two pillars bore the weight,  
 sus, so as He try'd to go, and found he went,  
 sometimes his And that his belly was not rent;  
 book fell Only a bruise nigh to it portal,  
 down, and Got by the fall, but was not mortal.  
 once himself, Courage he takes, and with the vicar  
 to the deri- Resolves a second time to bicker:  
 on of others, He brandishes his *sword of stall*,  
 &c. This was And breathes out vengeance for the fall.  
 about June Thus big with valour, sounds to battle,  
 or July, 1627. Commanding all his two-legg'd cattle  
 To fall on with a stomach eager,  
 And vicar fort of steps beleager;  
 Who vigorously his wall defends;  
 But as he could not at both ends  
 And in the middle, be at once,  
 His fort they storm by consequence.  
 A bow-legg'd *taylor* that was there,  
 None look'd upon him fit for war,  
 Nor did the vicar ever mind him,  
 Till the sly rascal got behind him,  
 And butting with his head, the hips  
 Of vicar, push'd him from the steps  
 So rudely, that he fell among  
 The very middle of the throng,  
 Who seize upon him, and his rail,  
 And stoutly thrash'd his *coat-o' mail*;  
 And, had he not call'd out for quarter,  
 He'd been his altar's proto-martyr.  
 Thus having laid the vicar still,  
 That he could do no further ill,

The

The alderman by help of rabble,  
Brought from the wall *communion-table*;  
Below the steps he plac'd it, where  
It stood before, in midst of choir.

The minister (another jest)  
Must now, forsooth, be call'd a *priest*;  
And now a *sacrifice* they must  
Procure, or all their labour's lost:  
For wanting this, they saw 'twas plain  
That *priest* and *altar* were in vain.

But what this *Holocaust* must be,  
They never yet could all agree,  
*Commemorative sacrifice*

One holds, another this denies.  
The bishops, and their doctors grave,  
Will needs a *real presence* have;  
But this must neither be by *Con-*  
*Nor Transubstantiation.*

But by some other sort of way,  
Yet *what* or *how*, they could not say.

The Presbyterian party pleaded  
That sacrifice no other needed,  
Than offering up *themselves* and *praise*  
And *prayers* and *thanks* in gospel-days;  
And that there needed not for such  
Material altars in the church:  
For hearts were altars. Ev'ry man  
Bore one about to offer on,  
And to himself could serve for priest.  
This doctrine pleased not the rest,  
For e'er they would an altar want,  
And sacrifice to offer on't,  
Their *bread* and *wine* they did at last  
Conclude to be the *holocaust*,  
And must be call'd (for they were wise)

(a) *Commemorative sacrifice.*

The Presbyterians answer this;  
Hold, sirs, you take the thing amiss:

G g g

(a) The  
church al-  
lows of a  
commemora-  
tive sacrifice

Your for a perpe-

tual memory of Christ's precious death of that full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, says *The Coal from the altar.* p. 8. Your homily itself denies *Commemorative sacrifice.* Indeed you can no further pass Than to *Remember that o'th' cross,* And this you may do ev'ry day, Tho' priest and altar were away. The *memory* of sacrifice, Most certainly can never rise

(b) After Dr. Poklington has, by catholick arguments and authorities of the holy fathers, sufficiently proved that real presence; the fearing to be accused of teaching catholick doctrine, it seems, explains what sort of presence was meant, out of a crew of protestant authors; whose testimonies, tho' he has the confidence to pretend them for it, yet utterly destroy and bring it to a meer chimaera. See his *Altare Christianum.* This run them on another shelf, And made them think their sacrament Must needs retain Christ's presence in't, To make the same a fit oblation, And this must be from consecration; Yet will not have it understood As if *Christ's body and his blood* Were (b) *really* there: For this will be. Say they, no less than Popery; From which its fit we keep as far As rigid Presbyterians are. And therefore, brethren, let's be-all For *presence*, but not *presence-real.* Thus off and on, their senses vary, From *real* to *imaginary*, Yet not *imaginary* neither, Nor *real*, sometimes both together, And other whiles they knew not whether; Till their *non-real-real-fiction* Ended in *real* contradiction, Which subtile Presbyterians heeding, Thus ridicule their mad proceeding: Ye have got a priest and altar, but The sacrifice (c) appeareth not. An *holocaust*, compleat and full, You have, it seems, but it's a bull. Concerning priest and sacrifice, And setting tables altar-wise.

(c) The holy

Books



Books, *pro* and *con*, fly out in print,  
Like leeches gorg'd with argument.

(*d*) *Grantham's* stout vicar scarce had got

His board in place of altar put,  
When out there comes a peevish letter

To charge him for an innovator ;

Writ, as some authors shrewdly guess,

By th'bishop of the diocese.

Orthers report it writ by *Cotton*.

(By whom, it matters not a button)

It shed, indeed, a stock of gall

On *table-altar* at the wall.

This vicar and his altar-party,

Stout paper-combatants and hearty,

Resent in highst fort th'affront,

And vow revenge whate'er come on't,

Which in this manner was effected ;

One of 'em, like a man distracted,

Starts up, and to the altar goes,

Catches from thence a (*e*) *Coal*, and throws

Full drive at that pernicious writing,

And all the *table-men* 't could light on.

But, sirs, behold the scorching brand

Was scarce deliver'd from his hand,

When from the table-party came

The (*f*) *Quench Coal* out, to choak the same.

But *Quench Coal* being but a dull

Insipid lump, of nonsense full,

Did little harm, or none at all,

To the victorious *Altar Coal*.

But to its aid came the most able

Buffoons about communion-table,

G g g 2

Buffoons

the church, in her homily, and other public writings, never speaks a word of any commemorative sacrifice, but of the memory only of a sacrifice. See *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing*.

(*d*) A letter to the vicar of *Grantham*, about setting his table altar-wife.

(*e*) In answer to the letter comes out a book, called *A Coal from the Altar*.

(*f*) In reply to the *Coal*, comes *The Quench Coal* out.

Table, &c.

ridicules 'em

thus : *Behold*

*the fire and*

*wood, but*

*where is the*

*lamb for the*

*burnt-offering*

&c. But says

the *Coal* a-

gain, *The*

*church admits*

*of a commemorative sa-*

*crifice. The*

*Table an-*

*swers, I do*

*confess the*

*man hath*

*found a sacri-*

*fice, (a true*

*and real sa-*

*crifice) but*

*it is a Bull.*

*Taurum Nep-*

*tuno, Taurum*

*tibi pulcher*

*Apollo. Vir.*

*Æneid. A*

*very strange*

*and hideous*

*Bull, which*

*this calf*

*makes the*

*church to*

*speak unto*

*her people in*

*her public*

*homily. But*

And in a spiteful laughter fall  
 By way of horse-play, on the Coal,  
 Throw *canons* and *injunctions* on it,  
 And musty *rubricks* heap upon it,  
 (g) Against With Fox's *Aets*, and lying *Jewel*,  
 the Coal also And *homilies* contriv'd to do ill;  
 Williams, bi- With these, upon the Coal, the fling  
 shop of Lin- (g) *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing*.  
 coln. writes This was a weighty piece of stuff,  
 his book, en- Brim-full of banter, droll, and scoff;  
 titled. *The* By which, no doubt, the *table members*  
*Holy Table,* Had dash'd the Coal into dead embers,  
*Name, and* If (b) *Pocklintou* had not restrain'd um  
*Thing*.

(b) Dr. Pock- By his *Altare Christianum*  
 lington's *Al-* A learned book where Coal and Altar  
 tare *Christia-* Found, for a time, sufficient shelter,  
 num. Expell'd the venom, dull'd the sting  
 Of *Holy Table, Name, and Thing*.

(i) The dead The (i) vicar dies; and, you must know,  
 vicar's Plea. He saw (it seems) from grot below  
 Thus the His altar in a danger great,  
 book is en- And few that pleaded well for it;  
 titled. Takes up his pen, and falls to plead  
 For's altar, tho' a twelve-month dead.  
 Who doubts but all the damn'd below,  
 And devils, know what sinners do?  
 Tho' 'tis a crime to him that dares  
 Affirm that saints hear just men's prayers.

Scarce was a pen but what was try'd,  
 And books flew out on every side,  
 Till every fop set up for wit,  
 And *Laud*, and *Hall*, and *Heylin* writ,  
 And so did *White* and *Montague*,  
 And *Shelford*, *Cousins*, *Watts*, and *Dew*,  
*Laurence* and *Forbis*, and a crew  
 Whose names would surfeit me and you.

Nor was the Presbyterian side  
 Less learn'd, less fierce, less occupy'd,

That

That is, in pulling down from top  
To bottom, what the rest set up,  
And spoiling th' image of a kirk  
That Cost prelaticks so much work.

For out comes (k) *Autokatakrisis*,  
And dings their altar all to pieces,  
Puts out their Coal, and quite destroys  
Their *shadow* of a sacrifice,  
Expos'd their prelates and their prayers,  
And rais'd the *mob* about their ears.

(k) Laden-  
fium

This book was writ about the year  
That *Laud* impos'd his common-prayer  
Upon the *Scots*. It helped on  
The war *Jane Gaddis* had begun,  
And put an end to goose-quill fight,  
But not to malice, rage, and spite.  
Both sides, in full spring-tide of wrath,  
But in the lowest ebb of faith,  
Fall on with gun, and sword, and pike,  
And shoot, and push, and slash, and strike,  
And hang, and head, and burn, and kill,  
With all their power, to people hell.  
Thus for *religion* both run mad,  
When not a grain on't either had.

Old *Laud*, who by this war had hope  
Of setting up himself for pope,  
Was by the *hatchet* shorter made,  
By half the neck, and the whole head.  
His fellow-prelates, three times four,  
I care not whether less or more,  
The parliament sent to the Tower;  
Where they lay sweating for a while,  
And then were banished from the isle.

' Thus to the Presbyterian zeal  
' A sacrifice the bishops fell,  
' And their reform'd kirks overthrown  
' By its own reformation,

' For



' For by the rule they reform'd *Rome*,  
 ' By that same they're reform'd at home,  
 ' For all sects have the self-same plea  
 ' To reform Them, as They *Rome's* see,  
 The *wolves* at last thus laid to sleep,  
 Up *tygers* rise to keep the *sheep*,  
 And rule, without controul, the *herd*,  
 By force of *spirit* and the *sword*,  
 Two *furies* which amain drive on  
 To further reformation :

For reformation never ends,  
 More it reforms, less it amends.

(l) The  
 Presbyterian  
 Directory set  
 out when  
 they cried  
 down the  
 common  
 prayer.

In place of former liturgy,  
 They frame a strange (l) *Directory*,  
 In which was neither *psalm* nor *prayer*,  
 Nor *creed*. nor *pater-noster* there,  
 More than you'll find in *erra-pater*,  
 Yet highly valued for its matter,  
 And reverenc'd in *English* kirks,  
 As *alchoran* among the *Turks*.

This book was made to teach the way  
 Of discipline, and *how* to pray,  
 Not by set form, but inward light ;  
 By length of prayer they knew when right,  
 Its efficacy, truth, and strength,  
 Consisting all in cant and length.

(m) A pres-  
 byter. or  
 preaching  
 elder.

Tho' form of prayer thole (m) men have  
 Yet form of visage they put on, [none,  
 And, by the twine of mouth and forehead,  
 Knead up an aspect damn'dly horrid,  
 And shape their faces to the fashion  
 Of their decree of reprobation.  
 In short, a sign of all that's base,  
 Sinful, and wicked's in his face ;  
 So by the outward mark is guess'd  
 The inward nature of the beast.

On *Sundays*, when he leaves his house  
 To go to kirk a thousand bows

He

He makes, and cringes in the streets,  
 To ev'ry hobby-horse he meets,  
 Twisting, with little smirks, his face,  
 To shew his stock of inward grace,  
 And be admir'd and respected  
 For saint eternally elected.  
 But when he comes to kirk, he goes  
 As if close swaddl'd in his cloaths,  
 To God he will not bow his knee,  
 Like an old *Agoneyclite*.

Mounting his desk, a while he sits  
 In silence, and his eyes he shuts;  
 And, from the heavings of his breast,  
 Knows when the fiend has him possess't:  
 Spreads all his hands and fingers out,  
 And turns his eyes to right about.  
 Then fetches three huge sighing O——h's!  
 When on a sudden eye-lids close.  
 From th'excess of inward light,  
 That always darkens th'outward sight,  
 Then ope again the port-holes fly,  
 And to the left rolls white of eye.  
 Then t'other sob, and out he brays;  
 And then ext'mpore he prays.  
 Such stuff as you may find since,  
 In (n) *Presbyterian Eloquence*.

Ending his prayer, his mouth he shuts,  
 And tunes the organs of his guts,  
 So do the rest, till all perceive  
 Their tune-big paunches fall to heave,

(n) ' Lord  
 ' soufe 'em,  
 ' Lord douse  
 ' 'em in the  
 ' powdering-  
 ' tub of afflic-  
 ' tion, that  
 And ' they may

' come out tripes fit for thy table.' See *Cit. and Bumpkin* by Sir Ro-  
 ger L'Estrange. ' Lord, give us grace; for if thou give us not grace.  
 ' we shall not give thee glory; and who will gain by that Lord?'—  
*Hudston's prayer in Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence*.

*Borland's prayer*. ' Lord, when thou wast elected to eternity. Grant  
 ' that we have not got a wrong cast of thy hand to our souls. *Pr. Eloq.*  
*Anot her Elder prays*, ' Lord, thou hast said, that he is worse than  
 ' an infidel that provides not for his own family. Give us not reason  
 ' to say this of thee, Lord, for we are thine own family, and yet  
 ' have been but scurvily provided for of a long time.'—See *Scotch*  
*Presb. Eloquence*, where you will find plenty of the like sort.

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

And rumble thro' their droaning pipes  
 A full blast from the bag of tribes.  
 Throats thus set up, and mouths wide ope,  
*Bob wisdom's* psalm 'gainst *Turk* and *Pope*.  
 They sing, or some *Geneva-jiggs*,  
 Not much unlike the squeak of pigs,  
 By *Knox* compos'd, and such as fled  
 From *England* at the death of *Ned*.  
 I'll give an instance here of one  
 By *Knox* set out; and thus sings *John*.

*Then Jezebel, when she grew fat,  
 Then she began to fling,  
 She's fat, she's fair, she's finger-fed,  
 Her paunches down do bing.*

Thus come at last to end of psalm,  
 And all the blusterers grow calm,  
 The *elder*, in his frantic heats,  
 Falls on with fist, and pulpit beats.  
 His text he takes from sacred letter,  
 From holy gospels he knows better  
 Than any of the four that writ 'em,  
 And with their native sense can fit 'em,  
 As well as dexterous baboon  
 A fiddle-can, or bagpipe tune.  
 At least he'll screw 'em to his Own-sense,  
 And tell you 'tis their ancient Known-sense.  
 As soon as words of text are spoke,  
 He shuts up notes and bible-book,  
 To shew 'tis not from learning human,  
 Or painful study, but from Numen  
 That dictates to him what he preaches,  
 And every paradox he teaches.  
 For whatsoever he pretends,  
 He has his proofs at finger-ends,  
 Or stor'd in scull 'gainst time of need,  
 As witches knot up wind in thread.

If:



If chance, as often't does, a word  
 Escapes *blasphemous*, or absurd,  
 At heels on't scripture comes to back it;  
 He'll forge a text before he lack it.  
 For's black decree of *reprobation*,  
 For *cheating lying*, and *oppression*,  
 For *incest*, *rape*, *rebellion*, *murder*,  
 He has his texts in proper order.  
 For cutting off the *heads of kings*  
 Scripture authority he brings.  
 That God is *author of all sin*  
 He finds his proofs his bible in.  
 Nothing flies from his impious jaws  
 But what leapes out in bible-phrase.

When in the heat of his distractions,  
 Strangely surprizing are his actions;  
 One fit he'll seem all *saint*, and civil;  
 Then, on a sudden, turn a divel.  
 Sometimes he'll smile, and then he'll weep,  
 Then close his eyes as if asleep,  
 When on a sudden from his dream  
 He'll start, and, fury-like, exclaim  
 'Gainst *Pope* and *Prelate*, *King* and *Priest*,  
 Of these he forms his *Antichrist*,  
 And paints him in a figure horrid,  
 With ten huge horns on ev'ry fore-head,  
 And with a septi-fronted scull:  
 With this his monstrous butting bull  
 He frights the women into fits,  
 And scars the men out of their wits.  
 But when he sets his face to wine  
 (Strange force of sympathetic twine)  
 The people writhe up ugly faces,  
 As outward signs of inward graces.  
 Who does not this, by all the rest  
 Is deem'd a *reprobate* at best.

It is a mean part of his care  
 To (o) preach 'em all into despair.

H h h

Horror, <sup>(o) Scotch</sup>  
*Presb. Elog.*

Horror, and desperate dejection,  
Are his chief signs of free election.

When from the kirk folk go away,  
To one another thus they'll say,  
Ah! *Lord*, what pains (good man) he took?  
He all this while preach'd without book,  
Yet made, blest man, a godly *sermon*  
His countenance is sweet and charming,  
For from each twine of mouth, or frown,  
One might perceive *grace pouring down*.  
How moving all his gestures are!  
And how soul-ravishing his prayer!  
Thus they extoll, and think him even  
A very angel dropt from heaven.  
Well be it so, then I can tell  
That he slipt down when satan fell.

Such gifted elders kept the steeple  
For fundry years, and taught the people,  
From mystic sense of holy Word,  
The godly use of pike and sword,  
And all the mysteries of war  
'Gainst prelate, prince, and common-prayer.  
Till at the last their church alas  
Was brought to such a warlike pass,  
That when its foes were overcome,  
It fought on still, and kill'd at home.  
*Elder* with *elder*, *saint* with *saint*,  
Fought thro' their whole *church-militant*  
For in the laird's cause ev'ry man fir,  
Smot friend and foe like a drawcan fir.  
Till *independent* got the better,  
By cant, and sword, of the presbyter.

But ken ye not whats *independent*?  
Mind sirs, I'll tell ye then,  
Its protestancy twice refin'd,  
As every body has a mind,  
And jurisdiction wrested from  
The pope, and cut in bits at home.

For

For ev'ry man to have his share,  
 (Equal partitions very fair.)  
 Thus each man is a parish-priest,  
 Just to himself, not to the rest.  
 A red-nos'd ruffian called *Noll*,  
*Lord independent* of them all,  
 Steps boldly up, and sets him down,  
 Not in the *throne*, but *on the crown*.  
 He cut that gordian knot in two,  
 Which *Charles* himself durst never do,  
 That is, into the house he went,  
 And turn'd out the *long-parliament*.  
 Then, under a pretence of zeal  
 For public good, rul'd common-weal.  
 He took for's title *lord-protector*;  
 Rul'd divers years : at last the hector,  
 In a huge hurricane, was hurl'd  
 Head-long into another world.

*Noll* in a whirlwind blown away,  
 And *Dick* his son not like to stay,  
 Folk sober grew, and well content  
 to call again from banishment.  
 Their injured land-lord, and restore  
 The Farms they drove him from before:  
 They having spent both blood and treasure,  
*Monk* quietly brings in great *Cesar*.

The exil'd king again restor'd,  
 In swarm the bishops and the word;  
 Not that same word which out they carry'd,  
 But a *new* faith is now declared.  
 Religion takes another frame.  
 It never stood two reigns the same.

The *real presence*, which before  
 So many taught, is held no more.  
 Nor is there any further noise  
 Of *alter*, *priest*, or *sacrifice*.

*Charles*, that so long, by force of arms,  
 Had been kept from three goodly farms,



And bishops drove from diocesses,  
 That had so long lived on their greases,  
 Were glad, it seems, at any cost,  
 To re-possess their livings lost;  
 And can ye blame them? for judge you  
 What bangs and hunger will not do,  
 Especially with those whose belly  
 Is all the *deity* they value.

(p) Com. *Juxon*, (p) and *Skeldon*, *Wren*. and *Cousin*,  
*non-prayer a-* And other such, about a dozen.  
*gain corrected.* Together met, after the fashion

Of upper-house of convocation,  
 Calling their *petty clerks* together,  
 Who, of the houses, made the neither.

Hark brethren, says old *Juxon*, hark,  
 We're got again to *belm* of *bark*;  
 Let's not forget how *Laud* our brother,  
 Misguided, in his time, the *rudder*,  
 Till over-setting in the flood,  
 The kirk was drown'd in waves of blood.  
 The shelves on which he fondly run,  
 I pray, good brothers, let us shun.  
 By mild compliance with *dissenters*,  
 And stretch no more their faith on tenters.  
 Why shou'd we, sirs, make all this din  
 About the railing tables in,  
 Or getting them set alter-wise,  
 When priest we want, and sacrifice?  
 I'd rather have us quite disclaim  
 All our pretensions to the same.

There was a *rubrick* many a day since,  
 Contriv'd against the *real presence*.  
 And set in *Edward's* second book,  
 But shortly after was torn out,  
 And flung away in reign of *Bess*;  
 Can any o'-ye tell where 'tis?  
 I have it by me, quoth *Ben. Laney*,  
 With other pieces a great mai v.

That

That now are old and out of use.  
 Go, bring it hitner to the house,  
 Says *Juxon*. Not so fast quoth *Wren*,  
 Let's never meddle with't again.  
 It is a piece of impious stuff,  
 Without a word of scripture-proof,  
 But quite against the sacred letter;  
 Well, well, quoth *Juxon*, that's no matter;  
 We must not stand on things so nicely,  
 But for our interest act things wisely;  
 Unless we take that *rubrick* in,  
 We cannot please the *puritan*,  
 And *once* provoke those presbyters,  
 They'll fly again about our ears;  
 For they're a waspish sort of cattle,  
 That will for trifles move to battle.

His talk old *Juxon* still had held-on,  
 Had he not thus been stop'd by *Shelden*.  
 My Lord, I never, while I live,  
 To this the least consent can give:  
 I'll never prostitute my faith  
 For fear of *puritanic* wrath;  
 'Twill stain th' ecclesiastick state;  
 That we ourselves, who but so late  
 For real presence, and for altar,  
 Were in fair way to stretch a halter,  
 And banish'd from our diocesses,  
 Should own a *rubrick*, such as this is,  
 That has no presence in't at all,  
 Nor real, nor essential.

Whereas we all believe (ye know)  
 Christ present tho, we know not how.

At this the blood of bishop *Juxon*  
 Begun to boil like (q) *Anne o' Buxton*;  
 He rowls his little eyes about,  
 And thus in words his Thoughts break out:  
 Think you, sirs, I am such a buzzard  
 As t' lose my bishopric and hazard

(q) A hot  
 bath not far  
 from the Peak  
 in Derbyshire

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 bath not far  
 from the Peak  
 in Derbyshire

The

The want of wine fat-beef and bread,  
 If not the cutting off my head,  
 Or being truss'd upon the gallows,  
 By vexing of those fiery fellows?  
 You know how they have bang'd our coats,  
 And cut whole thousands of our throats;  
 Besides beheading of our king,  
 And all about this very thing;  
 Is't fitting then that we provoke 'em?

(r) See K. Edward's Rubrick at large in Canto a part of which I shall put here. *We do declare, that it is not meant thereby (by kneeling) that any adoration is done, or ought to be done either unto the sacramental bread & wine there bodily received, or unto any real or essential presence there being of Christ's natural flesh and blood.* Thus King Edward's Rubrick, but K. Charles's bishops, have changed the words *real & essential presence* into *corporeal presence*.

No! rather cherish 'em and stroke 'em  
 Besides the king, tho' dear he buy it,  
 Will stick at nought to purchase quiet.

'Tis not a (r) rubrick we must stand-on.

Well, since our faith we must abandon,

'Tis good to use a little cunning,

And do it prudently, says Gunning.

Where *real* and *essential* stand.

We'll put the word *corporeal*, and

Blot out the other two; by this

The change, perhaps, may be the less;

For pious chaplains that have preach'd,

To the late King, from scriptures stretch'd,

Have taught Christ's body truly there,

Yet at the same time did declare

That bodily he must not be

Where yet his body's *really*.

So we may set our rubrick off

Against *corporeal* well enough;

Yet we at the same time may be all,

For both *essential* and *real*.

No sooner said, but all in this,

For ought we ken did acquiesce:

For alter'd thus, that *rubrick* took

It stands in the communion book.

It seems those metaphysic noddies,

'Twixt *real* and *essential* bodies,

And bodies that *corporeal* are,

Could tell the difference to a hair,

Like

Like *Hudibras* who could divide  
*A hair 'tween south and south-west-side.*

Some other little changes were  
 Besides made in the common-prayer,  
 But scarcely worth the noting down,  
 Setting aside this needles one;  
 To wit, their litany's defect,  
 They, like great sages, now correct,

And (f) schism and rebellion add,  
 Words which before it never had;  
 Judging that this petition there,  
 For folk to beg in common-prayer,  
 Would keep them in obedience  
 To church and state, to priest and prince;  
 But what effect *this* had one might  
 See who liv'd since in eighty eight.

*True protestany in its nature  
 Compos'd is of no other matter  
 Than schism, heresy and Treason,  
 Rebellion too on all occasion.*

(f) From  
 rebellion, he-  
 resy, and  
 schism, good  
 Lord deliver  
 us. 'A vain  
 and needles  
 petition, and  
 hypocritical-  
 ly added, be-  
 cause the very  
 essence of all  
 protestancy is  
 schism, rebel-  
 lion, & heresy.

The common-prayer was scarcely done,  
 When farther business came on;  
 And it was this. Grave bishop (t) *Hacket*  
 Pulls a small book out of his pocket;  
 Come *spick and span new*, from the press,  
 Against their *ordination*, 'twas  
 Proving the *forms* thereof *invalid*,  
 By arguments so strong and solid,  
 That they were deem'd unanswerable  
 By all about the thoughtful table.  
 Its title was *Erasmus Senior*;

(t) Bishop  
 of Coventry  
 and Litch-  
 field.

Reach me the book, says bishop (u) *Skinner*,  
 I'll read aloud, that all may know  
 What's in't; says (x) *Juxon*, prithee do.  
 When over 'twas distinctly read,  
 To deep consult went ev'ry head,

(u) Bishop  
 of Oxford ex-  
 pelled.

(x) Bishop  
 of Canterbu-  
 ry, from Lon-  
 don, expelled

Both



Both in the high and lower hutt,  
 For *forms* defence, but found it not.  
 Till *Juxon*, having matters weigh'd,  
 Open'd his mouth, and thus he said;  
 I gather, by my skill in reading,  
 That reformation's first proceeding  
 Was grave, and went on by slow steps,  
 And jump'd not to the top by leaps.  
 First *Harry* th' Eighth the Pope deny'd,  
 Yet did with no reformer side;  
 But under young King *Ned* his son,  
 The *Zuinglian* gospellers begun,  
 Who in a five or six years work

(y) The Built up a sort of (y) *Zuinglian* kirk;  
 character of These held the Pope for *Antichrist*,  
 King Ed- The bishops for the *horns o'th beast*,  
 ward's Zu- And priests for lesser limbs at least;  
 inglian church. Disowning all the character,

That consecration could confer;  
 Therefore both forms (z) abolished  
 (z) Their That bishop might no more be made,  
 abolishingthe Nor priest, and then *devised* two  
 ancient ca- Unuseful *forms* that we have now;  
 tholic ordinal Which forms were not for *consecration*  
 of consecra- Of bishops, nor for *ordination*.  
 ting and or- Of priests design'd, nor is the name  
 daining bi- Of priest or bishop in the same,  
 shops and (As I have often said before,  
 priests, and You'll think on't better th' oftner o'er,)  
 devising new  
 forms of elec-  
 ting of 'em.

Which plainly shews *Ned's* church ne'er meant  
 The end for which those forms were made,  
 Was only that it might be said,

*This is the man that's pitch'd upon*  
*For elder by election,*

And was deputed to that honor

In solemn wise and formal manner:

Thus, if a *lay-man* was but chosen

By's fellow *lay-men* half a dozen;

Such

Such choice was held for good vocation,  
 Without a farther ordination;  
 And qualifi'd him to be sent  
 To preach and give the (a) sacrament,  
 With power enough to labour hard  
 In the *New Vineyard* of the laird;  
 Thus they held on all *Mary's* reign,  
 At *Frankfort* chose and chose again;  
 And the elected held the chair  
 Of Presbyter but for his year;  
 Then to another gave it o'er,  
 And turn'd a *lay-man* as before.  
 But afterwards, when *Bess* the Queen  
 Came to the eight year of her reign,  
 She had a mind to have them bear  
 The priests and bishops character,  
 And so had they: to this intent  
 They humbly shew the parliament  
 To make them bishops, and by act  
 Confer the character they lackt.  
 The parliament grants their petition,  
 And by a statute gives 'em mission,  
 Enact 'em to be priests and bishops;  
 And that the *forms*, us'd by their worships,  
 Were good enough for ordination  
 Of priests, and bishops consecration;  
 And that such as, in time to come,  
 Should be ordain'd by either *form*;  
 For priests and bishops should be taken  
 To be as good as *Rome* could make 'em.  
 Now to consider, let us go,  
 If they be valid, aye, or no.

At this each member scratch'd his head;  
*Erastus* o'er again was read,  
 And all the arguments were hrought on  
 For and against, that could be thought on;  
 Till by and by speaks (b) *Ironside*,  
 The thing must thoroughly be try'd,

(a) See the  
 23 of the 39  
 articles, and  
 the bishop of  
 Sarum's ex-  
 position on it.

(b) bishop  
 of Bristol.

For 'tis of great concern and weighty,  
The enemy's expert and mighty,  
And therefore must have no occasion  
To say we argue without reason.

I grant, at first the *forms* were made  
Only for *chusing*, as is said,

And that they neither can confer  
The priests, nor bishops character:

Perhaps to this some may object,  
The Queen supply'd this sad defect,  
So did the parliament by act.

To this I answer that's a dream  
Which from the *ivory postern* came.

To think states temporal can by act  
Supply a spiritual defect.

That act is null, as if it was not;  
For *who can give the thing he has not?*

'Tis certain, not one word of Christ's  
Impower'd lay-states-men to make priests.

Besides, the forms being really null,  
To spake 'em good's a monstrous bull;

Or what is worle, a contradiction;  
(*This age cannot be gull'd by fiction.*)

The arguments of this *Erastus*  
Should pretend to solve, would last us

Till thread of life grew out of nock,  
Yet leave un-answered the book.

Besides this book's so public now,  
That maugre all that we can do,

The world will see our sad defect,  
And hold us but for bate elect;

(c) Bishop of London till 1663, then of Canterbury. And here he stop'd. Quoth bishop (c) *Sheldon*,  
I judge it would be very well-done

To leave those *forms*, and make us *new-ones*,  
Such as the world must own for true ones;  
And then by these *ordain* hereafter;

(d) Bishop of Carlisle. At this (d) *Stern* burst into a laughter.  
Admit we make *new forms*, says he,  
Pray what shall we the better be, Unless



Unless we able were to use 'em?  
 All we can do is to abuse 'em?  
 Because we are no *bishops*, nor  
 So much as *priests*; therefore give o'er,  
 And let me hear of this no more.  
 Quoth *Juxon* why must we desist,  
 Sure you have on a nettle pist.

Hush! hush! says *Juxon*, hold your peace,  
 Think you the people will examine  
 Whether we *bishops* are, or *lay-men*,  
 Provided that ourselves we bear,  
 As if we had the *character*?

What's this, quoth *Stern*, and spoke in heat,  
 But at the best a pious cheat?  
 I say let's ne'er pretend to grant  
 To others what ourselves do want;  
 It is more honesty, by far,  
 To tell folk plainly what we are.

Quoth (e) *Frewin*, such advice as this is } (e) Bishop  
 Will hazard all our benefices, } of York.  
 And turn us out of diocesses.

Can we suppose folk will allow us  
 Such revenues, when once they know us,  
 To be but *lay-men*, like themselves?  
 'Twill split our very church on shelves;  
 For where no bishop can be found  
 There can be no church; this is own'd;

'Tis therefore fit we have regard  
 Unto our dignity says (f) *Ward*, } (f) Bishop  
 And keep the name of bishop up, } of Exeter in  
 Or else we're mad say, (g) *Bryan Dupp*, } 1661.

What signifies, quoth *Stern*, a name } (g) Duppa  
 Where no just right is to the same? } Bishop of  
 Winchester.

'Tis but assuming that among us,  
 Which in plain terms do not belong t'us.

Since people have so many years  
 Call'd us ecclesiastic *peers*.  
 Few but will think it is our due,

Let us be silent then. quoth *Frew*.  
 'Twere madness, certainly, if ever  
 We should our nakedness discover.  
 Let's meddle then with neither *form*,  
 The changing of 'em must do harm,  
 And give men cause to think 'em null:

(b) Bishop of St. Asaph. That's true, quoth (b) *Griffith*, so it will;  
 For changing them in any fashion  
 Will be their *tacit* condemnation.  
 For if (they'll say) they were before  
 Sufficient *forms*, what need we more?  
 But if we change 'em, then they'll swear,  
 They're good for nought, nor ever were.

Brothers, quoth *Juxon*, in a huff,  
 You talk, but think nor far enough.  
 'Tis this *Erastus* spoils their credit;  
 I curse the author when I read it;  
 If had never been set out,  
 Of changiug them I'd never thought,  
 But for the reasons that you shew,  
 Shou'd let 'em stand as they do now.  
 But he so teazes us about 'em,  
 That we had better be without 'em.  
 Than always be thus sadly pelted.  
 The day is hot, I'm almost melted;

Come, let us to the *tavern* go  
 And take a glass of wine or two;  
 It is too hard for us to think  
 And talk so long without some drink;  
 'Twill whet our wits, and make us sprightly  
 As men should be that scan things rightly;  
 Indulging some times with a *can*,  
 The *outward* helps the *inward-man*.  
 And by the gravest may be done,  
 Provided there's no looker-on.  
 We'll be alone, none shall come nigh us,  
 Unless my *landlady* be by us;  
 And she's a merry harmless woman,  
 Do what you will she'll tell of no man.

This

This pleas'd 'em all, and out they fall }  
 To rinse with sack their brains from folly,  
 And wash their milts from melancholy.  
 Scarce thrice the glass its round had run,  
 When *Juxon* thus again begun,  
 For long debates time will not last us;  
 In short who'llly grapple with *Eraustus*  
 What say you to it brother (i) *Cozin*?  
 Not I, my Lord, I'm sure a dozen  
 O'th' learn'd'st bishops in the land  
 Dare never take this task in hand.  
 I'm o' your mind, I do protest,  
 Quoth *Sheldon*; this o'er-sway'd the rest.

Well then, quoth *Juxon*, there's no way  
 But make *new forms*. *Amen* say they;  
 And now, good brothers, let us see  
 How't must be done? they all agree,  
 That at such time as hands are laid  
 Upon the elected party's head;  
 Such words be us'd as can confer  
 On priests, the *priestly character*;  
 And words that can make bishops right-as  
*St. Paul* did *Timothy* and *Titus*.

Concluding thus, they go away  
 To convocation-house, and pray;  
 Where for a while they silent sit,  
 And on the matter meditate,  
 Till they perceiv'd sufficient light  
 For wording their *new forms* aright.  
 Then call a *notary*, who soon,  
 As they did dictate, writ 'em down,  
 Just as they stand below, pray read,  
 And these compare with those of *Ned*.

(i) Bishop of Durham.

The rest of the bishops were, Roberts of *Bangor*, expelled before in  
 forty-two. Piercy of *Bath* and *Wells* expelled. King of *Chichester*.  
 Lucy of *St. Davids*. Wren of *Ely* expelled. Nicholson of *Gloucester*.  
 Monck of *Hereford*. Morgan Owen of *Llandaff* expelled. Sanderson  
 of *Lincoln*. Reynolds of *Norwich*. Ben Lany of *Peterborough*.  
 Warner of *Rocheſter*. Henschman of *Salisbury*. Morley of *Worceſter*.  
 Walton of *Cheſter*. Barlow of the *Iſle of Man*.

The



*The form of ordaining priests made by King Charles the second's bishops after his restoration. Anno 1662.*

Receive the Holy Ghost, for the office and work of a priest in the church of God, on committed unto thee, by the imposition of our hands. Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained: and be thou a faithful dispenser of the words of God, and of his holy sacraments; in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

The form of consecrating bishops, invented in 1662, by those above-named.

Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a bishop in the church of God committed unto thee by the imposition of our hands; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And remember thou stir up the grace of God which is given thee by the imposition of our hands: for God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and love, and soberness.

The form of ordaining priests devised (by six clergymen and six lay men, or the majority of them) in the reign of K. Edward the sixth.

Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of his holy sacraments, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

The form of concecrating bishops, devised under King Edward the VI. by perhaps six lay-men and one clergyman.

Take the Holy Ghost, and remember thou stir up the grace of God, which is in thee, by the imposition of hands: for God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of power, and love, and soberness.

Now,

Now, reader, I must let ye know  
 These forms devis'd in sixty-two,  
 Where never authorized yet  
 By article or canon. But,  
 To Ned's forms, they ordain'd, till now,  
 Are bound to swear, and swear they do,  
 If by *(k)* subscription, and assent,  
*Ex animo*, an oath he meant.  
 Yet what they swear to they refuse,  
 And forms not sworn to, these they use.

*Here's perjury upon record*

*At ent'ring th' vineyard of the Lord.*

Charles (as is said) restor'd again,  
 Things boded long a peaceful reign;  
 'Twas undisturb'd for many years,  
 Till *Jealousies* began, and *fears*;  
 Two hugly *scar-crows* hatch'd of late,  
 By *knaves*, to fright the *fools* of state.  
 On wings of malice, for a while,  
 These fluttered up and down the Isle;  
 But was by *Cæsar* little dreaded,  
 He lay at ease, and nothing heeded,  
 Till all his people into fits  
 Began to fall, and lose their wits;  
 For fear some grievously o'ergrown giant.  
 Or *Gallick* king, a monster nigh-hand,  
 Should suddenly drink up the sea,  
 And join the land to *Piccardy*,  
 And drive 'em from their tenements,  
 And *(l)* abby lands, and churches rents;  
 And bring 'em back again to *Rome*,  
*(They go to Hell e're there they'll come)*

At that time 'twas the kingdom's fate  
 To have a minister of state  
 That hated mortally great *Cæsar*,  
 And *James*, the *Duke*, beyond all measure;  
 Hated the *Queen* and her religion,  
 And all the papists in the region.

*(k)* They  
 subscribe and  
 swear to the  
 old, but are  
 ordained by  
 the new; see  
 canon 36,  
 and art. 36.

*(l)* See the  
 impossibility  
 of this in Dr.  
 Johnson's  
 book of ab-  
 bey-lands.

In

In short he bent his malice at  
 The *monarchy* of church and state:  
 He was a little dapper fellow,  
 And had a hole bor'd in his belly,  
 In which he wore a silver tap  
 To let out his Hydropick sap;  
 Deep was his head, profound his wit,  
 No man alive could fathom it,  
 Till *Charles* himself (almost too late)  
 Ot-reach'd this monster of the state.

In turns of state he was an ape,  
 Could take upon him every shape;  
 A loyalist till forty-one,  
 And then another face put on,  
 Became a canting presbyterian,  
 And then a *long-parliamentarian*,  
 And after that an *Olivarian*.

(m) I know  
 that the pub-  
 lishers of Cla-  
 rendon's his-  
 tory endea-  
 vour to free  
 him from this  
 imputation,  
 but in vain.  
 for, alas, the  
 king's friends  
 knew too well  
 the truth of it,  
 and too woful-  
 ly experienc-  
 ed the effects  
 of that dire  
 council, ever  
 to have it can-  
 cell'd out of  
 their memo-  
 ries by a bare  
 denial: and  
 this denial  
 not from the  
 Lord himself,  
 but from  
 strangers that  
 speak with-  
 out book.

And often for his master's ease,  
 Would climb and seek the Lord in trees.  
 Nor would the seeker leap to ground,  
 Till *Noll* perceiv'd the Lord was found,  
 This man, as soon as *Charles* came in,  
 Became a loyalist again.  
 And by the King was made a lord,  
 And placed at the council board;  
 In ev'ry turn of state he met,  
 The cat fell always on his feet.

But why the King exalted this  
 Arch-traytor, is not hard to guess;  
 He had a mind to have well try'd  
 That maxim taught by Gaffer (m) *Hyde*,  
 To wit, *To call to sit at helm*  
*The greatest rebels in the realm:*

*For by this means your foes you bring  
 To be good subjects to the king,  
 Your friends will always be your friends,  
 So will your foes for their own ends.  
 Those rebels therefore, sir, prefer,  
 And for your friends you need not care.*

This



This council villainous and base  
 To the ungrateful King's disgrace;  
 Chased from court all honest men,  
 And into rule put rogues in grain.  
 Those villains he so fondly made of,  
 Strove at the last to cut his head off.

This (*n*) *Shaftsbury*, for so he hight,  
 Since *Charles* to earl exalted knight;  
 Observing well how matters went,  
 The nation's fears, and discontent;  
 Their jealousies, and sad distraction,  
 By him fomented, and his faction;  
 A crew of hot brain'd busy whigs.

(*n*) Sir Anthony Ashley  
 Cowper, earl  
 of Shaftsbury.

As ever sung *Geneva* jigs:  
 Improves th' occasion, as was fitting,  
 And sets his restless head a plotting,  
 How the three kingdoms might be rent  
 From *Charles*'s drowley government.  
 How *James* the Duke to undermine,  
 And to cut off the royal line,  
 And drive out of the *British* region  
 The holy catholic religion.

He long revolv'd this in his mind,  
 Rack'd his strong wit, but could not find,  
 In all the labyrinths of thought,  
 What way i'th' world to bring't about.  
 From history he culls the notes  
 Of *Cecil*'s, and of other plots,  
 That cunning politicians mention,  
 To help thereby his own invention;  
 Yet short came all his human skill;  
*Such plots as these are hatch'd in Hell.*

In this disorder to his bed  
 He goes, to rest his troubled head,  
 Fitly dispos'd, by such distraction,  
 For some infernal power's enaction,  
 He dreams; and waking out of dreaming,  
 In dismal manner falls a screaming;

K k k

What

What *specter's* this that thus awakes me?  
 Oh, strange effect of fear! how't shakes me?  
 I must confess, with fumes e're now,  
 That from the hypocondria flew  
 Up to the brain in ugly shapes  
 Of serpents, dragons, Devils, apes,  
 I have been often in distress,  
 but ne'er had such a dream as this.

Methought the kingdoms *cacodemon*,  
 Horrid, deform'd, blind, and a lame one.  
 Hell ne'er spew'd up a worse shap'd Devil  
 To temp a nation to all evil,  
 Stood up with threat'ning look before me,  
 As if in pieces 'twould have tore me.

*From the grand senior of Hell*  
*I come* (says he) *Tony, to tell*  
*Tbee, that our empire will assist*  
*Tby undertakings. Do thy best.*  
 Then lifting up its claw-shap'd hand  
 In threat'ning manner, gave command  
 That I, and *Monmouth's Charles's* son)  
 And other *chiefs* should join in one,  
 To kill the King, the Duke, the Queen,  
 The popish lords and gentlemen;  
 And then to give a strict command  
 To all the rabble in the land,  
 To spare no age, sex, nor degree,  
 But quite extirpate popery.

This said, it closer on me prest,  
 And spread a claw upon my breast;  
 And in its other held a bar  
 Of glowing steel, three inches square,  
 Threat'ning me with ten thousand stripes,  
 And then to rive out all my tripes,  
 If I obey'd not out of hand,  
 With all my pow'er its dire command  
 In this condition you may guess  
 'Twas not my place to promise less;

I therefore *plighted him my troth*,  
 And he on his part gave his oath  
 To help us in the undertaking.  
 While these conditions were a making  
 Flash'd round a flame of sulph'rous blue,  
 In which away the Devil flew.

But why relate I this when none  
 Is by? mistake not, here is one.  
 Who, in the Devil's name art thou?  
 And how got hither, tell me how?

The name is *Titus Oates* I bear,  
 And church of *England's* minister.

Well be it so; but by what spell  
 Art thou dropt here i'th' name of Hell?  
 The doors are fast; how got you thro'?  
 Tell me, in name of wonder, how?  
 And what's your business, let me know?

My Lord, from *Fox-Hall* I am brought,  
 By something, swift as any thought,  
 Which mounting me upon its back,  
 Like *Mabomet* on *Elborack*.

Thro' yielding air we flew in haste,  
 And down the sooty chimney past.  
 And hither, lo, my lord, I come,  
 On great design 'gainst church of *Rome*.

I'm glad of that; tell me your meaning,  
 And all without reserve or feigning.

My (o) father was a needy fellow  
 Wrought on his loom to feed his belly,  
 Save now and then he got a tester,  
 For dipping of some holy sifter;  
 But all his life was kept so bare,  
 When I grew up h'd nought to spare.  
 This made me set my wits a plodding,  
 How to get beef, and bread, and pudding;  
 And being hopeful, 'twas not long  
 E're I was call'd by doctor *Tong*,

(o) Oate's  
 father was a  
 ribbon-weav-  
 er, and dip-  
 per.



(p) The rector of Waton, in his attestation of Oates, his behaviour at St. Omers, says, that Oates was unknown to them till the year 1677, & then he was received as a mere neophyte without any language, &c. wherefore the sent him to Valladolid; he was turn'd away from thence after about four months stay; yet by his importunity and promises of amendment he got admittance into the seminary of St. Omers, where he was put to study. Some suspected him to be sent as a spy, by some enemy to religion; they were resolved to dismiss him, being neither a good christian nor a good subject. See L'Estrange's history of the times.

Just at the time that he was reading *Andrew Habernfield's* proceeding, A feigned plot, and charg'd upon The *Jesuits* in forty one.

Quoth he, dear *Oates*, I see thou'rt poor, Ready to beg from doot to doot; But I'll relieve thy present want, If thou canst swear, and lye, and cant: I can, said I, for you must know, My dad from cradle taught me how.

Quoth he, I'll try thee with a trick, Go feign thyself a catholic; And outwardly the look put on Of a devout and godly man: Than to the *Jesuits* apply Thyself, and beg most earnestly, That to St. *Omers* they will send thee, And by good letters recommend thee.

When thou art entertain'd apply Thyself to play the subtile spy. Take notes of ev'ry thing you see, Then back again return to me.

A word's enough; I know your meaning, Say I, so send me out a gleaming, I'll catch whate'er they do, or say, Their very thoughts I'll steal away.

Resolved thus to cant, and lye, And play the saint, away went I. O'er to (p) St. *Omers* first I went, Thence to *Valladolid* was sent, Where I remain'd not long before That college kick'd me out of doot, For my bad manners, I confess, And one that had no sign of grace.

To *England* I return from *Spain*, *Tong* sends me over sea again; Being for my negligence well chided For coming back so ill-provided

Of observations, and good notes,  
From which to frame designed plots,

I act in outward shew the saint,  
And by my hypocritic cant  
Prevail so far they take me in,  
And with my studies I begin:  
But study, and a good behaviour,  
With my ill-nature suited never;  
For presently I fell to swearing,  
Lewd beastly tricks, and domineering;  
To lying, cheating, cuffing, nay,  
To twenty ill turns every day:  
So that e're I was seated well,  
The college drove me from my cell,  
For a profane lewd rogue, and lazy,  
And never, but in mischief, easy.

Thus slighted by the *Jesuits*,  
Who are a sort of piercing wits,  
That are not long deceiv'd by cheats.  
My boiling blood turn'd into choller,  
Fury and spleen possess'd me all o'er,  
Joined with dreadful *atra bilis*,  
Clammy and black as as mud in *Nile* is.  
I foam'd, I bann'd, I fell in fits,  
Vowing revenge on *Jesuits*,  
And make those black-coats that time rue,  
Tho' I damn soul and body too.

On this I took a resolution,  
To pawn my soul for their confusion.  
And so address'd myself, by prayer,  
To *Belzebub* and *Lucifer*.

When lo, at last came in a hoblin,  
Monstrous, ill-shaped ugly goblin,  
Horrid and dreadful to behold.

Tho' nat'rally I'm very bold;  
Yet at the first appearance on't,  
A trembling seized every joint.  
Gasping a while, like one half dead,  
I took my bible up, and read,

Till

Till gathering courage, thus I spake  
 (As I do now, my nat'ral squak)  
*In name of Satan, what art thou?*

One sent from *Lucifer* below,  
 Says he, and lo, I bring directions  
 To thee, O *Titus*; and instructions  
 To doctor *Tong* at *Fox's-ball*;  
 Go streight to him, he'll teach you all;  
 Only I charge both *thee* and *Tong*,  
 Be rul'd by *Cowper* all along;  
 Swear all that he'll put in thy mouth,  
 Whether it be or be not truth,  
 As soon as ever it is day,  
 Call up a sculler, and away;  
 He said, and vanish'd to thin air,  
 And I by break of day was there,  
 Where knocking doctor *Tong* came down,  
 Rowl'd in his rug for morning-gown,  
 And kindly led me in by th' hand.  
 My friend, says he, I understand,  
 By that same active plotting spright  
 That spoke to you but yester-night,  
 How to revenge us; out of hand,  
 Of all the *jesuits* in the land.  
 Nay, if you'll be advis'd by me,  
 And impudently swear and lie,  
 We'll clear the land of popery.

Swear! yes, said I, you need not doubt it;  
 Let's therefore briskly go about it.

We must, says he, a plot invent,  
 I've *Habernfield's* for president,  
 So 'tis not difficult to do,  
 Only some notes I want to know.  
 The names, i'th first place, write me down  
 Of all the *Jesuits* you have known,  
 Either in *Flanders*, *Spain*, or here  
 What office and what place they bear,  
 And tell with *whom* they live, and *where*,

And



And what transactions you have seen  
'Mong that society of men.

To those some noble-men put down,  
The noted'st papists in the town,  
The richest, and of greatest fame,  
Thro' all the nation, let us name;  
All which into our plot we'll bring,  
Conspiring to destroy the King,  
And set the Duke upon the throne,  
And pull the church of *England* down.  
We'll make 'em hold intelligence  
With the great potentate of *France*,  
By whom an army shall be sent  
To overturn the government;  
All which, when vouched upon oath,  
The parliament will take for truth,  
And loudly will proclaim our merit,  
And doubtless will reward us for it.  
Besides, the (q) *wisdom of the nation*  
Will be right glad on this occasion,  
Under pretence of which, to work  
T' exclude the popish *Duke of York*;  
The people too will all believe it,  
We will so dext'rously contrive it.

When thus our plot is made compleat,  
Swear it before the magistrate,  
And swear that you yourself was one  
Engag'd in this conjuration,  
So came acquainted with the feats  
Of popish Lords and *jesuits*.

When thus we once have made the breach,  
We'll find enough who will impeach.  
Well, well, said I, do you prepare  
The plot: let me alone to swear.

At this we took a hearty drink,  
And then to work with pen and ink,  
To frame a *narrative* we haste,  
*Tong* dictated, I writ as fast:

(q) The  
parliament,  
at this time,  
greatly affect-  
ed the title of  
the wisdom of  
the nation;  
and dignified  
Oates with  
the surname of  
the saviour of  
the nation.

Which

Which finished, I made no stay,  
 But, mounting waft-horse sprung away  
 As swift as witches when they ride  
 On greased cowl-staff backs astride,  
 That what I say you may believe,  
 Read this. *Sh.* what is't? *Oat.* my narrative.

I'm satisfy'd, from what you say,  
 That Hell has put us in a way  
 To manage what you go about;  
 For my part I shall help you out:  
 For when it's brought before the King,  
 See how I'll handle every thing.  
 There's evidence enough to hire,  
 To back you out in what you swear.  
 But let me charge you, maugre grace,  
 To steel your conscience hard as glass,  
 That false oaths make therein no dint,  
 More than your fingers can in flint.

*Oat.* doubt not, my Lord, I have a conscience  
 Can swear to contraries, and nonsense  
 No lie so great, but from my mouth  
 Shall pass, by oath, for solid truth.

*Shaft.* upon my soul my blessed youth!

This is, you say, your narrative  
 That you and Tong did late contrive.

*Oat.* yes, 'tis, my Lord, a rough drawn draught.

Well, well says *Shafesbury*, and laugh'd;

Sit down, I'll read it o'er, and then

I'll tell what must be out or in,

And put it upon such a foot

As may make out a current plot.

It was not long 'ere he had done;

Haste back, says he, to doctor *Tong*;

Let not a minute be neglected,

But just as I have this corrected

Bid him methodically draw

A narrative without a flaw;

Which you must get by heart, d'ye hear?

That you to ev'ry thing may swear.

I

I shall my Lord, i'ts time to go.

The Devil's come to fetch me now.

*Shaf.* I do not see him. *Oat.* look, he's here.

*Shaf.* what makes you pale? *Oat.* a sort of fear

That damned villains do inherit

At the appearance of a spirit.

At this a voice was heard, and shrill,

Hast *Oates*, the morning-air I smell:

Come? mount: for lo, methinks, I spy

On eastern hills a paler sky,

And shades, that dwell in gloomy night,

Cannot endure the rays of light.

Come! quickly come! the day does break

*Oat.* d'ye hear, my Lord, the goblin speak?

*Shaf.* yes fare-well, be not afraid.

*Oat.* I go, and so he disappear'd;

*Oates*, mounted upon back of air,

To *Tong*, at *Fox-hall*, does repair;

Where *Toney's* notes upon the plot

They into proper method put.

The *narrative* thus made compleat,

*Oates* swore it 'fore a magistrate,

Whose name (if full at length it pass)

Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* 'twas.

Before this justice, *Tong* and *Oates*

Thus made discovery of their plots.

A bible tender'd, for you know

Things must be done in form of law:

On *prophets* and *evangelists*

*Oates* lays his sacrilegious fists:

Changes the colour of his face;

To ghastly black; ill sign of grace:

Gnashes his teeth: foams like a boar:

And chill'd with trembling horror, swore.

For yet remain'd in human nature

A certain horror at the matter.

But maugre nature, and what can

But thought left in him yet of man.



Malice prevail'd: the monster swore  
Such lies as ne'er was heard before.

Which the amazed justice hearing,  
And the strange manner of his swearing,  
Believ'd that from the villain's mouth  
Came not one Syllable of truth.  
And therefore fear'd to act in what  
He'd heard relating to the plot.

I'm sure (thinks he) the villain lies,  
His oaths are horrid perjuries;  
My conscience tells me if I be  
concern'd, I sin as well as he.  
Sure it is better all things wave  
And, for his lying, check the knave.  
But then again, on 'other hand,  
Those of his sacrilegious band  
Will say my slighting of the thing  
Is treason in me 'gainst the King.  
Toss'd by contrary thoughts, the man  
Resolv'd and un-resolv'd again,  
Till tir'd, his undulating mind  
With, and against, conscience inclin'd,  
Sometimes on side of justice bent,  
Then to contrary side it went;  
And here he stop'd, by thoughts that he  
Acted, tho' ill, yet *legally*.  
Resolv'd at last, away he goes,  
And tells the council all he knows:  
Leaves *Oate's* depositions there,  
And home returns; but in despair.

The atoms that flew from his spleen,  
Jump'd into shapes of murder'd men,  
And wander'd up and down his brain,  
Already seeming to complain,  
Whereby our plots unjustly slain;  
Fore-boding, as he deem'd what was  
From *Oates's* plot to come to pass.  
Nor was he eas'd in sleep, for when  
A seeming slumber shut his eyes,

Strange

Strange spectres seem to haunt his dreams,  
And startle him with dismal screams.

Thus burthen'd with huge heaps of thought,  
He dragg'd himself a while about,  
Till at the last born down with weight,  
Resolv'd to (r) die, and force his fate:  
His body to a ditch bequeath'd,  
And in his guts his sword he sheath'd.

(r) See Sir  
Roger L'Estrange's History  
of the times  
Part III. on  
the death of  
Sir Edmund  
Bury Godfrey

A mile from town, on *Primrose Hill*,  
It was, where on his sword he tell,  
The *kilt*, his breast prest to the ground,  
The blade seem'd growing thro' the wound.  
And thus for divers days he lay,  
Tho' he was sought for ev'ry day;  
During which time rose a report,  
By *Cowper* spread, thro' town and Court,  
That by the papists he was slain,  
Tho' none knew how, or where, or when,  
But being found, the wiser sort  
The malice smelt of this report.

*Cowper*, who saw he could not warrant  
Its truth, to make it pass for current,  
Without an oath, or two, or three,  
And ev'ry one a wisking lie,  
Fully resolves to spare no cost,  
In bribing wicked Knights o'th' post,  
Proclaims, of gold a good round sum,  
For any one that would but come  
And let the council understand  
How *Godfrey* di'd and by what hand.

One *Captain Bedloe*, so he hight,  
From being 'gag'd by whores to fight  
In bawdy-houses, as their bully,  
To drive away some drained cully,  
Gets wit of this, and hastes to *Toney*.  
In hopes by swearing to get money.  
Welcome he was, and with old *Cowper*  
Was honor'd to sit down at supper,

Where table talk of doctor *Oates*,  
 And things relating to his plots,  
 Between 'em past, and now and then  
*Bedloe* his own exploits brought in;  
 His duels brag'd, and tankard-wars  
 And to his credit, shew'd his scars.

*Cowper*, scarce pleas'd with his vain clatter,  
 Drew on more closely to the matter;  
 Captain, I know that you can fight  
 But can you swear? we've things of weight,  
 That wants an oath. What say-ye man?

*Bed.* Swear can I? Ay I'gad I can,  
 Provided that I like my pay.

*Sb.* what will you have? *B.* ten pounds a day,  
 To be continued for a year,  
 Or longer, if I longer swear,

*Shaft.* oaths at that rate are dearly bought,

*Bed.* d'ye think that I'll be damn'd for nought?

*Shaf.* no, here's five hundred pounds in gold,  
 Shall down upon the nail be told,

For ten or twelve great oaths sworn stoutly,

*Bed.* dam' me, for that I'll swear devoutly

But what's the matter? tell me soon,

Or else the money first pay down;

For on my soul I'm very needy.

*Shaft.* thou'lt heard of *Oates* his plot already,  
 And of Sir Justice *Godfrey's* death.

*Bed.* *Godfrey* did nought to me bequeath,  
 It therefore troubles not my head.

Whether he be alive or dead.

*Shaft.* but prithee Captain leave thy banter,  
 And grow more serious dare you venture

To charge on papists *Godfrey's* murder?

*Bed.* that's nothing, I dare venture further,

*Shaft.* Well, after this, then join with *Oates*,

In evidencing all his plots.

But, to Sir *Edmund's* death, let's hear

How you'll contriv't, and how you'll swear?

*Bed.*



*Bed.* th' invention I'm afraid you'll laugh at,  
 I'll swear they hang'd him in his *cravat*,  
 In *Somerſet-houſe*, one night when late.  
 And kept him there five days in ſtate;  
 His lodging was beneath the *Altar*.

At laſt they loos'd his muſlin haltar  
 And on a horſe-back ſet aſtride,  
 To *Primroſe-hill* they made him ride,  
 His feet bound faſt beneath the belly,  
 Behind him ſat a ſturdy fellow,

And on each ſide there march'd one,  
 Thus all the way they propt him on,  
 Till having got him out of town,  
 A full long mile, they threw him down,  
 And thro' his body thruſt his ſword.

All this I'll ſwear; wil't do my Lord?  
 D'ye think the matter's well contriv'd,  
 To be by th' council-board believed?

*Shaft.* the board is temper'd well enough,  
 To take for current any ſtuff,  
 They ſwallow 'tis and it is not,  
 So one ſide do but own the plot.

*Bed.* but when all this is done, I know,  
 One ſingle witneſs will not do,  
 I'm ſure there ſhould at leaſt be two. }

*Shaft* Well, Captain, leave all that to me,  
 I'll get you ſeconds two or three.

Here's *Prance*, the gold-smith ſhall be one,

*Bed.* poor Caitiff, he's as good as none,  
 He dare not damn his ſoul, I fear.

*Shaft.* I'll have him *tortur'd* till he ſwear,  
 I'll make old *Richardſon* torment him.

In *Newgate*, for I've thither ſent him,  
 Until he ſwear what Doct'or *Lloyd*

Shall teach him, whom I have employ'd  
 To go and ſee him every day,

And tell him what to ſwear and ſay.  
 And *Richardſon* has promis'd me,

To torture him to that degree, That

That he shall yield to swear and lye,  
 Or under weight of torments die;  
 Thus far for *Godfrey's* death. But what  
 Further relates to *Oates* his plot,  
 Swear as you find occasions offer,  
 Or as new circumstances differ,  
 Sometimes to this, sometimes to that,  
 For 'tis a daily growing plot.  
 In short attend to my direction,  
*Bed.* I shall. But get me a *protection*;  
 For my revealing of the matter,  
 Must also prove my self a plotter.  
 And it wou'd be a pretty Jest,  
 Shou'd I be hang'd in good earnest.  
*Shaf.* I'll get a pardon from the King,  
 Then may you swear to any thing.

All this was done, as they agreed,  
 And *Bedloe* swore, and *Tony* tee'd.  
 But now to *Oates*. Before the King  
 He came, and swore to ev'ry thing  
 That in his *Narrative* was found,  
 And ten times more than there is own'd.

*Oates his  
 oath.*

He swore he saw strange letters, writ  
 By this and t'other *Jesuit*,  
 And all about seditious things,  
 As raising armies, murd'ring kings.

He swore that *Pick'ring* shou'd with gun-shot,  
 Have kill'd the King himself, at one shot.  
 But just as he was taking aim,  
 Came *chance* a nimble-finger'd dame,  
 And as he did his tricker pluck,  
 Whips me his flint out of the Cock.

He swore that *Groves* was also busy  
 A king-fowling, with per'lous fuzee,  
 Till one day having in the park,  
 In a fait fight, the royal mark,  
 He claps the butt end to his shoulder,  
 Of murd'ring musquet fill'd with powder,  
 Shuts

Shuts his left eye, and with his right,  
 Like dext'rous gunner, takes his sight;  
 When, just as he was taking aim,  
 In happy time to memory came,  
 That yet he had not loaded gun  
 With bullet, as he shou'd have done;  
 The counter-charming *silver* bullet,  
 He searches for, 'tween lips and gullet;  
 For in his mouth he'd wisely hid-it,  
 To have it ready when he needed,  
 But found it not: For lucky chance  
 Which still Preserv'd the sov'reign prince,  
 Had, none knows how, convey'd it hence: }  
 This bullet, as learn'd *Titus* said,  
 Was of the lunar-metal made,  
 'Cause champ'd silver kills stone-dead,  
 Such as are musquet proof 'gainst lead.

He swore that *Wakeman*, skillful knight,  
 From *night-shade*, *hemlock*, *aconite*,  
 From galls of *dragons*, *adders*, *asps*,  
 From stings of *bees*, and angry *wasps*,  
 From baneful *mercury sublimite*,  
 And things, more poisonous than that,  
 All mixed with *lycoctonon*,  
 And purify'd in horses dung,  
 Drew out a virulent extraction,  
 The quintessence of putrification;  
 So mortal that above a league  
 It's smell would poison, like the plague.

This, *Katy* was to give the king;  
 But *Phoebus*, who abhor'd the thing;  
 Having his great *elixir* by him,  
 Came in the *night*, when none cou'd spy him,  
 And by a drop infus'd therein.  
 Turn'd baneful dose to medicin.  
 Which *Wakeman* knowing, when 'twas day,  
 The bottle broke and threw't away.

He swore that he had private holes  
 Under the ground like other moles,      And



And that he wander'd to and fro  
 Beneath, as men above-ground go,  
 To make discoveries below;  
 And had in divers places found  
 Huge Popish armies under ground,  
 Well-disciplin'd, and fit for work,  
 As e're drew sword against the *Turk*.

He swore he saw in dead men's tombs,  
 Grenadoes fire-balls, and bombs.

He swore he liv'd in honest rank  
 A pensioner at *Salamanc*;  
 By any in the school unseen,  
 Yet took degrees, as if he'd been  
 As visible as other men.  
 Till he became more a divine,  
 Than any *Scotus*, or *Acquine*.

He told the King he had the honor  
 To entertain *Don John* at dinner.  
 Then being ask'd if he could tell  
 What kind of man he was. Full well,  
 Quoth *Oates* G—d d—n me, don't I know,  
 He's high as steeple, black as crow;  
 At which the King and nobles there,  
 Who knew the prince was of light hair;  
 And at the most of middle stature,  
 Saw that his oath could not hold water.

He swore the pilgrims of *St. James*,  
 Would sail from *Spain* and fill the *Tbames*  
 Transported in their shallop shells,  
 And forty thousand good *black bills*  
 Were ready made that when they landed,  
 They might not long stand empty handed,  
 But each grasp hold of trusty bill,  
 And make what haste he could to kill;  
 But, that those bills might not be found,  
 The papists hid 'em under ground.  
 He swore he took the *sacrament*,  
 Before the *jesuits* would consent  
 That he should of their council be,  
 And swore an oath of Secrefey,

By

By which means he fish'd out their plots  
And dark intrigues. *Ob, cunning Oates!*

He swore the *Jesuits*, e'er we mind 'em,  
Steal in unseen, that none can find 'em,  
And cut our throats, and burn our houses,  
And stop our wind-pipes in close nooses,  
As country Farmer. strange hares,  
And hurtful pole cats catch in snares.

He swore, with flaming faggot-sticks,  
In sixteen hundred sixty six,  
They thorough *London* took their marches,  
And burn'd the city down with torches;  
Yet all invisible they were,

Clad in their coats of *Lapland* Air.

' Sniffing wig-ma'or, *Patience Ward*,  
' To this damn'd lie had such regard,  
' That he his godly masons sent,  
' T'engrave it round the *monument*,  
' They did so; but let such things pass,  
' His men are fools, and he an ass.

I did, swears *Oates*, fly once between  
*St. Omers* and the *Strand* unseen,  
And with strong pinions cut the *welkin*,  
As swiftly as a *Norway-Falcon*;  
Till o'er the *White-horse* in the *Strand*,  
On hov'ring wing I made my stand,  
And prying o'er the roof of house,  
As sparrow-hawk for titty-mouse,  
I spy'd a little chink between  
Two tiles that had ill jointed been.  
At which I clos'd my wings and fell,  
As *Lucifer* did once to *Hell*,  
And darting full-butt at the hole,  
Past thro' the cranny in the wall,

And taking thro' the rooms my round,  
All fill'd with *Jesuits* I found,  
For there, in deep consult, they met,  
About the managing the plot.

M m m

I

I minded every thing they did,  
 And went their errands, when they bid,  
 For their debates were sent by me,  
 From company to company.

Tho' thus officious, yet none saw me,  
 Nor not a man of them did know me,  
 Nor knew they that themselves were there,  
 Nor did they to the *Inn* appear.

And what is stranger yet, not one  
 Knew at *St. Omers* they were gone,  
 For there they still their places bore,  
 And acted as they did before.

The self-same time my shape they saw  
 Move at *St. Omers*, to and fro  
 As I was wont, it ly'd and swore,  
 And cuff'd the boys as't did before.

While I was at *Valladolid*,  
 I was the same time at *Madrid*,  
 Altho' an hundred miles asunder:  
 At my *ubiquity* you'll wonder.

I to the bishop spoke of *Tuam*,  
 Tho' I can swear I never knew him,  
 Nor ever saw that prelate me,  
 Yet we convers'd familiarly.

Thus *Titus* swore; and *Oates* his pay  
 For swearing, was eight crowns a day,  
 Settled on him by *senate's* vote,  
 Paid by th' *exchequer* to a groat,  
 With daily presents sent him down  
 From the *whig*-party of the town;  
 No doubt but from the country too;  
 All took for *Christ* this perjur'd *jew*,  
 And put a gown upon his back,  
 And doctor's scarf about his neck,  
 To make him seem in eye of rabble,  
 More God-like and more venerable.  
 The party, more to authorize  
 This villain's oaths and wicked lies,

Entitled



Entitled him, by declaration,  
 The blessed *saviour of the nation*,  
 And every word of *Oates* his mouth  
 They voted for a *saving truth*;  
 And who the contrary suspected,  
 Were held for *popishly affected*.

Nor was it *Oates* alone and *Bedloe*,  
 That thus they waged; but a medlo,  
 Of knaves and fools of ev'ry sort,  
 Flock'd from all quarters to the court,  
 Where they were list'd into pay  
 Of at the least, two crowns a day,  
 In name of the *King's evidence*,  
 Tho' neither *truth* they spoke, nor *sense*.  
*Mawbray*, and *Smith*, and *Bollron* swore,  
 Tag-rag and bob-tail, divers more  
 As *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield*, and *Prance*,  
 And sholes of *Irish evidence*  
 Follow'd *Mac-duff*, and *Mac-guire*,  
 To get preferment by the swear.

*Cowper*, who kept the swearing office,  
 Instructed wisely ev'ry novice,  
 In what concern'd the swearing art,  
 The blockish teagues were least expert,  
 Yet he allow'd of all they said.  
 For all the blundering bulls they made,  
 And at that day *Cowper's report*,  
 Was oracle to town and court,  
 So far, that all the grossest fictions,  
 Nonsense, and bulls, and contradictions,  
 If countenanc'd by him, past currant  
 For *truth*, as if on scripture warrant,

Tho' nought those villains swore was true,  
 At ev'ry oath a haltar flew  
 About some harmless neck, nor mist,  
 Where-e'er 'twas aim'd, the fatal twist,  
 Five holy *jesuits* were martyr'd,  
 And Viscount *Stafford* drawn and quarter'd,

## ENGLAND'S REFORMATION.

*Coleman, and Langborn, reverend Thwing,  
Groves, Hill, and humble Pickering,  
Fell all within the reach of string.  
Archbishop Plunket lost his head,  
And father Ireland's blood was shed.*

Not spar'd they father *Posket's* blood,  
A rev'rent priest devout and good,  
Whose spotless life in length was spun  
To eighty years and three times one,  
*Sweet* his behaviour, *grave* his speech,  
He did my good example teach;  
His *love right bent*, his *will resign'd*,  
*Serene* his look and *calm* his mind.  
His *sanctity* to that degree,  
As *Angels* live, so lived he.

His cell was upon a liny moor, about 2 miles from Mulgrave Castle, and 5 miles from Whitby. An excise man in hopes of getting twenty pounds (which he never did) apprehended him at Whitby, he was condemned at York, where he suffered not as a plotter, but only as a priest. I knew him well.

*A thatched cottage* was the cell  
Where this contemplative did dwell,  
Two miles from *Mulgrave Castle* stood,  
Shelter'd by snow-drifts not by wood;  
Tho' here he liv'd to that great age,  
It was a dismal *hermitage*.  
But God plac'd there the saints abode  
For *Blackamoor's* far greater good.  
The holy lives of those blest saints should I  
Presume to write and had a thought could fly  
Beyond the limits of the vaulted sky (short,  
Yet would my verse ten thousand times fall  
Of their due praise. Let angels in consort  
Sing all their virtues on celestial lyres,  
They are exalted to those peaceful *quires*,  
Stop then, my pen, and to this period come,  
*God saw them worthy of a martyrdom*.  
Besides the blood that thus was spill'd,  
All prisons in the land were fill'd.  
Five noble lords did long endure  
A close confinement in the tower.  
*Powis* and *Arundel*, and *Petres*,  
And *Ballasis*, remain'd in fetters;

And

And happy *Stafford*. unto whom  
God gave the crown of martyrdom.  
The mob run round the town in swarms,  
Under pretence to search for arms,  
Headed by some *right worshipful*,  
That to the peace bore no good will:  
For instance one Sir *William Waller*,  
A wig made up of zeal and choler,  
Would with his rable enter chambers,  
And breast open chests & trunks with hammers  
And what he lik'd, devoutly stole-ye  
Under pretence that it was holy.  
And blest for superstitious uses.  
I take 'em to prevent abuses,  
Cants he, and then the *crucifix*,  
And *chalice* from the *altar* clicks;  
They're blest, says he, for use in *masses*.  
Be't bowl' salt, tankard, still it passes.  
Guineas are medals, or Pope's heads,  
And necklaces of pearls are beads.  
This *Waller*, 'mongst his other tricks,  
Stamp'd under foot a *crucifix*,  
As *Hollanders* are wont to do,  
When on *Japanian* shore they go,  
To shew they utterly detest  
All christianity and *Christ*.  
By this time those that lov'd the King,  
And saw the bottom of the thing,  
Convinc'd him that a turn of state,  
Was what false *Cowper* aimed at.  
And that he set the plot on foot,  
As the best means to bring't about.  
*Charles*, saw it was no longer fit  
To seem insensible of it,  
Begins to ridicule the plotters,  
To slight the plot and their abettors;  
Releaves from the tow'r the Lords,  
And papists treats with gentle words.

All



They join- All prison doors fly open, and  
 ed in an ex- He frees the rest thro' the land,  
 press league Disgrac'd the plotters, and their plots,  
 of association And kickt out *Shaftsbury* and *Oates*.  
 totakeuparms Old *Tony* griev'd to see his cost,  
 against the King himself, And fruits of his invention lost,  
 and to lay vio- Resolves that yet another plot  
 lenthands up- Should hit, what he had mis'd in that;  
 onthegovern- And this was, by the help of *senate*,  
 ment. L'stran- To bring about designs he then had;  
 ges H. p. 147. He and his whiggs move round the town,  
 They did all they could to As busily as bees in *June*,  
 stop the com- And o'er the nation letters send,  
 mand of his militia and To put in motion ev'ry friend,  
 the choice of That hated *Cæsar* and his laws,  
 his officers. And wish't well to *The good old cause*.  
 L'strange p. Num'rous they were, and insolent,  
 147 and many Revil'd the King and government,  
 other places. Poison'd the country and the town,  
 They voted And drew affections from the crown.  
 that whosoever had killed the King, the  
 the King, the papists should  
 papists should have gone to  
 have gone to pot for it.  
 pot for it. They design-  
 ed the murder in him them-  
 selves, and giving it out  
 that the papists had done  
 it, the true protestants  
 were to kill the king and  
 the papists to be hanged for  
 it. L'strange p. 159. and  
 other places. L'strange of  
 the times. They did all they could to leave the King neither money,  
 power, credit, nor friend. They made it penal even to assert his re-  
 galities, or to come near his person. L'strange history, p. 17.

(Tho'

(Tho' chance or sickness stopt his breath)  
 To charge the papists with his death,  
 And take, from that pretence, occasion,  
 To murder him thro' all the nation;  
 Tho' at the same time, those damn'd elves  
 Design'd to murder him themselves.

Another piece of Senate's work  
 Was to exclude the *Duke of York*,  
 And force his Brother to declare  
 The bastarp *Monmouth* for his heir.

Treason they voted. it for any  
 To *lend* or *help* the King with money,  
 Tho' he should stand in greater need  
 Than poor *Jane Shore* did once for bread;  
 In hopes, by starving and defiance,  
 To hector him into compliance,  
 And make him sign the bills he made,  
 Which when he did, they promis'd aid;  
 A *tax* by act of parliament,  
 That bravely would relieve his want,  
 And would pour down their Gold in show'rs  
 For his relief and all his W——s;  
 But if their bills he would not sign,  
 They would not grant one groat of coin.

The King displeased at their votes.  
 Which drove at naught but cutting throats  
 Cast all their *bills* behind his back,  
 And then dissolv'd the factious pack.

Croft thus in their designs, they now  
 Resolv'd without more ado,  
 To kill the King and Duke, but how  
 To bring't about they did not know.  
 In divers deep consults they met,  
 Cabals were held in ev'ry street,  
 Each gives his judgement in the Case,  
 About the manner, time, and place,  
*Hone* from *bow-steeple* with *cross-bows*,  
 Wou'd have them shot as men do crows,

But

But *Rumbold* held it better way  
 To blow the *play-house* up, when they  
 Were in't: So end the tragic play.  
 Others, less cruel, thought it fit  
 To shoot the brothers from the pit.  
 Or as returning from *white-hall*,  
 To lay in wait near *bedford* wall,  
 And there to kill 'em in the night,  
 Maugre their guards, and God's despight.  
 Or, else when in their barge they were  
 Upon the *Thames*, to take the air,  
 With a swift *boy* to over-run 'em,  
 Or suddenly to come upon 'em,  
 And with their blunderbusses charge,

(b) *Rye-house* plot; I refer the reader to the history of this *Rye-house* Plot: the book is entitled, a true account and declaration of the horrid conspiracy against the late King, his present Majesty, and the government, as it was ordered to be published by his Majesty (King Charles II.) printed in the Savoy, 1685. This book being so common may easily spare me the labour of marginal notes.

(b) *Rye-house* at last was pitch'd upon,  
 Where this black deed was to be done.  
*Rye-house* two miles from *Hogsdon* stands,  
 I'th' roadi and then in *Rumbold's* hands,  
 A single house as you do from  
*New-Market* up to *London* come,  
 Here forty men in ambuscade,  
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, were to be laid  
 When they should from *New-Market* pass,  
 Close by the door of that arm'd place,  
 Where an o'er turned load of hay,  
 Was for a while to stop the way;  
 And then the rogues to sally out,  
 And charge the coach at either *boot*.  
 And *Rumbold* was to lead 'em on,  
 And see the execution done,  
 Whilst *Walcot* was to fight the guards  
 With *blunderbusses*, *pikes*, and *swords*.  
 As soon as ever news should come  
 To *London*, that the deed was done,  
 The traitorous Lords should rise from table,  
 And armed go to head the rabble;  
 Who should, upon the beat of drum,  
 Down from their *Garrets* armed come;

For



For thousands ready waiting lay,  
 Against the now approaching day;  
 And flying-posts prepared were  
 To carry news thro' every shire  
 For there confederates to rise  
 In numerous armies in a trice;  
 So that in turning of a hand,  
 They'd be in arms thro' all the land.  
 But *Providence* who orders things,  
 And hovers over lawful Kings,  
 Secur'd the brothers in her arms,  
 From danger of impending harms,  
 For, from *New-Market* they retire,  
 Forc'd by a providential fire  
 That broke out in the evening,  
 Nigh to the lodgings of the King;  
 This made the brothers come away  
 Two days before th' expected day  
 Thus was preserv'd the Lord's anointed,  
 Thus the damn'd plotters disappointed.

Remorse of conscience now begins  
 To touch some of 'em for their sins.  
 An oil-man, one that hight *Joss. Keeling*,  
 Was the first struck with inward feeling,  
 Goes to the King the (c) treason tells,  
 And clap'd the traitors by the heels.

Not all, for some that durst not stay  
 The inquisition, sneak'd away;  
 And others, of their own accord,  
 Declar'd the fact at council-board;

*Monmouth* himself came and confess'd  
 With *Rumsey*, *Shepherd*, *Blaney*, *West*.  
 Some bonny *Scots* told all they knew  
 To save their heads and bonnets-blue;

N n n

Yet

(c) See the depositions of Murra Laird Philiphaugh, Scot Laird of Gallow Sheil, Walter Earl of Tarras, Cartares Monrofs, &c. they, and this whole Rye-house conspiracy, is found in the book above-named, page 85,

Yet others of 'em as *Argyle*  
 To *Holland* fled and left the *isle*.  
*Walcot* got hid, but writ a letter,  
 In which he open'd all the matter,  
 In hopes thereby to give his bacon,  
 And own'd what he had writ (when taken)  
*Bourn, Holmes, Rouse, Horn, and crafty Lee,*  
 With sundry traitors such as he;  
 Confess'd, and some their pardons got,  
 When hanging shou'd have been their lot.  
 Some noble men confess'd the matter,  
*Russel* was one, a sealon'd traitor;  
*Howard* of *Esrick* too confest,  
 And so did divers of the rest.

*Algernon Sidney*, when he di'd,  
 'Tis for the good old cause he cry'd,  
 Nor any sign shew'd of repentence;  
*Armstrong* protested 'gainst his sentance.  
 And to the last the fact deny'd;  
 Thus these two desperate ruffins di'd.

Old *Shaftesbury*, who but so late,  
 Presum'd to sway the *English* state,  
 That teeming *England's* monstrous mouse,  
 Death seiz'd in a *Dutch* coffe-house;  
 The Earl of *Essex* cut his throat;  
 Thus ended they; Thus fell the plot.

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